DC COMICS™

THE NEW 52 FUTURES END™

VOLUME 3

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RYAN **SOOK** PATRICK **ZIRCHER** AARON **LOPRESTI** JESÚS **MERINO**

THE NEW 52

FUTURES END

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INTO THE FUTURE

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- Dan Jurgens
- Keith Giffen

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INKER
- Dan Green

COLORS
- Hi-Fi

LETTERS
- Taylor Esposito

FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.
SEATTLE. THE QUEEN FOUNDATION.

:AHEM: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THANK YOU FOR COMING ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE.

I HAVE JUST UPLOADED A COMPREHENSIVE STORY ONTO *THE FAST LANE,* WHICH CONTAINED EXCLUSIVE FOOTAGE TAKEN ON A SMALL ISLAND IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

NOW, NORMALLY, I LET MY STORIES SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES...BUT, IN THIS CASE, I FELT THIS PRESS CONFERENCE WAS ALSO NECESSARY.

THE FOOTAGE, NOW ONLINE, SHOWS A RAID ON THE ISLAND BY A VIGILANTE GROUP KNOWN AS THE OUTSIDERS, AND RED ARROW, THE OTHER EARTH'S OLIVER QUEEN.

I HAD LANDED ON THE ISLAND AND DISCOVERED THAT IT WAS OWNED BY *CADMUS,* WHO ALSO HAD A LARGE FACILITY THERE.

THE CADMUS FACILITY WAS A FRONT FOR AN *INTERNMENT CAMP* FOR THE SUPERHUMANS WHO STAND BEHIND ME, HEROES FROM THE OTHER EARTH CAPTURED DURING THE WAR.

THE FOOTAGE WILL SHOW THAT THESE MEN AND WOMEN WERE HELD CAPTIVE BY CADMUS AND EXPOSED TO HORRIFYING AND DEHUMANIZING EXPERIMENTS IN ONE OF THE BIGGEST INTER-NATIONAL COVER-UPS IN MODERN HISTORY.

WITH THE HELP OF ***EMIKO QUEEN,*** HEIR TO ***THE QUEEN FOUNDATION,*** I HAVE ALSO OBTAINED PROOF THAT CADMUS WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDER OF OLIVER QUEEN, THE GREEN ARROW.

RED ARROW AND THE OUTSIDERS WERE ABLE TO FREE THE PRISONERS AND DESTROY THE A.I. KNOWN AS ***BROTHER EYE,*** WHO HAD SEIZED CONTROL OF CADMUS.

BUT NOT EVERYONE MADE IT OFF THE ISLAND. THE EARTH 2 HEROES KNOWN AS POWER GIRL, BIG BARDA AND...RED TORNADO DIED IN THE BATTLE.

THEY JOIN OUR OWN OLIVER QUEEN AS CASUALTIES OF A ***SECRET WAR*** THAT HAS BEEN ONGOING SINCE SURVIVORS FROM THE OTHER EARTH ARRIVED.

WE CANNOT, AND ***I WILL NOT,*** LET THIS STORY FADE. THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING. CADMUS ISLAND WAS DESTROYED, BUT CADMUS THE INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION REMAINS VERY MUCH ACTIVE.

I WILL NOT STOP UNTIL THE COMPANY IS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE AS THE ***WAR CRIMINALS THEY ARE.***

GREEN ARROW ISLAND.

WELL, WELL...IF IT ISN'T THE BAKERS, MY FAVORITE FAMILY.

YEAH, YEAH... I'M "DEAD." I CAN DO WHATEVER I WANT NOW.

YOU NEED A SHAVE, OLLIE.

AND HOW'S MY LITTLE ANIMAL GIRL? READY FOR VACATION?

HEY, UNCLE OLLIE! I LOVE IT HERE!

ME TOO, KID.

I'M GOING TO DROP OUR STUFF OFF, THEN I'M GOING SWIMMING.

SOUNDS GOOD, ELLEN. THE GUYS WILL SHOW YOU TO YOUR VILLA.

DRINK, BUDDY?

SURE. SO, DID YOU SEE LOIS'S BIG STORY?

YEAH, TOOK MY BEST GUYS FOREVER TO WIPE ME OUT OF ALL THAT FOOTAGE.

SO YOU'RE DETERMINED TO ***STAY DEAD?***

I'M RETIRED, BUDDY. THE ONLY WAY TO STAY THAT WAY IS TO STAY DEAD. BESIDES, EMIKO IS A BETTER GREEN ARROW THAN I EVER WAS.

I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO THANK YOU FOR THAT EULOGY, BY THE WAY. IT WAS QUITE THE PERFORMANCE.

WELL, I ***WAS*** AN AWARD-WINNING ACTOR, AFTER ALL.

TOUCHÉ. WELL...HERE'S TO RETIREMENT, ANIMAL MAN.

BACK AT YOU, GREEN ARROW.

CLINK

SIBERIA

WHY DID YOU BRING ME HERE?

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE BLOODY SIGNIFICANCE OF *HERE* IS?

TUNGUSKA. IN NINETEEN-OH-EIGHT, THIS AREA WAS DEVASTATED WHEN A METEORITE EXPLODED--

RIGHT, RIGHT, A METEORITE.

OR WAS IT A ROCKET FIRED FROM DOOM WITH A MESSAGE OF HOPE?

YOU'RE TREADING ON THIN ICE...

PERMAFROST, ACTUALLY.

IT'S BEAUTIFUL.

JAYSUS, MIDGE, COVER UP OR YER GONNA CATCH THE DEATH--

NO!

GET AWAY FROM ME... SHAM-MAN!

SPIT

WHACK

OH, SAVE ME, SUPERMAN...

SIMPLETONS!-- BOTH OF YOU!

FIGHTING AGAINST WHAT *LOVES* YOU.

YOU CAN'T FEEL HIM--YET. BUT...

HE'S HERE.

BOOM BOOM

BOOM

GET OFF OF ME! I WANT HIM TO SEE--

BOOM

BOOM

RRRAAR

BOOM BOOM

MASTER! TOUCH ME AGAIN! TOUCH ME!

GET HER OUT OF HERE.

HERE? DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW BIG THIS HERE IS?

JUST DO IT.

MASTER! MASTER!

NO, I MUST GO TO HIM!

WELCOME...

LET ME GO!

KRYPTON...

LAST OF YOUR RACE...

TO THE HARVESTING!

SLAM!

AS IN THE PACT, BY COMING HERE, YOUR COMING PLACE IS SPARED.

MY...?

YOUR FATHER IS ADMIRED BY THE FATHER. YOUR FATHER CLOAKED YOU IN DANGER AND YOU ESCAPED DEATH.

YOU ARE SPECIAL.

THE HEART OF THE MASTER HEATS...

AND BURNS.

LET ME GO -- LET ME--

BOOM

WHOOM

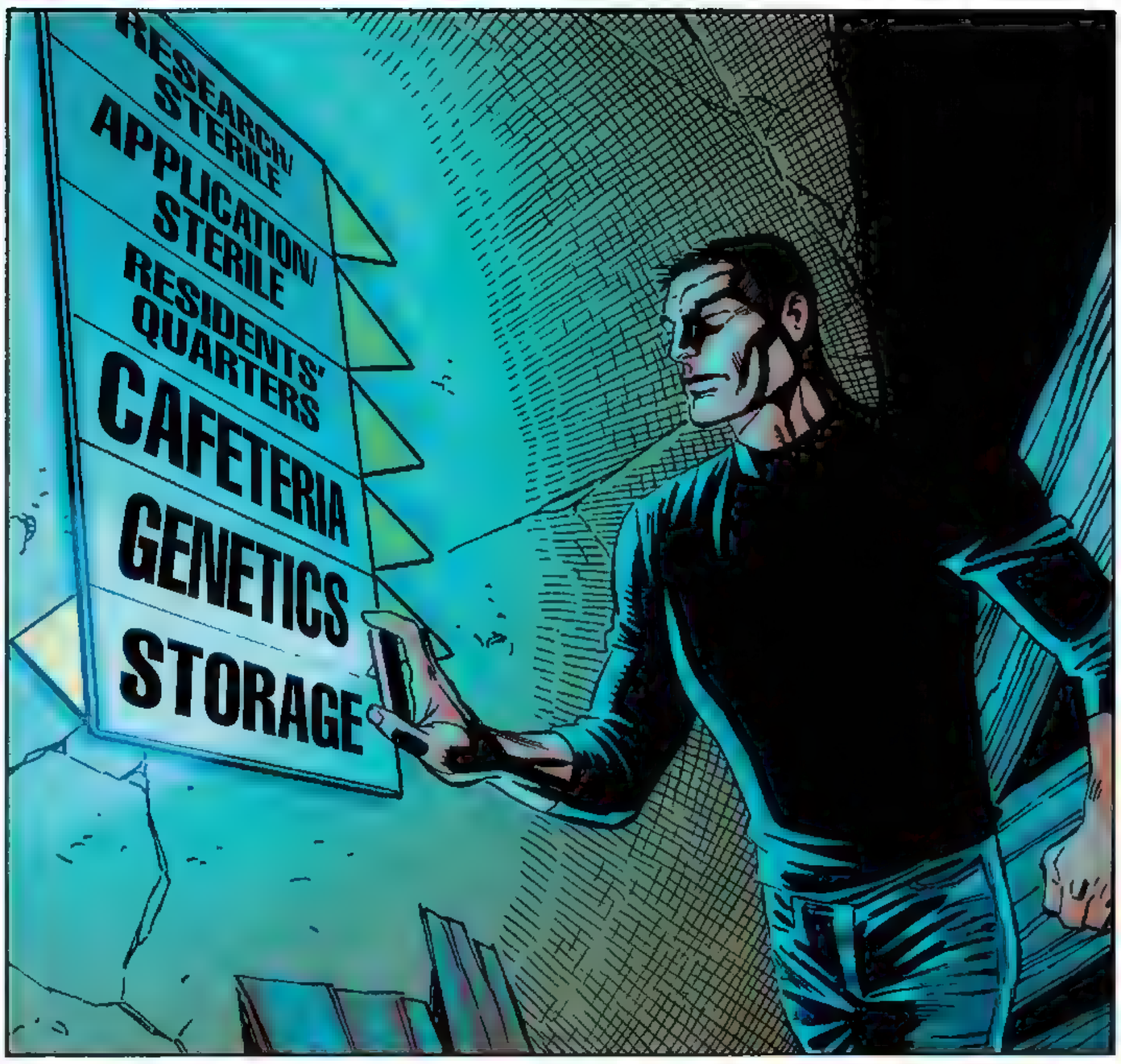
WHAT DO I NEED TO DO TO *STOP* THIS THING?

UNFORTUNATELY?

GO HOME.

CADMUS ISLAND

CADMUS DNA PROJ
RESTRICTED VAULT ACCESS
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY
WARNING: OMACs ARE LETHAL FORCE-ENABLED
INTERIOR GRID COORDINATES: 35/145 DEGREES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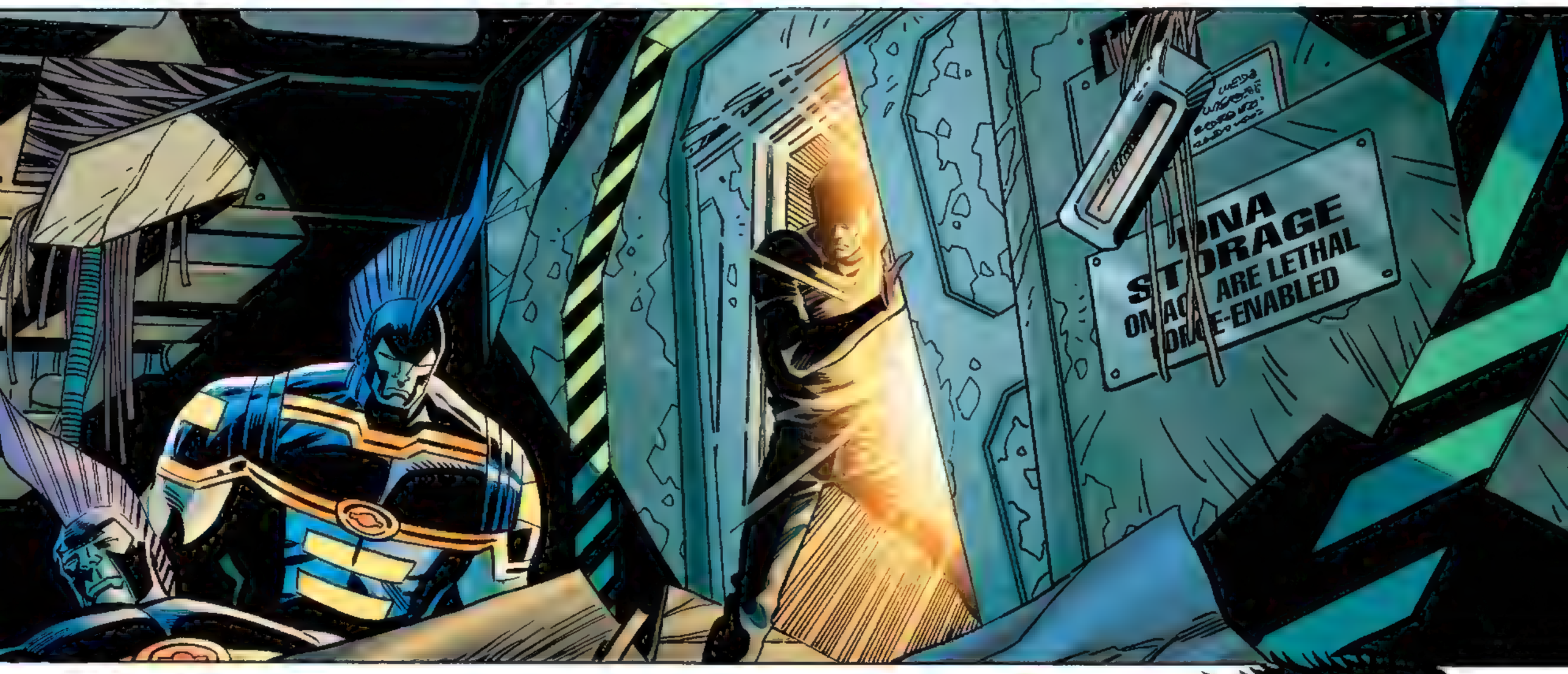

ONA
STORAGE
ARE LETHAL
E-ENABLED

DAMMIT...

PITTSBURGH

JASON, YOU'LL HAVE TO EXPLAIN THIS TO ME AGAIN, BECAUSE I AM *BEYOND* CONFUSED.

NOT SURE I'VE FIGURED OUT ALL THE DETAILS, BUT I'LL DO WHAT I CAN, MADISON.

WHEN PROFESSOR YAMAZAKE'S TRANSPORTER EXPLODED, YOU, RONNIE AND I GOT CAUGHT IN THE ENERGY SURGE.

IT KIND OF RETRIGGERED AND ALTERED AN ACCIDENT FROM YEARS EARLIER THAT TURNED RONNIE AND ME INTO FIRESTORM.

A FACT THAT STILL AMAZES ME, BY THE WAY.

YES, WELL, IN ANY CASE, IT APPEARS TO HAVE HAPPENED AGAIN, ONLY THIS TIME, IT'S YOU AND ME.

DID HE EVER TELL YOU HOW COMPLETELY *WEIRD* IT IS TO HAVE YOU IN HIS HEAD? WHERE *ARE* YOU, ANYWAY?

THINK OF ME AS BEING IN...A QUANTUM FIELD OF SORTS. A MATRIX.

MY MIND IS HERE, BUT--IT'S NOTHING-NESS.

YEAH, BUT I DON'T *WANT* THIS.

I WANT TO BE *ME* AGAIN.

YOU GUYS COULD SPLIT. WHY CAN'T WE?

WE *MUST.* I CAN'T BE IMPRISONED LIKE THIS AGAIN.

CONCENTRATE, MADISON. VISUALIZE THE *TWO* OF US STANDING HERE AS NORMAL PEOPLE-- NO FIRESTORM.

I AM--

--BUT IT ISN'T *WORKING!*

I CAN'T *LIVE* LIKE THIS, JASON.

YOU'RE THE PHYSICS GENIUS!

FIX THIS!

I...DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO.

I'M HANDLING THIS AS I DID WITH RONNIE, BUT NOTHING'S HAPPENING.

WELL, IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO LIVE THE REST OF MY LIFE WITH A *MAN* STUCK IN MY HEAD, YOU'RE *NUTS.*

IT'S TOO FREAKING *WEIRD.*

IT'S WORSE FOR ME THAN IT IS FOR YOU, YOU KNOW.

I'M A *PRISONER.*

AND EVERY TIME YOU THINK ABOUT YOUR BOYFRIEND... AND WHAT YOU... WELL...*NO.*

JUST *DON'T,* OKAY?

I'M THE ONE WHO'S GETTING *WEIRDED* OUT.

YEAH, WELL...WHEN I HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM, YOU BETTER PUT YOURSELF IN A COMA.

I CAN'T.

BESIDES, THAT'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT AS FIRESTORM.

SAME WITH EATING. ONE OF THE BENEFITS OF BEING A NUCLEAR MAN.

WOMAN.

ENOUGH. WE'RE ALREADY LATE.

WOULD ANYONE CARE TO SAY A FEW WORDS BEFORE WE CLOSE?

I WOULD, REVEREND.

MY NAME IS *AL RUSCH.*

MY SON *JASON* WAS A LONGTIME FRIEND OF RONNIE'S-- BOTH IN HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

I DEVELOPED A GOOD RELATION-SHIP WITH HIM, AND HE WELCOMED ME INTO THE HOUSE WHEN I DEVELOPED A FRIENDSHIP WITH HIS MOTHER, JOANNE.

HE WAS ALWAYS SOMETHING OF A LOST SOUL, THANKS TO HIS FATHER ABANDONING THE FAMILY WHEN HE WAS JUST A BOY.

THAT LEFT A PERMANENT SCAR. ONE THAT ALWAYS LEFT HIM FEELING ALONE.

OVER TIME, THE WOUND HEALED AND HE WAS ON THE WAY TO BECOMING A TRULY GOOD MAN.

FEW PEOPLE ARE AWARE OF SOME OF THE THINGS HE DID FOR US ALL.

HIS FUTURE WAS BRIGHT.

BUT THEN THE WAR CAME.

HIS MOTHER DIED IN THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURGH.

HER DEATH REOPENED ALL THOSE OLD WOUNDS, SENDING RONNIE INTO SOMETHING OF A TAILSPIN.

ESPECIALLY SINCE HE ALWAYS FELT THAT HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE FOR HER.

THAT HE COULD HAVE *SAVED* HER.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT BROUGHT HIM TO THAT COLLEGE LAB, BUT I BELIEVE HE KNEW ABOUT THAT DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT--

--AND WAS THERE TRYING TO SAVE SOMEONE BEFORE IT BLEW UP.

REST *EASY*, RONNIE.

I HOPE YOU AND YOUR MOTHER HAVE THE HAPPINESS YOU DESERVE.

RONNIE...

I REALIZE THAT.

IT'S CERTAINLY GIVEN ME SOMETHING THAT I HAVE TO LIVE UP TO.

BUT WE HAVE TO REMEMBER WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS AND THAT'S YAMAZAKE...

HE'S THE ONE WHO KIDNAPPED ME FOR THAT CRAZY EXPERIMENT OF HIS.

HE LOST HIS LIFE TRYING TO SAVE YOU, MADISON. THAT'S THE KIND OF MAN HE WAS.

YEAH, WELL...HE GOT HIS, TOO.

WHAT NOW? WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

MADISON, I THINK YOU NEED TO TALK TO CAL.

YOU CAN'T LET HIM CONTINUE TO THINK YOU'RE DEAD. THE ONLY REASON THEY HAVEN'T HAD A FUNERAL FOR YOU YET IS THEY DON'T HAVE A BODY.

NO, JASON.

FOR ALL I KNOW, I WON'T EVER BE NORMAL AGAIN.

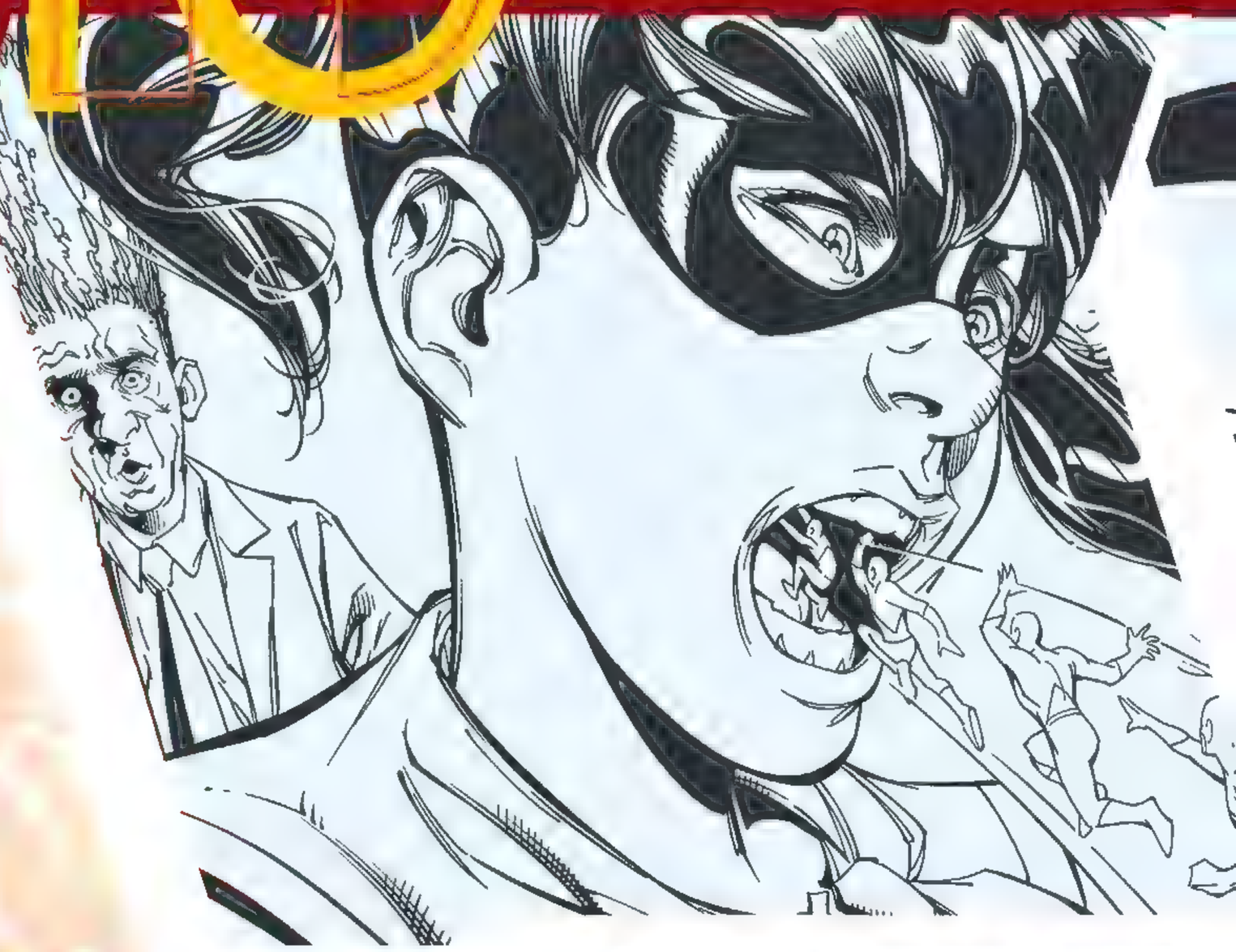
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO--FLY DOWN, KISS HIM AND SAY, "HELLO, HONEY, I'M BACK"?

"MY HAIR IS ON FIRE, WHICH IS OKAY, BUT DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THE DUDE TALKING IN MY HEAD, OKAY?"

I SEE YOUR POINT.

BESIDES, EVEN BEFORE THIS HAPPENED, WE HAD... ISSUES.

INTO THE FUTURE



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FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.
NEW YORK CITY.

MARQUI
FOLLIES
FOR THE LAST TIME, NO.
CADMUS

GOD...YOU MAY HAVE BAT EARS BUT YOU ARE SO *PIGHEADED!*
WE SHOULDN'T BE ON THE RUN FROM HIM--IF ANYBODY CAN GET THIS JOB DONE, IT'S *BATMAN!*

...
NO OFFENSE... BATMAN.
IN *HERE.*
HOT PIZZA BY THE SLICE
SANDWICHES & fresh BAKERY
PIZ by SL

PLASTIQUE... BRU--
FUTURE BATMAN TOLD ME HIMSELF--STAY AWAY FROM ME IN THE PAST OR I WILL STOP YOU FROM PREVENTING THE FUTURE.
AND YOU BELIEVE HIM?

HAVE YOU EVER *MET* HIM?
NOT REALLY.
THEN, TRUST ME. YES...

"I REALLY BELIEVE HIM."

I DON'T THINK THIS IS A GOOD IDEA.

THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT A BAD ONE, BRUCE.

RIGHT...

IT MAKES IT A TERRIFIC ONE.

OOH...

LOOK, MICHAEL, YOU HAVE A PRODUCT WANTED BY THE ENTIRE WORLD--

--MEANING YOU...

RELEASING THIS KIND OF TECH TO THE GEN POP--

--YES, GENERALISSIMO?

YOU'RE OPENING DOORS--

PRECISELY.

AND THANKS FOR GIVING ME A TALKING POINT...

HEY, NEW YORK...

PEPPERONI?

WHAT IS...?

WORKS. SAUSAGE, MUSHROOMS, ONIONS, PEPPERS--ALL OF IT!

CHECK IT, DUDE, THIS MAN HAS NEVER HAD A SLICE.

EVER.

WORKS AIN'T THE WAY TO START, THEN.

HEY--I'M THE TOUR GUIDE HERE...

DRINK?

COKE.

THEY HAVE THAT IN THE FU--

I SAID, HEY...

NEW YORK, NEW YORK. BIG CITY OF DREAMS.

THE GREATEST CITY ON THIS...

PAWN

OR *ANY* PLANET.

AND KNOW THAT I SPEAK AS SOMEONE NOT DIMENSIONALLY CHALLENGED.

NO, NEW YORK, I TRAVEL, BUT I ALWAYS COME BACK TO...

U

WHEN I LED THE REFUGEES FROM EARTH 2 HERE, I KNEW IN MY HEART THAT THERE WAS ONLY **ONE** PLACE THAT WOULD ACCEPT US.

A PLACE THAT, DESPITE ATTACKS FROM THE OUTSIDE, ALWAYS OPENS ITS ARMS TO IMMIGRANTS.

THIS CITY.

THIS PEOPLE.

U

I PROMISED THE **USPHERE** TO THE WORLD. AND WHILE I WILL MAKE **GOOD** ON THAT PROMISE, THE WORLD FOR ME BEGINS--AND ENDS--RIGHT **HERE.**

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS BEFORE IT GOES **GLOBAL,** THE **USPHERE** WILL DROP EXCLUSIVELY IN **NYC.**

AS USUAL, THE REST OF THE WORLD WILL **FOLLOW.**

NEW YORK--

YOU RULE.

ROAAAAR

BOOM.

BOOM!

HOW DID THAT GO, MICHAEL?

THEY'RE GETTING IN LINE ALREADY.

THAT'S GOOD, YES?

IT IS.

THANKS FOR THE SUGGESTION.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

YOU'RE NOT LISTENING!

I BEG TO DIFFER, MR. LANG--

CASH! MY NAME IS COLE *CASH!*

COLE CASH DIED NINE YEARS AGO.

THAT WAS BECAUSE... *UM...I...*

MR. LANG, WE UNDERSTAND...CAN I CALL YOU COLE?

ANYTHING BUT MR. LANG.

HELLO? I'M SITTING RIGHT HERE?

EARTH REGISTRATION AUTHORITY

LANA, IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL, IT'S JUST--

YOU CAN'T HAVE PEOPLE THINKING YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE E2 TYPES. WHAT WOULD THE NEIGHBORS SAY?

IT'S NOT LIKE THAT. YOU *KNOW* IT'S NOT LIKE THAT.

IF YOU WANT A DIVORCE, JUST SAY SO. NO NEED TO GO THROUGH ALL OF THIS.

DIVORCE? OH, MY GOD! YOU'RE ENJOYING THIS!

THAT I AM.

AS I WAS SAYING, MR. LAN...*UH*, COLE, I UNDERSTAND ***WHY*** YOU WOULD WANT TO PASS AS INDIGENOUS TO THIS EARTH.

WE HERE AT THE EARTH REGISTRATION AUTHORITY ARE QUITE AWARE OF THE BIAS YOUR...KIND FACE IN CERTAIN QUARTERS, BUT TRYING TO PASS FOR A DEAD MAN--

I'M ***NOT*** TRYING TO PASS FOR A DEAD MAN! I ***AM*** THAT DEAD MAN!

THAT, *AHHH*...THAT CAME OUT WRONG. WHAT I MEANT WAS--

SIGH...IF YOU INSIST, WE CAN SET UP A DATE FOR YOU TO PLEAD YOUR CASE BEFORE A BOARD OF INQUIRY.

YES! DO THAT!

IT WOULD MEAN REMAINING IN CUSTODY FOR SIX MONTHS, GIVE OR TAKE. THE BACKLOG OF CASES, YOU SEE. YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW MANY E2s HAVE TRIED THE SAME--

SIX?!

YES.

MONTHS?!

I'M AFRAID SO.

THINK OF THE...*SNRK*... CHILDREN.

NOT! HELPING!

WELL? WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE, COLE?

CARE TO EXPLAIN WHY YOU DID THAT?

FIGURED IT WAS PAST TIME *I* SAVED *YOU.*

COME AGAIN?

YOU WERE TRYING TO TALK HIM INTO BELIEVING YOU WERE SOMEONE WITH, IF I'M TO BELIEVE YOU, MORE THAN A LITTLE BLOOD ON HIS HANDS.

ALIEN BLOOD.

RIGHT. ALIENS ONLY *YOU* CAN SEE. AT BEST YOU'D WIND UP IN AN INSTITUTION DOPED TO THE GILLS WITH ANTI-PSYCHOTICS.

GPA

AND AT WORST?

THEY'D LOOK INTO YOUR CLAIMS, DRAWING THE ATTENTION OF EVERY ALIEN OUT THERE LOOKING TO AVENGE THE DEATH OF A FAMILY MEMBER OR A FRIEND OR...

REALLY. AND WHAT ARE THE ODDS THAT--

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TOLD ME SOME OF THEM HAVE WORMED THEIR WAY INTO POSITIONS OF POWER.

TOUCHÉ.

SO...WE'RE MARRIED NOW.

DON'T GO GETTING ANY IDEAS.

DOES THIS MEAN THE POSITION OF THE TOILET SEAT IS GOING TO BECOME AN ISSUE?

NOT IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU.

010 F1 407

EARTH TWO ID
CITIZEN
CLASS A

Cole Lang

CADMUS ISLAND

HOW DARE YOU! HOW *DARE* YOU DIE! YOU WERE MINE TO KILL... *MINE!*

YOU SHOULD HAVE TAKEN BETTER CARE OF HIM.

SHOULD HAVE SAVED HIM FOR ME.

I'M COMING FOR YOU, BROTHER EYE. SEE IF I DON'T.

NEW YORK CITY

THEY DID THIS TO ME.

THE JUSTICE LEAGUE.

JASON RUSCH.

FIRESTORM.

I WAS ON THE VERGE OF BRINGING MY TELEPORTATION SYSTEM TO THE MASSES.

BUT I UNDER-ESTIMATED THE LEAGUE AND THEIR DESIRE TO KEEP THAT TECHNOLOGY FOR THEMSELVES.

3-D PRINTER

THE THOUGHT THAT THEY'D PLANT ONE OF THEIR MEMBERS CLOSE TO ME IN ORDER TO SABOTAGE MY WORK NEVER OCCURRED TO ME.

MY TRANSPORTER WOULD HAVE REVOLUTIONIZED CIVILIZATION.

SUCH A DEVICE WOULD SAVE COUNTLESS LIVES.

ANYONE IN THE PATH OF A TORNADO OR OTHER DISASTER COULD BE TELEPORTED TO SAFETY.

IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, THOSE WHO SUFFER HEART ATTACKS, STROKES OR BATTLEFIELD INJURIES COULD BE TRANSPORTED TO A HOSPITAL.

MY BELOVED KAI... WHO DIED IN A FIRE AT THE TOP OF A SKYSCRAPER...

NO ONE WOULD HAVE HAD TO FACE A HORROR LIKE THAT EVER AGAIN.

BUT MY DEVICE IS GONE NOW. DESTROYED.

SABOTAGED BY FIRESTORM IN HIS GUISE OF JASON RUSCH.

ME?

I SHOULD BE DEAD.

THAT'S OBVIOUSLY WHAT THE LEAGUE WANTED.

BUT MY TRANSPORTER WORKED BY EMPLOYING A MAGNETIC FIELD, AND SOMEHOW, SOME WAY...

...I NOW LIVE WITHIN THAT FIELD.

BUT LIFE WITHOUT PHYSICAL FORM CAN NEVER BE SATISFACTORY.

I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO GIVE MYSELF FORM...

...BUT I CAN AT LEAST CONTAIN WHAT I HAVE BECOME.

THE LEAGUE WANTED TO DESTROY ME.

BUT THEY FAILED.

IN FACT, ALL THEY SUCCEEDED IN DOING--

--WAS SOWING THE SEEDS OF THEIR OWN *DESTRUCTION.*

AND THE KEY TO THAT CAN BE FOUND IN MY LAB.

SHAKT

OKAY. ONE MORE TIME.

WHY?

WHY DO YOU THINK IT'LL BE ANY DIFFERENT FROM THE PREVIOUS NINE HUNDRED MILLION TIMES?

BECAUSE IT SHOULD BE *EASY* TO DO. THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANY REASON THAT WE CAN'T SPLIT.

YOU ARE REALLY GETTING TO BE A PAIN THE BUTT, JASON.

SO IF IT MEANS IT'LL GET YOU OUT OF MY HEAD, I'LL KEEP AT IT.

NOT EXACTLY LIKE THIS IS A PICNIC FOR ME, MADISON.

GO FOR IT. *VISUALIZE.*

I'M TRYING...LIKE ALWAYS...

NOTHING!

IT'S A WASTE OF TIME!

YOU'RE THE GENIUS!

YOU HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING NEW!

OKAY, I GET THE POINT.

I NEED TO EXAMINE THE SCENE WHERE THE ACCIDENT THAT FUSED US TOOK PLACE.

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME-THING...DIFFERENT. SOMETHING I'M NOT ACCOUNTING FOR.

TAKE US TO COLUMBIA, MADISON. I NEED TO SEE YAMAZAKE'S LAB.

EARTH ORBIT.

SPRRZZT

WE MADE IT!

EARTH! IT'S--IT'S OUR EARTH! WE DID IT! *WE'RE HOME!*

HRRN...YES. AND IT APPEARS LADY AMETHYST AND I HAVE DISPOSED OF THE LAST OF BRAINIAC'S DRONES.

FILTHY ROBOTS.

ARE THE ENGINEER AND HAWKMAN ALL RIGHT?

HAWKMAN, ENGINEER--WHATEVER YOU DID, IT WORKED. WE'RE HOME, IN EARTH ORB--*OH.* SORRY.

:AHEM: YES, GREAT NEWS, PALMER.

WE'RE HEADING UP TO THE CONTROL ROOM NOW.

RIGHT, *UH*...TAKE YOUR TIME.

WHAT NOW?!

I-- SOMETHING'S LATCHED ONTO THE CARRIER!

SOME KIND OF *TRACTOR BEAM*...BUT I CAN'T LOCATE THE SOURCE!

THERE! THE SOURCE OF THE BEAM IS--

--IT'S GROWING!

IT'S-- *THE ANT FARM!*

WHAT IN THE NAME OF HORUS IS THE ANT FARM?!

HRRN... S.H.A.D.E.'S MOBILE HEADQUARTERS, BLACK ADAM. NORMALLY, IT USES PALMER'S REDUCTION TECHNOLOGY TO STAY MICROSCOPIC AND HIDDEN.

FRANK! AMETHYST! WELCOME BACK! HOPE OUR SUDDEN APPEARANCE DIDN'T SCARE YOU GUYS...WE JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU HAVE A PROPER WELCOME.

HRRN... FATHER TIME. WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

OH, DON'T BE SO GLUM, FRANK. WE JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU GUYS GOT BACK TO S.H.A.D.E. SAFELY.

I HAVE NO ALLEGIANCE TO S.H.A.D.E. AND THIS FEELS MORE LIKE A *HIJACK* THAN A RESCUE.

NOW, NOW, HAWKMAN...THE LAST THING I WANT IS TO GET INTO A DEBATE ABOUT SEMANTICS WITH AN *INTELLECTUAL GIANT* LIKE YOU.

S.H.AD.E. IS VERY HAPPY THAT YOU ALL MADE IT BACK SAFE AND SOUND. BUT I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T LET YOU LEAVE UNTIL YOU HAND OVER A PIECE OF *VERY VALUABLE* WEAPONRY YOU *BROUGHT BACK WITH YOU.*

AND WHAT EXACTLY IS THIS "WEAPON" WE BROUGHT BACK?

NOT WHAT...

HER. I'M SORRY, ENGINEER, BUT SOMETHING *VERY, VERY BAD* IS COMING. AND WE *NEED YOU* TO STOP IT.

WHAT?!

IF YOU THINK WE'RE JUST GOING TO LET YOU TAKE ANGIE, YOU'RE CRAZY!

HAWKMAN, FOR THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS, S.H.A.D.E. HAS BEEN COLLECTING AND IMPRISONING *EVERY SECRET HORROR* THAT'S THREATENED THE EARTH. BUT *NONE OF THOSE* COMPARE TO THE THREAT OF *BRAINIAC.*

SO YOU EITHER GIVE US THE ENGINEER, OR I'LL TURN ***EVERY DAMN MONSTER I HAVE*** AGAINST YOU.

INTO THE FUTURE

WRITERS
- Brian Azzarello
- Jeff Lemire
- Dan Jurgens
- Keith Giffen

PENCILLERS
- Aaron Lopresti
- Stephen Thompson

INKERS
- Art Thibert
- Stephen Thompson

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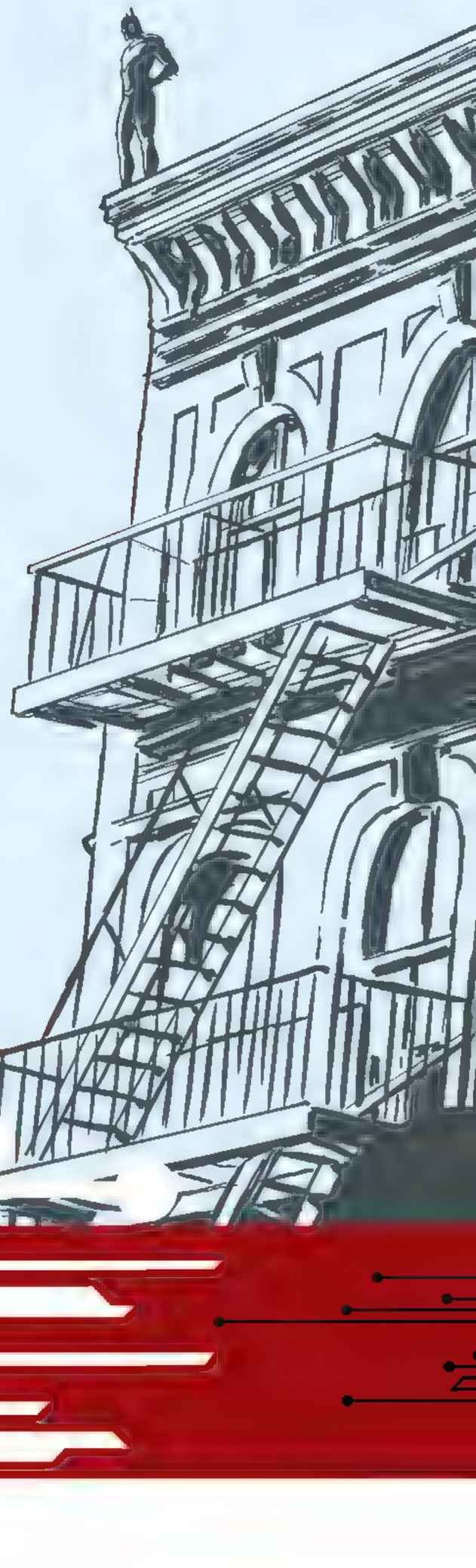


FIVE YEARS FROM NOW

EARTH ORBIT. THE ANT FARM. H.Q. OF THE SUPER HUMAN ADVANCED DEFENSE EXECUTIVE. A.K.A. S.H.A.D.E.

ROOOAARRR

OKAY, "STORMWATCH," EITHER YOU TURN THE ENGINEER OVER TO S.H.A.D.E., OR I'LL TURN ***EVERY DAMN MONSTER I HAVE*** AGAINST YOU.

THERE'S NO WAY YOU'RE TAKING ANGIE, FATHER TIME!

I CAN SPEAK FOR MYSELF, KATAR...

THEN AGAIN, I'VE NEVER BEEN MUCH FOR WORDS. SO...

AT-AT-AT-AT-AT

WE WILL NOT BE PAWNS IN YOUR NEWEST GAME, FATHER. I HAVE FALLEN FOR THAT TIME AND TIME AGAIN!

LADY AMETHYST, THESE HUMANID S.H.A.D.E. GUARDS ARE JUST FACSIMILES, NOT ALIVE. FEEL NO GUILT IN DISEMBOWELING THEM!

A-A-A A-A

YOU'RE ALL MAKING A TERRIBLE MISTAKE...I KNOW WHAT ***BRAINIAC*** REALLY IS. I'VE PREPARED FOR HIS COMING FOR THE LAST CENTURY. THIS IS ALL FOR THE GOOD OF MANKIND!

GOOD TO KNOW, FRANK.

:SIGH: LET'S JUST BE DONE WITH THIS, ALREADY.

SPLORT

SPLAT

HAVE YOU ANY MORE MONSTERS, FATHER TIME? OR CAN I JUST PROCEED WITH DISMEMBERING YOU NOW?

OH... I LIKE HIM.

YOU WANT MONSTERS, BLACK ADAM... I'LL GIVE YOU MONSTERS.

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET!

OH, WOULD YOU SHUT UP, LITTLE GIRL?

--AK!

FATHER?!

THIS IS RAY PALMER--*THE ATOM*--BROADCASTING ON ALL S.H.A.D.E. TELEPATHIC CHANNELS. FATHER TIME'S REIGN IS OVER.

FOR YEARS, WE HAVE LET HIM RUN S.H.A.D.E. IN THE SHADOWS AND MANIPULATE ALL OF US--HIS AGENTS--THROUGH FEAR AND BRIBERY. THAT ENDS TODAY.

S.H.A.D.E. IS AN INCREDIBLE RESOURCE. THE SUPERNATURAL AND SCIENTIFIC WONDERS THAT FATHER HAS COLLECTED AND IMPRISONED IN THE ANT FARM SHOULD NOT BE HIDDEN AND KEPT SECRET.

THEY SHOULD NOT BE "WEAPONS," THEY SHOULD BE SET FREE AND USED FOR *GOOD.*

THERE WILL BE NO MORE DUPLICITY. NO MORE FEAR. NO MORE FATHER TIME... *I* AM TAKING CONTROL OF S.H.A.D.E.

FATHER TIME?! IS THAT--IS THAT YOU?

YOU SHOULD FEEL HONORED, PALMER. AFTER ALL, YOU'RE THE FIRST PERSON IN NEARLY THREE HUNDRED YEARS TO SEE *MY TRUE FACE!*

LAS VEGAS

HIS NAME IS ETHAN BOYER.

WHO IS SUDDENLY IMPORTANT... WHY?

BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE ANYONE ELSE TO TAP IN ON SHORT NOTICE.

THAT DOESN'T ANSWER MY QUESTION.

I'M NOT USED TO BEING INTERROGATED, ROCK.

YOU'RE NOT BEING INTERROGATED. YOU'D *KNOW* IF YOU WERE BEING INTERROGATED.

ETHAN IS ONE OF, IF NOT *THE,* TOP DNA RESEARCHERS IN THE FIELD. THE MAN IS A GENETIC VIRTUOSO.

SO, WHY IS HE STILL A FREE AGENT? I'D THINK SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE WOULD HAVE BACKED UP THE *BRINK'S* TRUCK AND SNAPPED HIM U--

HE DOESN'T PLAY WELL WITH OTHERS.

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE, FARADAY.

ETHAN USED TO BE CADMUS. WHEN HIS PERSONAL... TRANSGRESSIONS PROVED COUNTERPRODUCTIVE, HE WAS "KIND" ENOUGH TO TAKE THE FALL FOR--

YOU THREW HIM UNDER THE BUS.

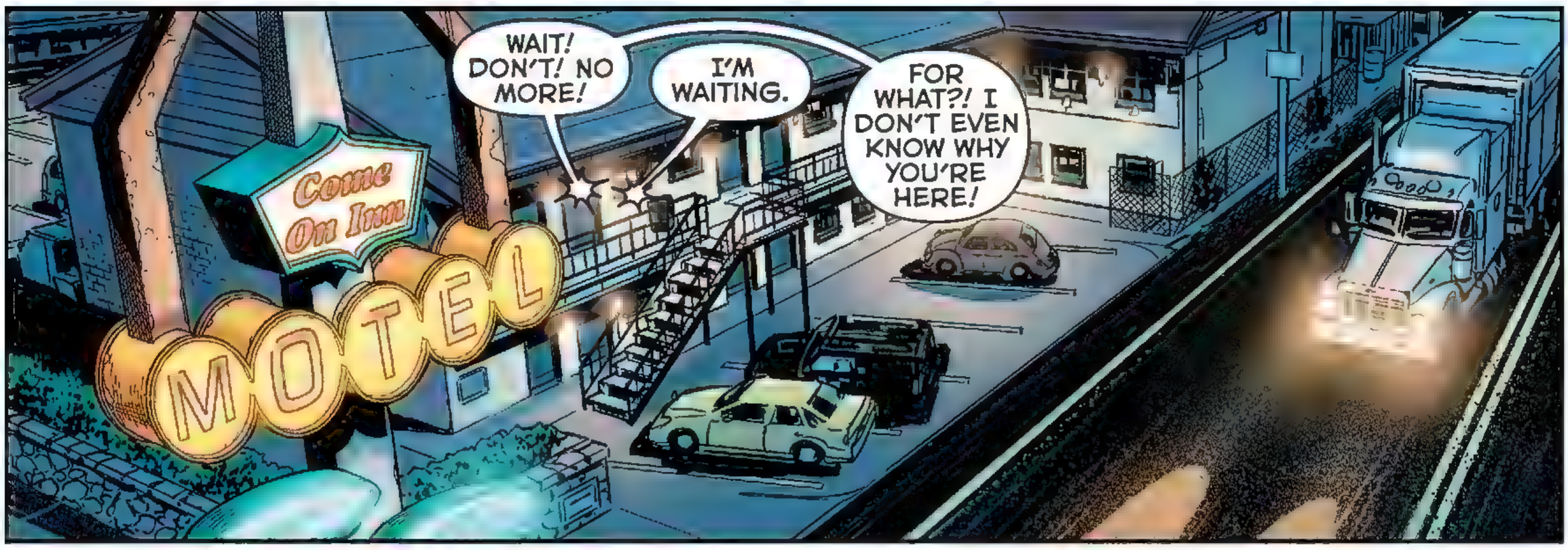
I DID. YES.

AND YOU THINK HE'LL RETURN TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME?

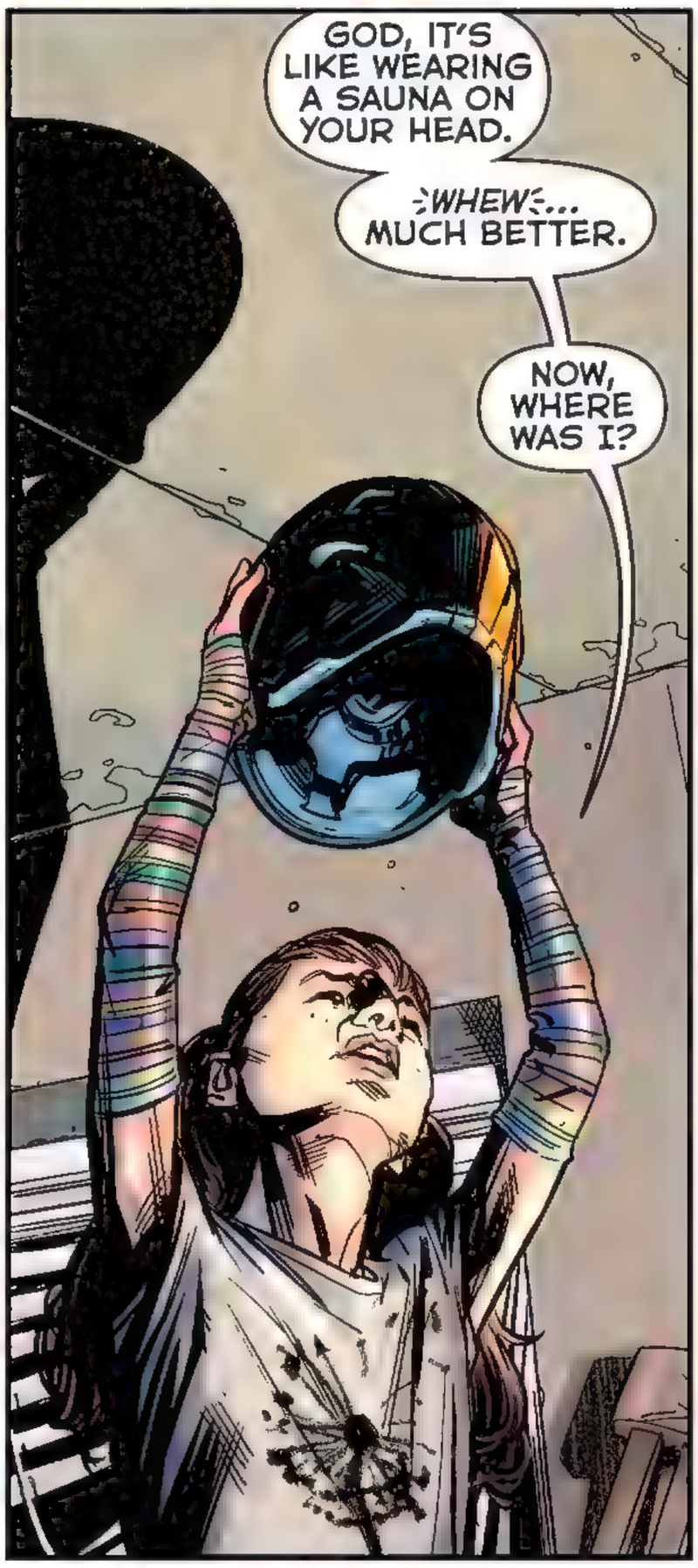
I DON'T INTEND TO GIVE HIM A CHOICE.

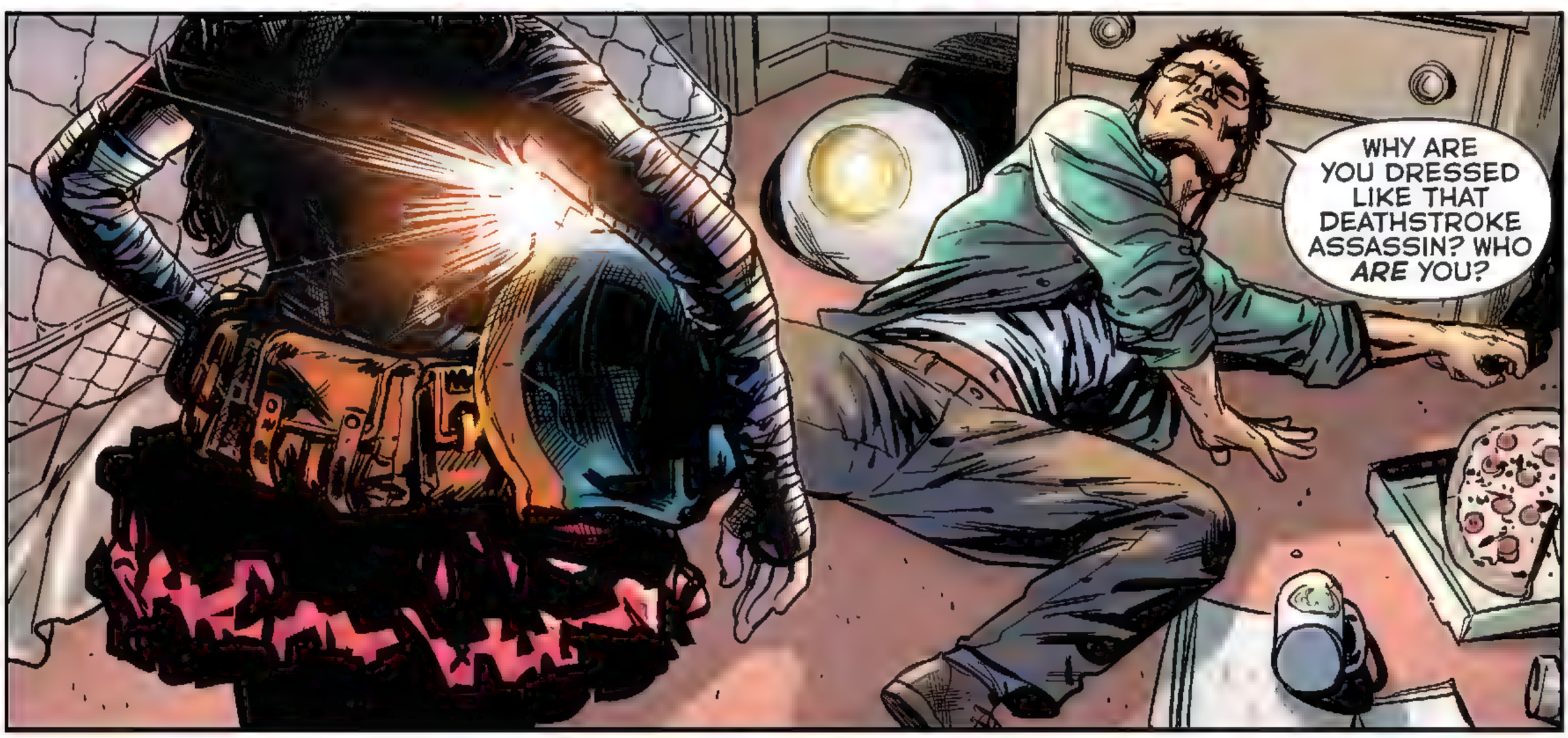
SUSAN SHOULD CONVINCE HIM TO COOPERATE.

YEAH... ABOUT HER...


Come On Inn
MOTEL
WAIT! DON'T! NO MORE!
I'M WAITING.
FOR WHAT?! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE!

I *SHOULD* BE HERE TO KILL YOU. JUST SO YOU KNOW. BUT I CAN'T BECAUSE FARADAY WANTS YOU ALIVE AND I'VE GOT TO HONOR THE MEMORY OF MY SEVENTH FATHER AND...
HANG ON A SEC.


GOD, IT'S LIKE WEARING A SAUNA ON YOUR HEAD.
WHEW... MUCH BETTER.
NOW, WHERE WAS I?


WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE THAT DEATHSTROKE ASSASSIN? WHO *ARE* YOU?

YOU CAN CALL ME *SEQUEL.* I LOOKED IT UP. IT MEANS, LIKE, SOMETHING THAT'S COMPLETE IN ITSELF BUT CONTINUES A PRECEDING WORK.

LIKE I'M COMPLETING SLADE'S WORK.

Y'KNOW, LIKE HONORING HIS MEMORY EVEN THOUGH HE TURNED OUT TO BE A NO-GOOD, BACKSTABBING, TWO-FACED CYCLOPS FACE.

HE THREW ME OVER FOR BROTHER EYE! FOR A SATELLITE! YOU'D NEVER DO THAT! THROW ME OVER FOR A SATELLITE?! YOU'D NEVER DO THAT, WOULD YOU, ETHAN?!

PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB

I-I... I-I-I...

BETTER NOT...DAMN WELL BETTER NOT...

UM...DID YOU, *AH*...SAY FARADAY? AS IN *KING* FARADAY?

SEE FOR YOURSELF.

...CAN'T BELIEVE YOU SENT ME TO VOODOO!

BECAUSE SHE'S CRAZY! AND HER FRIENDS ARE EVEN WORSE!

WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN? I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!

NO. WAIT! DON'T TELL ME YET! COME GET ME, THEN YOU CAN TELL ME!

OKAY! FINE! I'LL COME TO YOU, WHATEVER! AS LONG AS I GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

YOU KNOW HOW LONG THEY'VE HAD ME COOLING MY HEELS IN THIS DUMP?! WEEKS!

WHAT? COLE LANG? WHO THE HELL IS--

DAMMITALL, COLE, IT'S ALWAYS A LONG STORY WITH YOU!

WHERE? YEAH, I KNOW THE PLACE. GONNA NEED SOME TRAVELING TIME.

WHO? LANA LANG? WHO THE HELL IS--?

YOUR *WHAT?!*

BY *CIRCUMSTANCE?* THAT MAKES, LIKE, NO SENSE AT ALL.

GOD, MAN, IT IS SO GOOD TO HEAR YOUR VOICE.

RIGHT. NO, I DON'T HAVE TO WRITE IT DOW--

WHUCH

THOK

HK...HK... H-HK...

HOW COME YOU DIDN'T CALL ME FIRST?

OH, GOD...IT NEVER ENDS.

GPA

NEW YORK CITY.

ALFRED?

NOTHING, MASTER TERRY.

NO EVIDENCE OF BROTHER EYE.

RUN ANOTHER DIAGNOSTIC.

FORTY-SEVENTH STARTED ALREADY, SIR.

HOW LONG YOU GONNA KEEP THIS UP, McG?

I DUNNO...

I GOT THIRTY YEARS TO KILL.

YEESH...

LOIS LANE SAYS BROTHER EYE IS DEAD.

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, MISTRESS PLASTIQUE. BROTHER EYE IS A.I.--

YEAH, YEAH, ALFRED, I KNOW. A.I. AIN'T ALIVE, SO IT CAN'T DIE...

DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T WANT TO *KILL IT* SOMETIMES.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA.

LOOK, PLASTIQUE, NO MATTER WHAT THAT REPORTER SAYS, BROTHER EYE WASN'T DESTROYED. ME--AND THE FUTURE I'M FROM--ARE LIVING PROOF OF THAT.

"I'M HERE--MEANING BROTHER EYE MUST BE, TOO."

"I GUESS...

"I MEAN, IF YOU SUBSCRIBE TO TIME AS A LINEAR CONSTRUCT."

"?"

I SAW ON THE NET, SOME SCIENTISTS BELIEVE EVERY DECISION THAT'S EVER MADE CREATES A DIFFERENT TIME LINE FOR YOU.

INTERESTING. THAT WOULD MAKE EVERYONE THE CENTER OF THEIR OWN UNIVERSE.

NO, ALFRED, IT WOULD *CONFIRM* IT.

HOW WOULD YOU FEEL, McG, IF THE FUTURE YOU CAME HERE TO PREVENT DOESN'T EXIST?

I DON'T KNOW...

"RELIEVED?

"ANGRY?--LIKE I'M HERE FOR NOTHING?"

"SERIOUSLY?"

"WHAT WAS SO GREAT ABOUT WHAT YOU LEFT BEHIND?

"I MEAN, THIS IS BETTER, YEAH?"

"SURE, BUT...

TIMES SQUARE

"I WAS TRYING TO SAVE THE WORLD."

"SO MAYBE IT DOESN'T NEED SAVING ANYMORE."

TERRIFITECH

THAT KINDA BUMS ME OUT.

Aww, THAT'S SEXY.

NO SIGN OF BROTHER EYE, MASTER TERRY.

TRY AGAIN, ALFRED.

OF COURSE.

WHERE ARE YOU--

DOWN TO A BODEGA, SWIPE A *ZAGNUT* OR SOMETHIN'.

SEE--I'M A CRIMINAL--NOT SAYING I'M NO SUPER-VILLAIN OR NOTHIN' BUT...

EXIT

"...THIS HERO STUFF IS *BORING.*"

I WANT TO GO BACK TO BEING MY NORMAL SELF AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, BUT IN THE MEANTIME, LET ME JUST SAY THIS.

FLYING ROCKS!

SO LONG AS YOU GET TO EXPERIENCE THE WIND IN YOUR FACE AND SENSATION OF SPEED, YEAH.

SORRY, JASON.

RIGHT NOW YOU'RE TRAPPED IN THAT MATRIX THINGY AND IT SUCKS.

WHICH IS WHY WE HAVE TO GET TO COLUMBIA, MADISON.

WAS THAT--?

NO. THAT'S... IMPOSSIBLE.

DR. YAMAZAKE HAD ALL SORTS OF DATA-RECORDING GEAR IN HIS LAB. IT MIGHT BE ABLE TO TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT THE ACCIDENT THAT MERGED US--

--AS WELL AS THE REASON WE CAN'T SEPARATE.

WHOA. THE PLACE IS A CRIME SCENE.

WE CAN'T CROSS IT.

SURE WE CAN.

WE JUST HAVE TO SNEAK IN.

WITH IMPERIAL STORMTROOPERS STANDING GUARD?

GET DIRECTLY OVER-HEAD AND FLY STRAIGHT DOWN. FAST AS YOU CAN.

AND BLAST OUR WAY THROUGH SO THEY CAN SHOOT BACK?

NO WAY.

NO.

HEAD STRAIGHT TO IT AND USE YOUR POWER TO REARRANGE THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF ALL THE RUBBLE IN FRONT OF YOU.

TURN IT TO AIR AND YOU'LL PASS RIGHT THROUGH.

THIS SUIT DIDN'T COME WITH AN INSTRUCTION MANUAL. I HAVE NO IDEA HOW--

EASY.

THAT'S WHAT YOU KEEP SAYING ABOUT US SPLITTING BACK TO OUR NORMAL SELVES.

FASTER!

ENVISION ALL THE JUNK IN YOUR WAY TURNING TO AIR!

THAT'S ALL I HAVE TO DO?

I'LL FEED YOU THE SPECIFICS.

WE'RE DOOMED!

SEE?

IT'S WORKING!

THIS IS CRAZY.

WE'RE GOING TO KILL OUR-SELVES!

THE FACT THAT YOU SOUND SO SURPRISED DOESN'T EXACTLY INSPIRE CONFIDENCE, JASON.

SORRY, MADISON.

TO BE HONEST, I WASN'T ONE HUNDRED PER-CENT SURE IT WAS GOING TO WORK.

SECURIT

DO *NOT* JERK ME AROUND LIKE THAT AGAIN.

IF YOU AREN'T SURE ABOUT SOME-THING, *TELL* ME.

I AM *SO* TIRED OF PEOPLE PLAYING ME AND CONNING ME THAT I CAN'T *STAND* IT.

FAIR ENOUGH.

SO WHAT AM I LOOKING FOR?

DR. YAMAZAKE'S RECORDING SYSTEM--

--ALMOST LIKE A FLIGHT DATA RECORDER-- WAS INSERTED BENEATH ONE OF THE TRANSPORT TUBES.

IF I COULD ANALYZE THAT, OUR TROUBLES COULD BE OVER.

I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS HELLHOLE AND WHAT THAT SICKO TRIED TO DO TO ME.

COULD THIS BE IT?

I THINK SO. PULL THE BOTTOM OFF.

YOU THINK *I'M* THE SICKO?

WHEN IT'S PEOPLE LIKE YOU THAT LET INNOCENT PEOPLE *DIE?*

WHEN *YOU'RE* THE ONE WHO CAUSED THIS AND TRIED TO *KILL ME?*

SKAKT

KAK

TINK

UHN!

KANG

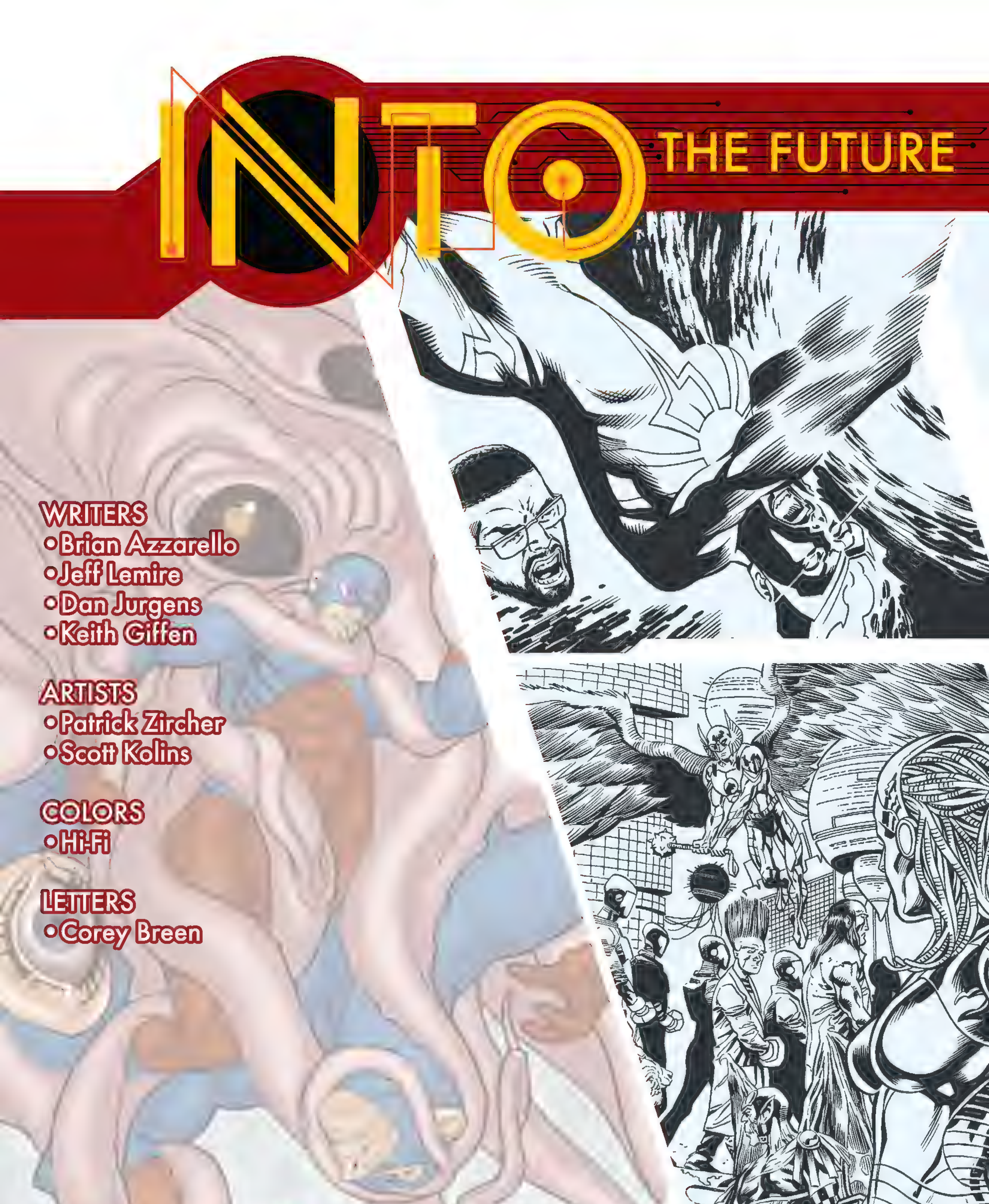
WHO--?

DR. YAMAZAKE!

CALL ME--

DOCTOR POLARIS!

INTO THE FUTURE



WRITERS
- Brian Azzarello
- Jeff Lemire
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- Keith Giffen

ARTISTS
- Patrick Zircher
- Scott Kolins

COLORS
- Hi-Fi

LETTERS
- Corey Breen

FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.

NEW YORK CITY. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

YOU THOUGHT I WAS DEAD, DIDN'T YOU, JASON?

WHEN YOU SABOTAGED MY TRANSPORTER AND CAUSED IT TO EXPLODE--

--YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD *KILLED* ME.

QUITE THE OPPOSITE.

YOU GAVE ME *NEW LIFE* AS DOCTOR POLARIS.

THE COMBINATION OF THE EXPLOSION, THE MAGNETIC FIELD MY TRANSPORTER HARNESSED, AND SURGING ENERGY--

--ELEVATED ME TO SOMETHING *MORE* THAN HUMAN.

I AM NOW *PART* OF THE MAGNETIC FIELD. BONDED WITH IT.

THE SCOPE OF MY POWER APPEARS WITHOUT LIMIT!

YOU PROBABLY THINK I SHOULD *THANK* YOU.

NOT A CHANCE.

BRAKKT

UGH!

MADISON! I REALIZE YOU'RE NEW AT THIS--

--BUT IF YOU DON'T FIGHT BACK, WE'RE *GONERS!*

I... FIGHT?

I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A--

LOOK OUT!

YOU HAVE TO TURN THE BRICKS TO--

KRAMMM

GET UP!

THIS IS DANGEROUS, MADISON! *REALLY* DANGEROUS!

UHH...

PROFESSOR YAMAZAKE *HATES* FIRESTORM! HE WANTS TO *KILL US!*

JA... JASON?

MOOOVE!

I HAVEN'T EVER BEEN IN A FIGHT!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO LEARN ON THE FLY.

KRUUNK

SO TO SPEAK.

LEARN?

JASON, THAT'S SORTA LIKE ASKING A KINDERGARTNER TO GET IN THE RING WITH THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP.

GRANTED. BUT WE DON'T HAVE A *CHOICE.*

YOU HAVE INCREDIBLE POWER AT YOUR FINGERTIPS.

USE IT.

LIKE HOW?

YOU MEAN, LIKE, BLAST HIM?

THAT'S A GOOD PLACE TO START.

OKAYYY...

I HAVE NEVER HEARD OF A FEMALE FIRESTORM.

THERE MUST BE MORE THAN ONE OF YOU.

GIVEN THE WAY THE LEAGUE HAS LIED TO THE PUBLIC ABOUT SO MANY THINGS, THAT SHOULDN'T BE A SURPRISE.

CHOOM

YOU MISSED?

YES, I MISSED!

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT?

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, IT'S CLEAR OUT AND CALL THE COPS! THAT'S WHAT YOU DO WHEN THERE ARE BAD GUYS AROUND!

NOT WHEN YOU CAN REARRANGE THE ATOMIC STRUCTURE OF WHATEVER YOU WANT!

SPEAKING OF WHICH--

--LOOK OUT!

HOLY MOTHER OF--

WHAT SHOULD I--?

ENVISION SOMETHING SOFT--LIKE A FEATHER!

SOFT.

'KAY!

PAFT

UGH!

WITH THE SIZE AND MASS OF A CEMENT MIXER--

--A TEDDY BEAR IS STILL GOING TO--

YOU CAN'T CLOSE YOUR EYES OR--!

--HURT.

...UHHH...

BRAMMM

HOW ODD. I EXPECTED MORE FROM A JUSTICE LEAGUER.

EARTH ORBIT

THE ANT FARM, H.Q. OF S.H.A.D.E., THE SUPER HUMAN ADVANCED DEFENSE EXECUTIVE.

YOU'RE THE FIRST PERSON TO EVER SEE *MY TRUE FACE,* DR. PALMER. BUT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THAT I CAN'T LET *YOU LIVE NOW!*

WHY ARE YOU--*UNGH*--DOING THIS, FATHER TIME? S.H.A.D.E. HAS ALWAYS BEEN DUPLICITOUS AND MANIPULATIVE, BUT YOU ARE *NOT A MURDERER!* WHY IS THE ENGINEER *SO IMPORTANT* TO YOU?

--UNGH!!!

FATHER TIME?!

GUYS, SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO FATHER! PALMER SHRUNK DOWN AND IS--HE'S INSIDE HIS *HEAD!*

HRRN...

BRAINIAC IS COMING, PALMER... BRAINIAC TOOK MY ENTIRE RACE. I FOUND REFUGE HERE ON EARTH TWO CENTURIES AGO...THE LAST OF MY KIND. I WON'T LET HIM DO TO THE HUMAN RACE WHAT HE DID TO MINE. I'LL DO ANYTHING I CAN TO STOP HIM.

BUT THE ENGINEER IS COMPROMISED. SHE IS *HIS AGENT* NOW. SHE MUST BE DESTROYED!

SHE IS NOT ANOTHER MONSTER FOR YOU TO IMPRISON IN THE ANT FARM, FATHER! SHE IS A WOMAN...A HUMAN BEING! AND SHE IS *OUR FRIEND.* YOU ARE NOT GETTING ANYWHERE NEAR HER!

YOUR FRIEND? COME ON, PALMER... WHO ARE YOU KIDDING? YOU'RE A MENTALLY UNSTABLE, SOCIALLY INEPT LAB RAT. YOU DON'T HAVE FRIENDS.

WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING TO HER?

I--I DON'T KNOW, AGENT AMETHYST! GET YOUR DAMN *ATOM* OUT OF HIM!

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT THING?

FATHER TIME IS AT LEAST AS OLD AS I AM, HAWKMAN.

HE CHANGES FORM AND REGENERATES A NEW BODY EVERY FEW DECADES.

WHATEVER PALMER IS DOING TO HIM, IT IS MAKING HIM UNSTABLE. HE IS SHIFTING BETWEEN HIS CURRENT AND PREVIOUS INCARNATIONS.

YOU'RE WRONG.

A GUN? PLEASE...

GUNS AREN'T MY STYLE, FATHER... THIS IS MY REDUCTION ARRAY YIELDER.

OR MY SHRINK R.A.Y.

THIS IS RIDICULOUS. LET'S JUST KILL IT AND PUT IT OUT OF ITS MISERY.

ADAM, NO! THE ATOM IS STILL INSIDE! WE CAN'T RISK HURTING HIM!

OH MY GOD! THIS IS SO GROSS!

HRRN... INDEED, M'LADY.

FATHER!

YOU THINK IT'S GROSS, TRY BEING *INSIDE* THAT MESS!

PALMER!?

FATHER--IS--IS THAT REALLY YOU?

FRANK...YOU HAVE TO HELP ME! PALMER IS INSANE! BRAINIAC IS COMING! ONLY WE CAN STOP HIM, FRANK! YOU AND ME TOGETHER...JUST LIKE ALWAYS!

HRRN...I THINK NOT, FATHER. YOUR REIGN IS OVER. I HAVE LET YOU MANIPULATE ME FOR TOO LONG. IF BRAINIAC DARES SHOW HIS UNHOLY FACE HERE...MY NEW COMRADES AND I WILL BE READY!

FRANK!

AAAARRGH!

SHRACK

THWAP

NO!

FRANKENSTEIN... HE--*HE'S DYING!*

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA.

...WARNED YOU! THIS IS WHAT ALWAYS HAPPENS WHEN MY UNCLE DECIDES TO GET "HANDS ON."

YOU GOING TO GET TIRED OF BRINGING THAT UP ANYTIME SOON?

Sundoll

YOU GOING TO DECIDE TO *DO SOMETHING* ABOUT IT ANYTIME SOON?

FARADAY SIGNS THE CHECKS.

I THOUGHT WE WERE PAST THAT? RISKING OUR LIVES FOR MONEY.

SURPRISE.

MERCY'S GOT A POINT. WE WENT FROM "KILL THE GIRL" TO "TRY TO WORK WITH HER" TO RECLAIM SOME VAULT OR OTHER THAT SANK IN THE OCEAN.

I MEAN, SINCE WHEN ARE WE IN THE SALVAGE BUSINESS?

SINCE ANYONE ELSE FARADAY MIGHT HAVE CONSIDERED DIED ON AN ISLAND THAT JUST MIGHT HAVE NETTED LOIS LANE ANOTHER PULITZER PRIZE.

SO WE DON'T GET TO KILL THE LITTLE GIRL?

CAN WE PLEASE STOP REFERRING TO HER AS A "LITTLE GIRL"? SHE'S NO MORE A LITTLE GIRL THAN I AM.

AND HAS ANYONE BEEN TOLD THAT THE HIT IS OFF? ANYONE? BANGER? MASH? MERCY? HM?

NO. I'VE JUST BEEN PAYING ATTENTION.

AND WE HAVEN'T?

APPARENTLY NOT.

YOU KNOW SOMETHING WE DON'T?

I KNOW. I *KNOW* YOU TOLD ME NOT TO LEAVE THE MOTEL ROOM, BUT SHE DECIDED I OUGHT TO AND, RIGHT NOW, I'M MORE AFRAID OF HER THAN OF ANY OF YOU.

HER?

SEQUEL.

WHO?

LITTLE GIRL WITH A REAL KID-FROM-THE TWILIGHT ZONE VIBE DRESSED LIKE DEATH-STROKE?

FIFTY SUE?

WHO?

FIFTY SUE TOLD YOU TO...

WHEN?

RIGHT BEFORE SHE DRAGGED ME OUT TO FETCH COLE AND SOME E2 REDHEAD.

COLE!? COLE IS ALIVE!?

WHO?

WHERE *IS* HE, JUSTIN?

WITH FARADAY AND THAT CREEPY OLD GUY WITH THE BUM EYE.

I WAS SENT TO FETCH THE FOUR OF YOU.

WELL... THAT AND TO GET THE LITTLE PSYCHO A MOCHA FRAPPI...WHAT-EVER.

ANY OF YOU GOT ANY CASH?

IBELA

I DON'T--

WE DON'T.

WE DON'T WORK FOR YOU ANYMORE.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE TWO OF YOU, SUSAN DOES.

YEAH... ABOUT THAT...

I'M HONORING SLADE BY SEEING TO IT THAT HIS OBLIGATIONS ARE MET.

THIS THE SAME SLADE WHO WAS ON BROTHER EYE'S PAYROLL?

YOU *REALLY* DON'T WANT TO GO THERE, COLE.

I'M STILL NOT SURE WHAT IT IS YOU EXPECT FROM US.

HONESTLY, MS. LANG, FROM YOU... NOTHING.

NO OFFENSE, BUT YOU ARE SINGULARLY... UNREMARKABLE.

WANNA BET?

THIS IS RIDICULOUS. A DNA VAULT THAT YOU KEPT STASHED AWAY ON THE ISLAND SINKS WITH A SIGNIFICANT PART *OF* THE ISLAND AND *YOU* THINK IT'S JUST SITTING ON THE OCEAN FLOOR WAITING FOR YOU TO RETRIEVE IT?

I KNOW IT IS, MR. "LANG." THE VAULT WAS BUILT TO WITHSTAND A NUCLEAR BLAST. SOME OF THE ALLOYS USED TO CONSTRUCT IT ARE...UNIQUE TO CADMUS.

AND IF IT'S BURIED UNDER A COUPLE HUNDRED TONS OF ISLAND?

WE'LL CROSS THAT BRIDGE WHEN WE COME TO IT.

WHAT ABOUT HER?

WHAT *ABOUT* HER, BOYER?

WHY NOT JUST HAVE HER BLIP IT TO WHEREVER YOU WANT IT? SHE'S BEEN BLIPPING PEOPLE AROUND ALL DAY. UNLESS SHE'S LIMITED TO ORGANIC MATTER...

WHICH DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY THAT ARMOR GOES WITH HER.

YOU *ARE* A FASCINATING LITTLE THING, AREN'T YOU?

THINK YOU'RE SO SMART JUST BECAUSE I CAN'T KILL YOU...YET?

IT DOES EASE A BIT OF THE TENSION... YES.

STILL FEELING SMART?

WH-HUH!

THONK!

WHAT? I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO DIDN'T FEEL LIKE LISTENING TO HIM WAIL ABOUT HIS STUPID HAND?

WHERE DOES SHE THINK SHE'S GOING?

WHAT'D I DO TO *HER?*

SHE'S... UPSET.

LANA, SHE... UM...

A LITTLE HELP HERE? ANYBODY?

MS. LANG, DESPITE MONUMENTAL EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY, STILL RELATES TO YOU AS IF YOU WERE AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD GIRL.

I BELIEVE THAT WOULD FALL UNDER "JUDGING A BOOK BY ITS COVER."

YOU'D THINK TIME SPENT ON THE ISLAND WOULD HAVE--

SHUT UP.

NEW YORK CITY.

MASTER TERRY?

YES, ALFRED?

I'VE DETECTED AN ANOMALY.

BROTHER EYE?

A DISTINCT POSSIBILITY.

WHERE?

TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE.

TERRIFITECH.

PRECISELY.

THE SIGNATURE IS UNMISTAKABLE, THOUGH IT WAS JUST A PULSE.

MEANING BROTHER EYE IS ALIVE...

BROTHER EYE IS A.I., BUT, VERY WELL. I'LL PRAY A SONG.

WHAT, ALFRED?

AMSTER REET...

ANOTHER ANOMALY.

I'VE BEEN BREACHED.

YOU ARE IN DANGER.

I AM THE TRACER.

SHUTTING DOWN.

ALFRED?

ALFRED?!

"ALFRED?!"

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.

TERRIFITECH

THE TIME IS NOW, OTHER FATHER...

THE PAST AWAITS YOU.

EYE HAVE REENGINEERED THE TIME BAND YOU FASHIONED TO FOLLOW THE CONTRAILS CREATED WHEN YOU SENT YOUR AGENT BACK TO DESTROY ME.

YOU WILL DESTROY HIM.

EYE...

WON'T.

BUT EYE WILL.

IT IS USELESS TO RESIST, OTHER FATHER. YOU ARE...EYE... NOW.

ACTIVATE.

BRUCE... DON'T GIVE IN--NEVER FORGET WHO YOU ARE.

LOOK AT ME, MICHAEL...

WHAT *AM* EYE?

ZZAAA--

--AAASSH

AND WITH THAT, THE PAST WILL BE MADE CORRECT.

WHAT MAKES YOU SO CERTAIN, BROTHER EYE?

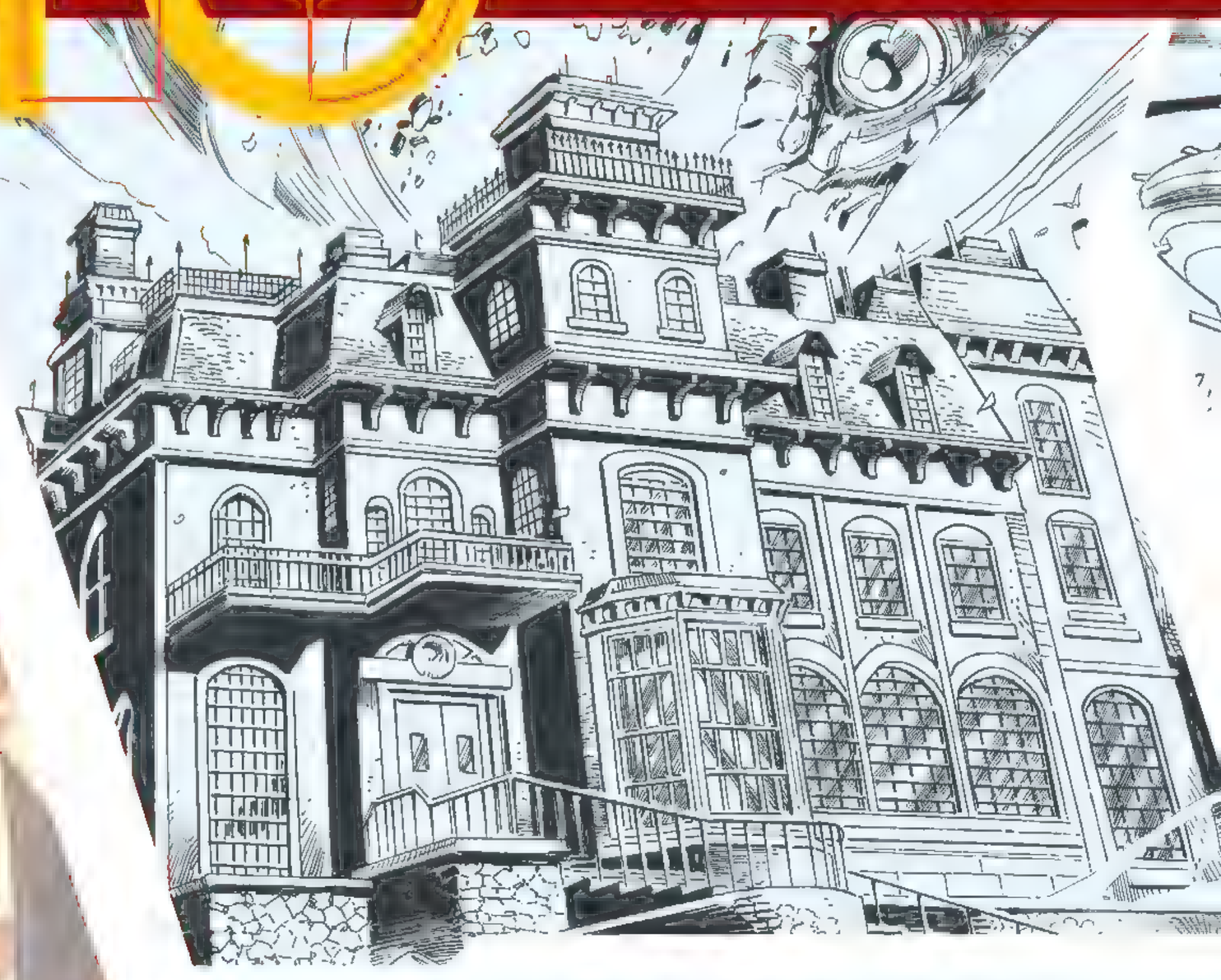
"SIMPLY PUT, FATHER?

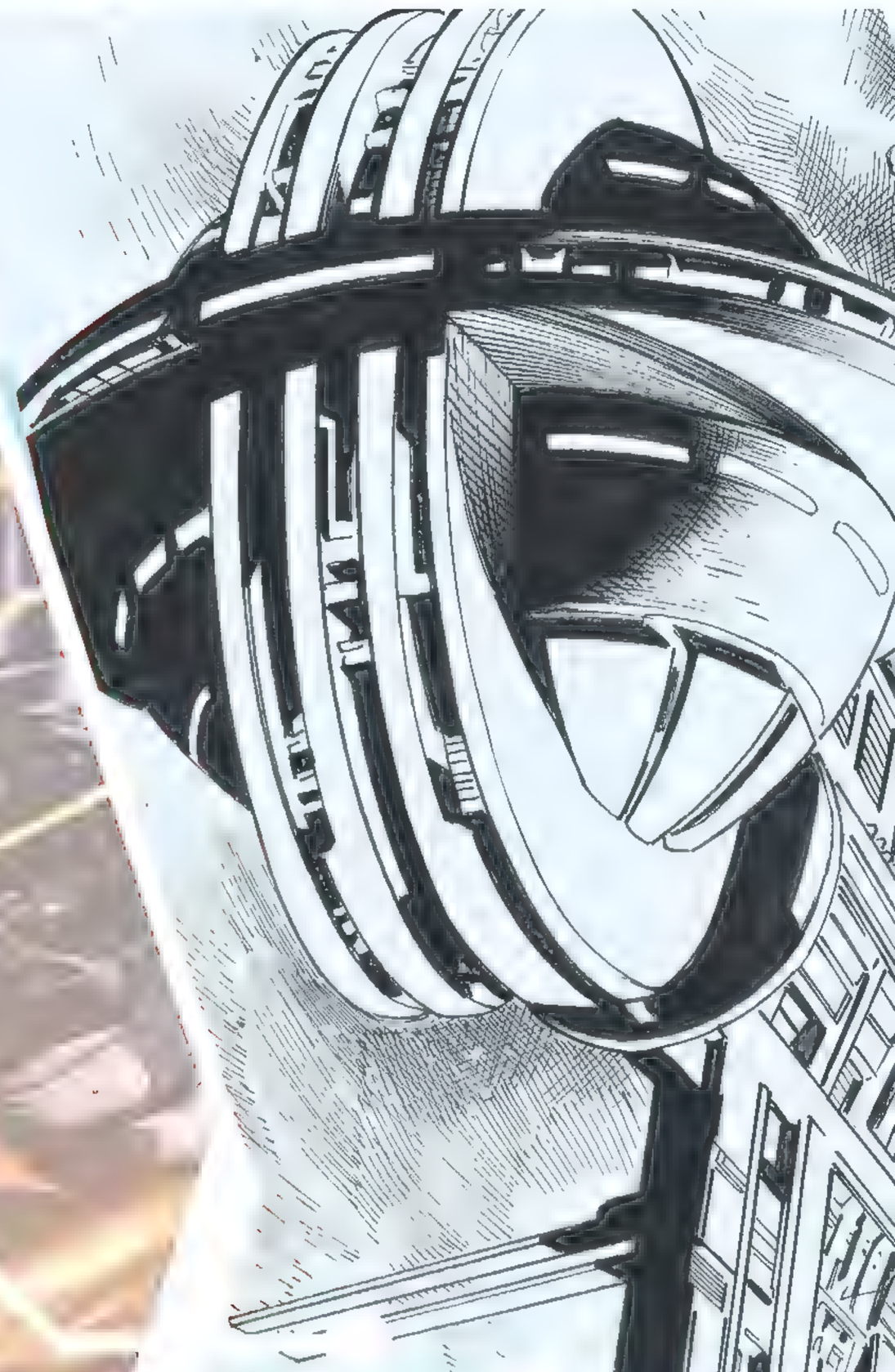
ZZAA--

--AASHH

"EYE STILL EXIST."

INTO THE FUTURE





WRITERS
- Brian Azzarello
- Jeff Lemire
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- Keith Giffen

PENCILLERS
- Jesús Merino
- Stephen Thompson

INKERS
- Dan Green
- Stephen Thompson

COLORS
- Hi-Fi

LETTERS
- Carlos M. Mangual

FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.
NEW YORK CITY.
MADISON?
MADISON!
WAKE UP!
UHHH...
JASON?
WHAT--?
AS SOON AS YAMAZAKE REALIZES WE AREN'T DEAD, HE'LL MOVE IN FOR THE *KILL!*
YOU HAVE TO *MOVE!*
WHAT'S WITH THE TEDDY BEAR?
IT WAS A CEMENT MIXER, BUT YOU REARRANGED ITS ATOMIC STRUCTURE INTO SOMETHING SOFTER.
PURE, INSTANTANEOUS REACTION ON YOUR PART, WITHOUT ACCOUNTING FOR THE SIZE AND MASS.
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. I REMEMBER NOW.
WE NEED TO--
--HOLY--!
FLY!
NOW!

FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD, YOU HAVE THE ABILITY TO ALTER AN OBJECT'S ATOMIC STRUCTURE.

WHAT A FASCINATING TALENT.

THIS SHOULD PROVE QUITE INTERESTING.

SCRUNNCH...

WHOA!

MADISON, YOU CAN'T JUST RUN! YOU HAVE TO FIGHT BACK!

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO? TURN DR. POLARIS INTO A FROG OR SOMETHING?

EFFECTIVE AS THAT MIGHT BE, YOU CAN'T ALTER ORGANIC MATERIAL.

SO I'LL BLOW HIM UP!

NO! THERE ARE PEOPLE DOWN--!

AH!

UGH!

NOT GOOD.

PEOPLE MIGHT NEED HELP.

EFFECTIVE.

SPRANG

THOUGH NOT NEARLY TO THE EXTENT IT NEEDS TO BE.

PERHAPS I'VE GONE ABOUT THIS IN THE WRONG WAY.

SUCCESS MIGHT BEST BE ACHIEVED THROUGH MORE SUBTLE MEANS.

HE'S STILL STANDING! LIKE NOTHING HAPPENED!

SHOULDN'T WE CALL THE JUSTICE LEAGUE OR SOMETHING?

IT'S UP TO US, MADISON.

HE'S JUST AS GREEN AS YOU ARE AND WE NEED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT.

I DOUBT YOU'LL EVEN SEE THIS COMING.

AH!

WHA--?

THOUGHT SO.

FIRESTORM?

BUT WITH RONNIE RAYMOND DEAD...

...HOW IS THAT EVEN POSSIBLE?

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE--

BTANG

--BUT IT DOESN'T TAKE A GENIUS TO SEE THAT YOU'RE ON THE WRONG SIDE HERE!

CAL?

OH, MAN.

HE HAS NO IDEA WHO HE'S TANGLING WITH.

YOU'D PROTECT *HER?*

ONE OF *THEM?*

WHEN THEY DISDAIN *YOU?*

PANG

GHNN!

LEAVE HIM BE!

NO! THAT'S--

THE ARMOR--?!

THERE'S NOTHING INSIDE?

NO BODY?

WHAT THE HELL HAS HE BECOME?

SHRAKK

CAL!

IT'S OKAY.

I'M HERE.

I LOVE YOU.

THAT WAS... WEIRD.

BE QUIET, JASON.

PLEASE.

NNN...

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA.

YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF ME ANYMORE.

:SNIFF...: NO. I'M NOT. I GUESS I'VE REACHED MY FEAR THRESHOLD. NO ONE IS MORE SURPRISED THAN ME.

IS THAT A KILLING OFFENSE? NOT BEING AFRAID OF YOU?

IT SHOULD BE.

...

WHAT DID THEY *DO* TO YOU?

HUH? NO ONE DID ANYTHING TO M--

YOU'RE EIGHT YEARS OLD.

BY CHOICE. CARE TO SEE MY VERSION OF NINETEEN?

YOU'RE A CHILD. A *CHILD*, AND YET, YOU...YOU ACT LIKE YOU WISH YOU WERE A MONSTER.

DON'T CALL ME A MONSTER.

THEN STOP ACTING LIKE ONE.

DON'T MAKE ME KILL YOU. I FROZE EVERYONE ELSE IN PLACE. NO ONE'S GOING TO COME TO SAVE YOU.

HEH... AS IF THEY COULD.

WHY NOT JUST DISINTEGRATE A PIECE OF ME? TEACH ME A LESSON. SHOW ME WHAT HAPPENS TO ANYONE WHO DOESN'T GIVE YOU YOUR OWN WAY.

YOU'RE NOT MY FIRST MOTHER, YOU WON'T BE MY LAST.

AND IF I DECIDE THAT I WILL BE?

WHY WERE YOU CRYING?

DO YOU REALLY CARE?

OKAY. YOU'VE GOT TO STOP ANSWERING MY QUESTIONS WITH QUESTIONS. I REALLY HATE THAT.

DOES THIS HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOUR DUMB PLANET GOING SOUTH?

LIKE, YOU DON'T FIT IN ON THIS EARTH, ALL OF YOUR FRIENDS ARE DEAD, *BOO HOO HOO.*

AT LEAST I HAD FRIENDS.

FRIENDS ARE OVERRATED.

SO ARE MOTHERS.

HOW WOULD YOU KNOW?

I HAVE FRIENDS! YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO...TO MAKE ME ALL SAD 'N' LIKE THAT BECAUSE YOU'RE JEALOUS BECAUSE I CAN DO WHATEVER I WANT AND YOU--

SLAP

GO ON. KILL ME. BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT GETTING YOUR OWN WAY THIS TIME.

YOU WANT ME TO BE YOUR MOTHER? FINE. BUT ON *MY* TERMS.

YOU DON'T GET TO--

I'M NOT FINISHED TALKING.

I--

SUSAN!

THAT'S BETTER.

YOU KNOW, ON SECOND THOUGHT, YOU MIGHT BE BETTER OFF KILLING ME, BECAUSE I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE WITHOUT YOU, AND THAT, YOUNG LADY, MEANS THAT YOUR REIGN OF TERROR ENDS RIGHT NOW.

YOU'LL TRY TO RUN. YOU ALL DO.

IF YOU'RE COUNTING ON THAT, THEN YOU'RE GOING TO BE DISAPPOINTED.

ARE YOU TALKING TO THE FLOOR OR ME?

I'M NOT GOING TO RAISE A MONSTER. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? WHICH MEANS I WANT YOU OUT OF THAT HORRID GETUP. SOONER THAN LATER.

BUT I'M SEQUEL! I'VE GOT TO--

NO. FROM NOW ON, YOU ARE SUSAN LANG. THAT MAKES *ME* THE MOTHER AND *YOU* THE DAUGHTER AND THE *RULES* WILL APPLY.

SO, AM I A DEAD WOMAN? DO I HAVE TIME TO PUT MY AFFAIRS IN ORDER?

DO YOU STILL WANT ME TO BE YOUR MOTHER?

NO. YOU DON'T GET A SAY IN THE MATTER. NOT ANYMORE.

DO I STILL GET TO KILL PEOPL--

NO.

...

'KAY.

YOU KNOW, IT'S OKAY TO HUG ME BACK.

I'M WORKING ON IT.

EARTH ORBIT.

THE CARRIER: FORMER INTERDIMENSIONAL CRAFT OF STORMWATCH AND THE ANT FARM: THE MOBILE HEADQUARTERS OF S.H.A.D.E.

S.H.A.D.E. INFIRMARY.

I--I'VE TRIED EVERY-THING, AMETHYST. BUT NOW WE HAVE TO FACE REALITY... *FRANKENSTEIN IS DYING.*

HOW CAN THAT BE, RAY? HE'S UNDEAD... HE'S LIVED TWO HUNDRED YEARS! I DON'T UNDER-STAND.

NEITHER DO I, I'M AFRAID. AT LEAST, NOT FULLY. WHEN I TRANSPLANTED HAWKMAN'S ARM ONTO FRANK, SOME OF THE LIVING METAL IN HAWKMAN'S BLOODSTREAM...THE *NTH METAL*, MIXED WITH FRANK'S OWN NECROTIC BLOOD.

WE KNOW VERY LITTLE ABOUT THE NTH METAL. IT'S AN ALIEN SUBSTANCE. ALL I DO KNOW IS THAT IT HEALS. I THINK IT--I THINK IT SEES FRANKENSTEIN'S UNDEAD CONDITION AS A ***SICKNESS.***

SO BY "HEALING HIM," IT MADE HIM VULNERABLE TO ATTACK. NOW THE NTH METAL AND WHATEVER ARCANE SCIENCE OR MAGIC DR. FRANKENSTEIN USED TO MAKE FRANK ARE LITERALLY AT WAR IN HIS SYSTEM.

RAY, YOU'RE-- YOU'RE A GENIUS. YOU INVENTED HALF THE STUFF S.H.A.D.E. USES...THERE MUST BE SOMETHING YOU CAN DO! WE CAN'T LET HIM DIE!

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, AMETHYST, FRANKENSTEIN'S METHODS ARE BEYOND SCIENCE...AND BEYOND ***ME.***

6

WHAT ABOUT THAT--THAT THING? ***FATHER TIME.*** CAN HE HELP? HE MUST KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT FRANK'S ORIGINS...

FATHER TIME IS REFUSING TO COOPERATE UNTIL WE SET HIM FREE. AND I'M AFRAID THAT IS NOT AN OPTION. HE'S TOO UNSTABLE.

AND IT'S NOT ONLY FRANK THAT MAY DEPEND ON HIS KNOWLEDGE. WE NEED WHATEVER INTEL HE HAS ON BRAINIAC. I CAN KEEP TRYING TO REASON WITH HIM, BUT SO FAR...

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS? HAWKMAN? BLACK ADAM?

"HAWKMAN AND ENGINEER ARE LEADING THE CLEANUP OF S.H.A.D.E.

"THE VAST MAJORITY OF S.H.A.D.E. AGENTS WERE WORKING UNDER DURESS. FATHER TIME HAD LIED TO AND MANIPULATED MANY OF THEM TO GAIN THEIR LOYALTY. SO THE RESISTANCE TO THE NEW STATUS QUO WAS MINIMAL.

"EVEN FRANKENSTEIN'S OLD S.H.A.D.E. FIELD TEAM, THE CREATURE COMMANDOS, ARE HELPING OUT.

"BLACK ADAM, ON THE OTHER HAND... WELL, HE TOOK OFF AS SOON AS HE COULD. BACK TO EARTH.

"I SHOULD PROBABLY ALERT THE JUSTICE LEAGUE, BUT THEN AGAIN, HE AND I DID HAVE A DEAL. I FREED HIM FROM THE PHANTOM ZONE, HE HELPED US ESCAPE ***BRAINIAC***, AND NOW HE'S FREE TO GO.

"THE ENGINEER IS STILL SHOWING NO EFFECTS OF HER TIME WITH ***BRAINIAC.***"

WE CAN'T JUST WAIT FOR FATHER TIME TO TELL US MORE ABOUT ***BRAINIAC.*** WE NEED TO ***PREPARE.***

PREPARE? HOW? ***BRAINIAC*** SEEMED IMMENSELY POWERFUL, RAY.

YES. BUT IT'S MY JOB NOW...TO PROTECT THE EARTH FROM HIM. I AM THE LEADER OF ***STORMWATCH...AND*** THE LEADER OF S.H.A.D.E.

BUT EVEN THAT'S NOT ENOUGH...I'M GOING TO ***BUILD AN ARMY,*** AMETHYST.

WELL, I'M SORRY THAT I CAN'T HELP WITH THAT, RAY.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?

YOU SAID IT YOURSELF. WHATEVER FRANK IS MADE OF IS BEYOND SCIENCE. *IT'S MAGIC.* AND MAGIC IS MY TERRITORY.

I'M TAKING A SHUTTLE BACK TO EARTH.

I'M GOING TO SAVE FRANKENSTEIN... NO MATTER WHAT.

MY, MY... WHAT HAVE WE HERE...

IS THAT...

IS THAT...

IS THAT A ZAGNUT?

WHY, WHAT A DEAR YOU--

ALFRED?

ALFRED, POWER BACK UP...DON'T *DO* THIS TO ME... I'M *LOST* WITHOUT--

BOOM

McG!

HANG ON!

?

...GREAT.

McG, I AIN'T PLAYIN'!

THE HELL...?

TARGET IDENTIFIED.

ENGAGE.

BLIDDA BLIDDA BLIDDA

BLIDDA BLIDDA

BLIDDA

BLIDDA

GYAAH!

BLIDDA

BLIDDA

TWAK

TWAK

TWAK

I'VE GOT--

I DON'T KNOW WHAT SORT OF MONSTER--

--YOU!

SMAACK

WHAACK

CRAACK

KILL HIM.

WHAT? THAT'S CRAZY TALK!

IF EVE DID THAT, THEN WE WOULDN'T BE...

LOCATING TARGET.

INTO THE FUTURE

WRITERS
- Brian Azzarello
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- Keith Giffen

PENCILLER
- Scot Eaton

INKER
- Scott Hanna

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COVER
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FIVE YEARS FROM NOW

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY.

CURRENTLY RESIDING ON THE EDGE OF NOWHERE. A TIME BETWEEN TIME. A PLACE BETWEEN PLACES.

INTERDIMENSIONAL MEETING PLACE OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE DARK:

NIETSNEKNARF LAEH.

IT IS NO USE, ZATANNA.

YOUR BACKWARDS MAGIC SPELLS ARE HAVING NO EFFECT ON FRANKENSTEIN EITHER...

WHATEVER IS AFFLICTING FRANKENSTEIN IS BEYOND MAGIC, AMETHYST.

I'M SORRY, WE CAN'T HELP HIM.

BEYOND MAGIC? SORRY, XANADU, BUT I JUST LEFT RAY PALMER, AND HE MAY BE ABSOLUTELY CRAZY, BUT HE'S STILL ONE OF THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC MINDS IN THE WORLD.

HE SAID FRANK'S CONDITION WAS *BEYOND SCIENCE.*

YOU GUYS ARE MY ONLY HOPE. IF YOU CAN'T HELP FRANK...

WE'RE REAL SORRY, DARLIN'. WE TRIED. BUT THIS NTH METAL STUFF IS MESSING WITH FRANK BIG TIME. I WENT DEEP INTO HIS CONSCIOUSNESS AND IT'S LIKE A *WAR ZONE* IN THERE.

:COUGH: :COUGH:-- HRNN...

FRANK!

EASY...

THE--THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY? L-LADY AMETHYST--YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE BROUGHT ME HERE.

I DON'T EXACTLY HAVE THE FONDEST MEMORIES OF THIS PLACE EITHER, FRANK. BUT WE ARE RUNNING OUT OF OPTIONS-- AND TIME.

I HAVE--I HAVE LIVED A LONG LIFE, M'LADY. I HAVE SEEN THINGS AND BEEN PLACES MOST MEN NEVER EVEN DREAM OF.

IF THIS NTH METAL IS THE POISON TO FINALLY END MY LONG WALK THROUGH TIME--:COUGH COUGH:-- SO BE IT.

FRANK!

KIND OF PUTS A TEAR IN THE EYE, DON'T IT?

LOOKS LIKE GREEN JEANS HAS CAUGHT QUITE A BUG, *EH*, PRINCESS?

FORGET TO TAKE HIS VITAMINS?

CONSTANTINE!

BEEN A WHILE, LOVE. ***FALL OF GEMWORLD***, WASN'T IT? HEAR YOU BEEN OFF RUNNING AROUND IN SPACE SINCE THEN. BRING ME A POSTCARD?

YOU HAVE THE NERVE TO MAKE JOKES? AFTER WHAT YOU DID. I TOLD YOU THEN IF I EVER SAW YOU AGAIN, ***I'D KILL YOU...***

--AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M GOING TO DO!

THE OCEAN FLOOR

LAS VEGAS.

...AND SHE DIDN'T KILL YOU.

I WISH YOU'D STOP SAYING THAT.

COLE HAS A POINT. SHE'S NOT THE MOST...*BALANCED* LITTLE GIRL--

AND WHOSE FAULT IS THAT?

I'M NOT ALL THAT SURE THAT SHE *IS* A LITTLE GIRL.

MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE THIS CONVERSATION WHEN SUSAN GETS BACK?

DIDN'T THINK SO.

I TAKE IT THIS MEANS THE HIT IS--

IT MEANS NOTHING OF THE KIND!

HIT?

AN...UNRESOLVED MATTER. NOTHING YOU NEED CONCERN YOURSELVES WITH.

NICE TRY, ROCK.

WHAT DO YOU MEA--

→SIGH←... MISTER LANG--

OH, CUTE. *REAL* CUTE.

--SEES THROUGH DECEPTION.

YES, YOU *SHOULD* FEEL FOOLISH.

VOODOO? YOU'RE PART OF THIS?
WHAT CAN I SAY? FOR SOME OF US THE WAR NEVER ENDED.
YOU AND YOUR CREW--
UH-HUH. BANGER, MASH, AND ME. WE'RE ALL--
I FOUND IT.
YOU'RE CERTAIN?
BIG OL' BOX SEALED UP TIGHTER THAN A VIRGIN'S--
SUSAN!
UM...YEAH. I'M SURE. CERTAIN.
WE'VE GOT TO BE ***ABSOLUTELY*** SURE. THERE ARE THREE GOVERNMENTS COMBING THE ISLAND'S RUINS.
TWO OF WHICH WOULD DO JUST ABOUT ANYTHING TO LAY HANDS ON THAT VAULT AND ITS CONTENTS.
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PULL THIS OFF RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES. ZERO MARGIN FOR ERROR.
I ***SAID*** I WAS CERTAIN.
I JUST DID! A BIG OL' BOX--
COULD YOU ***DESCRIBE*** THE VAULT?
WE'LL NEED MORE THAN THAT TO GO ON.
...
FINE.

USS MINN
I...STAND CORRECTED.
LIKE *THAT!* IT LOOKS LIKE *THAT*, OKAY!?
RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES... THAT *WAS* WHAT YOU SAID?

SNORT
SNORT
SNOR--

EH?

YOU MADE A NOISE.

WAS ME *DYIN'*, MIDGE. HAPPENS EVERY SO OFTEN... SOME WANKER 'AS A GO.

WAS IT THE *MASTER*, JOHN?

WAS HE IN YOUR *DREAMS?*

HARDLY.

'LESS HE'S GONE NATIVE...

WHERE'S OUR *FRIEND?*

YOUR FRIEND, YOU MEAN. *SUPERMAN?*...

SMALLVILLE

"HE WENT FOR A *WALK.*"

MOTEL

CAFE

WHERE'DJA THINK 'E WENT, MIDGE?

I DON'T SEE 'IM ANY-WHERE.

SAY, FELLA, YOU SEEN A BLOKE ABOUT *YEA HIGH...*

DO YOU ACTUALLY THINK YOU'RE *FUNNY,* CONSTANTINE?

'AVE WE MET? YOU DON' LOOK...

THRIFT

WHY, I BARELY *RECOGNIZED* YOU! CLEVER BIT OF *DISGUISE,* THAT IS.

SO THIS IS IT? HOME SWEET HOME? WHERE YOU WERE INSTILLED WITH THAT *"TRUTH, JUSTICE"* RUBBISH?

YOU'D BE SMART NOT TO JOKE ABOUT IT...

WOULD I, THEN?

IT'S *EVIL.*

NO, JUST ILL-ADVISED.

SHE MEANS THE *PLACE,* SUNSHINE.

THE GROUND.

LIKE I SAID, *ILL-ADVISED.*

DON' *MATTER* WHAT YOU SAID. DOESN'T CHANGE THE FACT THERE ARE PLACES ON THIS PLANET THAT ARE INHERENTLY BLACK, EVIL SPOTS.

THIS HAPPENS TO BE ONE.

THEY'RE LIKE *WEBS* LEFT BY *THE MASTER*-- TRAPPING AND KILLING ALL THE GOOD THAT COMES TOO CLOSE.

COULD BE.

"OR IT'S POSSIBLE THEY'RE LIKE SWIRLING, SUCKING PITS THAT GOOD IS INESCAPABLY DRAWN TO FILL BECAUSE THE NEED FOR GOOD IS SO GREAT."

"ARE YOU SAYING THAT MY ROCKET CRASHING HERE WASN'T ARBITRARY?"

"I'M SAYING IT'S *POSSIBLE*, RIGHT?"

"I FIND THAT HARD TO BELIEVE."

"YEAH, WELL...

"WASN'T TOO LONG AGO, NOBODY BELIEVED A MAN COULD *FLY.*"

WOUNDED DUCK

A FREAK-OUT...YEAH, THAT'S WHAT THAT WAS.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID BROTHER EYE KILLED BATMAN!

I GUESS I WAS WRONG!-- I GUESS HE DID SOMETHING *WORSE!*

THAT WAS A *FREAK-OUT!*

I FEEL LIKE SUCH A *LOSER...*

NEW YORK CITY

WHAT? YOU'RE NOT A *LOSER*--

THAT BATMAN THINGAMAJIG WAS SOMETHIN' *FIERCE.*

CYBORG.

CYBORG. WELL, I GET MADE INTO A *LOSER-BORG.*

WHAT ARE YOU--

I WAS SUPPOSED TO *KILL* YOU, RIGHT? INSTEAD, I GOT PUSHED AROUND IN A SHOPPING CART AND ENDED UP IN SOME LABORATORY MORGUE PLACE.

LOSER-BORG.

LOOK, THE ONLY REASON YOU DIDN'T RIP ME TO SHREDS WAS BECAUSE *HALF* OF YOU WAS LEFT BACK IN THE FUTURE.

YER JUS' SAYING THAT...

THIS IS THE *STRANGEST* CONVERSATION I'VE EVER HAD...

IS THAT *TRUE,* ALFRED?

ALFRED SHUT DOWN.

HUH?

HE DETECTED A *SECURITY BREACH*...HE WAS BEING USED AS A *HOMING BEACON*--OBVIOUSLY BY THAT 'BORG--AND HE SHUT DOWN.

I'M FLYIN' *BLIND* HERE.

SO BACK TO PLAN...IS IT *B* OR *C*? I'VE LOST TRACK...

WOUNDED DUCK

WE NEED *HELP*--NOT JUST AGAINST BROTHER EYE, BUT AVOIDING BATMAN, TOO.

TIM DRAKE FITS THE BILL ON BOTH COUNTS.

HE'S GOTTA BE BACK SOMETIME, SO WE WAIT. UNLESS YOU HAVE A *BETTER* IDEA...

WOUNDED DUCK

...

IS THAT YOUR HAND?

MCG, EVEN WITHOUT A DOOMED FUTURE, LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO SCREW AROUND.

WAIT.

I KINDA MEANT THE *OPPOSITE* OF THAT.

I...

WHAT?

I...I'VE NEVER DONE THIS BEFORE.

REALLY?

IT'S NOT LIKE THERE'S *TIME* FOR... THIS KINDA STUFF WHEN YOU'RE FIGHTING A *WAR*, Y'KNOW?

WHAT?

YER AWESOME.

22,300 MILES ABOVE EARTH.
JUSTICE LEAGUE DEFENSE STATION OMEGA.

WHY CAN'T YOU USE THE TRANSPORTER JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE?

UH, BECAUSE FLYING IS WAY MORE FUN?

MORE LIKE A SHOW OF POWER. A WAY OF PUTTING THOSE OF US WHO CAN'T IN OUR PLACE.

I HAVE AN IMAGE TO MAINTAIN, STORMGUARD.

ABOUT THAT... YOU'RE STILL WEARING THE "S," BUT I'VE HEARD REPORTS OF SHAZAM BEING IN METROPOLIS.

ARE YOU SUPERMAN OR SHAZAM THESE DAYS?

THIS SYMBOL INSPIRES PEOPLE, DARIUS.

THE WHOLE WORLD KNOWS IT'S A SIGN OF GREATNESS-- OF SACRIFICE ON BEHALF OF OTHERS.

IT NEEDS TO BE OUT THERE. IT NEEDS TO BE REMEMBERED.

YEAH.

ESPECIALLY THE SACRIFICE PART.

DO YOU THINK ABOUT HIM MUCH?

KAL-EL? NOT REALLY.

I BARELY MET HIM BEFORE HE DISAPPEARED.

HIS *MISSION.*

BUT I'VE WATCHED A NUMBER OF MEN AND WOMEN PAY THE ULTIMATE PRICE FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

I WAS ON WHITE HOUSE SECURITY DETAIL. WE WERE A COUPLE DAYS INTO THE WAR, AND THE PARADEMONS WERE THROWING EVERYTHING THEY HAD AT US.

"FROM THE BEGINNING, THE PRESIDENT HAD BEEN URGED TO EVACUATE BUT FELT THAT, SYMBOLICALLY, IT WAS MORE IMPORTANT TO STAY.

"THEN THE ATTACK CAME, AND WE HAD TO HOLD THE LINE FOR A SUCCESSFUL ESCAPE.

"IT APPEARED WE HAD NO CHANCE.

"WHEN THEIR ATTACK SLED CAME DOWN IN OUR MIDST, I THOUGHT IT WAS OVER.

"BUT THEN I LOOKED UP...

"...SAW MARINE ONE STILL SITTING THERE, WAITING FOR THE PRESIDENT...

"...AND THE ENEMY STILL ATTACKING.

"TIRED AS I WAS...

"...I COULDN'T STOP FIGHTING.

"DEFEAT...

"...WAS NOT...

"...AN OPTION.

"SOME PEOPLE SAY THAT DAY MARKED A TURNING POINT IN THE WAR.

"I'M NOT QUALIFIED TO MAKE THAT CALL.

"I DO KNOW IT MARKED A TURNING POINT FOR ME."

YOU BECAME SOMETHING OF A LEGEND, CREATING A SYMBOL THAT YOU'VE BEEN LIVING UP TO EVER SINCE.

NOT UNLIKE YOU CARRYING ON FOR SUPERMAN.

THE FLAG, THIS SHIELD...HAVE TO LIVE ON.

YEAH, I--

VRMMMM

INCOMING.

WONDER WOMAN?

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE...

...ELSE?

UM...I KNOW THIS IS GOING TO SEEM WEIRD AND ALL...

BUT I REALLY, REALLY NEED YOUR *HELP.*

SHE'S-- *FIRESTORM?*

SHE?

INTO THE FUTURE

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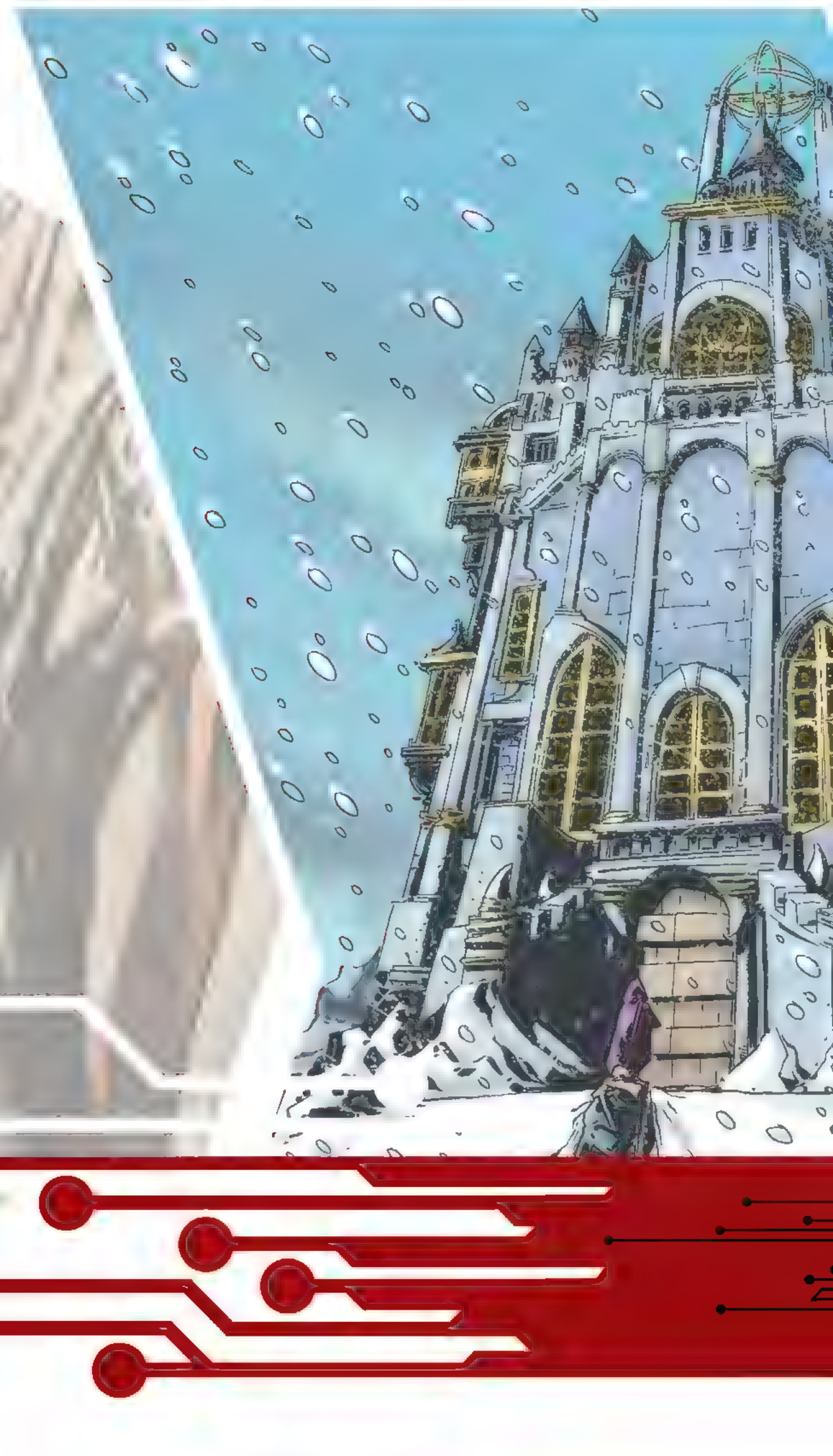


FIVE YEARS FROM NOW

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY

CURRENTLY RESIDING ON THE EDGE OF NOWHERE. A TIME BETWEEN TIME. A PLACE BETWEEN PLACES.

WELL, NOW...THAT SHOULD HURT, SHOULDN'T IT, LOVE?

AMETHYST! WHAT DID YOU DO?!

DON'T GET YOUR LEOTARD IN A TWIST, DEADMAN...I'M NOT REALLY HERE. JUST AN ASTRAL PROJECTION.

I'VE PISSED OFF ENOUGH WOMEN IN MY TIME. WASN'T ABOUT TO FACE THE SWEET PRINCESS IN THE FLESH.

CONSTANTINE, YOU SNAKE!

SORRY, BUT I'M A BIT BUSY AT THE MOMENT... SO EVEN IF I WASN'T SURE YOU WOULD RUN THAT SWORD THROUGH ME AGAIN, I STILL CAN'T MAKE IT TO THIS LITTLE REUNION IN PERSON.

WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN HELPING FRANKENSTEIN?! HE'S DYING!

LISTEN, PRINCESS...IF I DON'T COMPLETE THE LITTLE MISSION I'M ON AT THE MOMENT, IT WON'T JUST BE FRANCIS WHO'S TAKING A GOOD LONG DIRT NAP.

BUT, THAT DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T HELP A BIT, YEAH? SO WHAT SAY WE LET BYGONES BE BYGONES AND GET TO WORK?

AND WHY SHOULD I BELIEVE YOU?

THE LAST TIME I TRUSTED YOU, EVERYONE I LOVED DIED...

"I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT WAS FIVE YEARS AGO SINCE THE HORDES OF APOKOLIPS INVADED EARTH...

"AFTER LAYING WASTE TO THE PHYSICAL WORLD, THEY SOON TURNED THEIR ATTENTION TO THE MYSTICAL REALMS...TO GEMWORLD.

"AS THE HOUSES OF GEMWORLD FELL ONE BY ONE, I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO CALL FOR HELP, AND THE JUSTICE LEAGUE DARK RESPONDED...BUT THE PARADEMONS JUST KEPT COMING.

"WE HAD NO CHOICE. WE COULDN'T WIN. GEMWORLD WAS ON THE BRINK.

"THAT'S WHEN *YOU* STEPPED IN, CONSTANTINE.

"YOU PROMISED YOU COULD STOP THEM... BUT I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER. YOU LIED. YOU LIED AND YOU *DAMNED* EVERY-ONE IN GEMWORLD."

I *DID* STOP THEM! THE INVASION ENDED THERE, BECAUSE *I ACTED.* AND GEMWORLD WAS *THE PRICE* THAT HAD TO BE PAID!

"I USED GEMWORLD AS *A CAGE,* TRAPPED THE PARADEMONS THERE...*I* STOPPED THE INVASION, PRINCESS."

YOU DOOMED ALL OF MY PEOPLE... ALL OF GEM-WORLD.

EVERYTHING HAS A PRICE! I DID WHAT I HAD TO IN ORDER TO SAVE *YOUR ARSE,* AMAYA!

THEY WERE ALREADY DEAD, LOVE. AND WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT INVADING ARMY WOULD HAVE DONE WHEN THEY GOT A HOLD OF ALL THAT MAGIC AND THEN CAME STORMING BACK HERE? MILLIONS...BILLIONS WOULD HAVE JOINED THEM.

I MAY BE A RIGHT BASTARD, BUT I DID WHAT NEEDED TO BE DONE, BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE HAD THE STONES TO.

NOW, IF YOU'LL STOP BLAMING ME AND SHUT UP, I MIGHT EVEN HELP YOU SAVE FRANKENSTEIN.

HRRN!

FRANK!

DO NOT TRUST HIM, LADY AMETHYST. NO MATTER WHAT HE SAYS. HIS TONGUE IS SATAN INCARNATE. A WORM IN THAT PIT TO HELL HE CALLS A MOUTH.

LOVELY TO SEE YOU, TOO, FRANCIS.

EASY--

I CAN--I CAN WALK, M'LADY... FOR NOW.

WELL, YOU MAY NOT WANT MY HELP, LOVE. BUT I WILL GIVE YOU THIS TIP FOR FREE...IF YOU WANT TO SAVE FRANK...YOU NEED TO GO BACK TO WHERE HE WAS BORN.

...YOU NEED TO GO BACK TO *CASTLE FRANKENSTEIN.*

22,300 MILES ABOVE EARTH.
JUSTICE LEAGUE DEFENSE STATION OMEGA.

THE BLUE WIRE GOES INTO SOCKET B?

NO, MADISON! THE *RED* WIRE GOES INTO SOCKET B!

PLUG THE BLUE WIRE IN AND WE'LL GET DISINTEGRATED!

CHILL, JASON.

I'M *TRYING*, OKAY?

BUT I'M NO SCIENTIST, AND YOUR INSTRUCTIONS CAN BE REALLY CONFUSING.

OKAY, OKAY.

SORRY.

BUT BEING STUCK INSIDE THE FIRESTORM MATRIX IS DRIVING ME CRAZY.

YEAH, WELL, HAVING A DUDE I HARDLY KNOW IN MY HEAD 24/7 ISN'T A TREAT EITHER, YOU KNOW.

I KNOW.

OKAY, PRESS BUTTON FIVE, MADISON.

YOU REALLY THINK THIS WILL WORK?

I'VE DONE EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO REPLICATE DR. YAMAZAKE'S TRANSPORTER PROPERTIES.

IT WAS HIS EXPERIMENT THAT DID THIS TO US IN THE FIRST PLACE, SO--

WOOT WOOT WOOT

UH-OH!

CONDITION RED SITUATION IN METROPOLIS. IMMEDIATE RESPONSE REQUIRED.

SPEAKING OF YAMAZAKE...

DR. POLARIS NOW. AND WE'RE STUCK IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS EXPERIMENT. NO WAY WE CAN LEAVE!

I WANT FIRESTORM!

UNFORTUNATELY, SINCE SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE AN 800-NUMBER TO CALL HER TO ACTION--

--I HAVE TO CREATE A SITUATION THAT WILL DRAW HER OUT OF HIDING!

FIRESTORM? SINCE WHEN IS *HE* A *SHE*?

THOSE TYPES CHANGE ALL THE TIME. LIKE THAT NEW BATMAN GUY.

YOU SHOULD *HATE* FIRESTORM, YOU KNOW.

YOU SHOULD RESENT ALL OF THEM!

I WANTED TO HELP YOU-- SAVE YOU FROM FUTURE DISASTERS! BUT THE LEAGUE SABOTAGED MY EFFORTS!

THE LEAGUE *BETRAYED* YOU--

--AND THEY MUST ANSWER FOR THAT!

METRO

YOUR FEELINGS ARE SO HURT YOU'D *KILL?*

DADP

I HAD TO DO SOMETHING TO DRAW YOU OUT.

THOUGH I WOULD HAVE STOPPED THE BUS BEFORE IT CRASHED.

IN DOWNTOWN *METROPOLIS?* NOT EASY!

RUN.

STAY AWAY FROM METAL.

I'M MOVING TO *GOTHAM* WHERE IT'S *SAFE!*

KRAKNG

I OFFERED THE WORLD TRANSPORTER TECHNOLOGY THAT *YOU* KEPT FOR *YOURSELVES.*

SPSSSH

YOUR LACKEY, JASON RUSCH--FIRESTORM--INTERFERED WITH MY EXPERIMENTS AND--

THAT'S *ENOUGH!*

HNN!

SPLOSH

TRYING TO SILENCE ME, STORM-GUARD?

DON'T WANT PEOPLE KNOWING THAT YOU WERE WITHHOLDING LIFE-SAVING TECHNOLOGY?

JUST TRYING TO SAVE THEM FROM *YOU*, MANIAC.

FZZT

FZZT

SWAT

SO, DR. YAMAZAKE WANTED TO GIVE THE WORLD TRANS-PORTERS?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT? WHY DID YOU STOP HIM?

I *DIDN'T*, MADISON. HE ONLY THINKS I DID.

BUT IT'S TRUE THAT THE JLA DIDN'T WANT HIM TO SUCCEED. THEY FEARED THE TECHNOLOGY COULD BE USED IN DISASTROUS WAYS.

WHO GAVE YOU THE RIGHT TO MAKE THAT JUDGMENT?

HOLD ON--

SOMETHING'S HAPPENING.

I CALIBRATED THE MAGNETICS TO MATCH YAMAZAKE'S FORMULA.

HE MIGHT BE A NUT JOB, BUT I THINK HE'S *RIGHT.* HIS TECHNOLOGY WOULD LIFT PEOPLE UP AND SAVE LIVES!

NOT NOW, OKAY?

IT'S WORKING!

SOMETHING'S WRONG...

SHUT IT DOWN BEFORE--

MADISON?

MADISON!

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA.

UHH... GUYS...

RRGHHRRRD

CH-TOOM

CH-TOOM

CH-TOOM

CH-TOOM

CH-TOOM

CH-TOOM

CH-TOOM

THRAK-BOOM

AWESOME!

CONTAIN THIS!

A BIT LATE FOR THAT, DON'T YOU THINK, FARADAY?

I DON'T CARE! I WANT--

AREN'T YOU TWO FORGETTING SOMETHING?

DON'T CALL ME A THING!

IT'S JUST A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

SHE BROUGHT IT HERE--

OF COURSE!

SEND IT AWAY! SEND IT...*ROCK!* GIVE ME A SECURE SITE!

WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO? THE GIRL'S NEVER BEEN TO ANY OF THE SITES!

SHE'S NEVER BEEN TO ***MOST*** OF THE PLACES SHE'S SHOWN UP AT.

I'M FIGURING SHE PLUCKS LOCATIONS FROM PEOPLE'S MEMORIES?

LANA! TALK TO HER! YOU SEEM TO HAVE BONDED WITH HER. TELL HER HOW IMPORTANT THAT DNA IS TO--

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE. DNA? IS THAT WHERE YOU GOT ALL OF THE STUFF YOU USED TO MAKE ME?

UH-OH.

SAY GOODBYE, BRAT.

WHAT DID YOU JUST CALL ME?

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! NOTHING CAN SURVIVE MY TOUCH! *NOTHING!*

THUD

SUSAN! NO! DEAR GOD, NO!

...JUST A CHILD...SHE WAS JUST A CHILD...NO... NONONO...

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED. I PREFER MY CUT IN CASH. NONE OF THIS ELECTRONIC TRANSFER CRAP.

YOU KNEW ABOUT THIS, VOODOO?!

THE TAKE-DOWN ORDER...YES. MERCY DECIDING TO GO SOLO WITH IT...NO.

WHERE'S JUSTIN?

WHAT? YOU THINK WE KILLED HIM? YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER, COLE. WE DON'T KILL FOR THE THRILL OF IT. WE'RE PROFESSIONALS.

YOU KEEP SAYING THAT.

HE'S WITH BANGER AND MASH. THEY'RE...AMUSED BY HIM...BY NERDS IN GENERAL.

THEY SHOULD BE BACK ANY MINUTE...

...NOW?

THIS DOES *NOT* BODE WELL.

YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT. GUESS WHAT ELSE IS GONE?

HUH...SO WHAT'D I MISS? DAMN RACKET BLEW RIGHT THROUGH THE PAIN MEDS I SELF-PRESCRIBED. NOT THAT THERE WAS ALL THAT MUCH PAIN.

SHOULD'A BEEN OUT TILL SOMETIME TOMORROW. *HUH*... BEST LAID PLANS AND ALL THAT.

HELLO? ANYONE? ANYONE CARE TO CLUE ME IN?

WHA? WHA'D I SAY?

OKAY, BOSS. LOOKS LIKE WE ARE SET...

THERE WILL BE TEN MILLION uSPHERES RELEASED IN NYC THREE WEEKS FROM TODAY.

FOUR PLAY

HOTELS ARE ALREADY OVER-BOOKED.

MANY BUSINESSES GLOBALLY ARE ALREADY DENYING EMPLOYEES THE DAY OFF BECAUSE TOO MANY HAVE **ALREADY** PUT IN FOR THE DAY.

AND CHECK IT, T...

THEY ARE ALREADY LINING UP. WEEKS OUT.

LINING UP. THIS IS *BIG TIME*, NATHAN.

BIG TIME.

YOU LOOK HAPPY, MICHAEL.

REALLY?

HOW CAN YOU TELL HOW I LOOK?

HOW? WHY, MICHAEL...

"I'M LOOKING DOWN AT YOU NOW."

SMALLVILLE

YOU SAID BRAINIAC'S HERE, CONSTANTINE...

WELL, ALL I SEE IS *GOODNESS.* GOOD PEOPLE, GOOD LAND, GOOD--

NO, I SAID 'E'S *COMING.* MAYBE HERE, MAYBE ANOTHER GROUND SATURATED WITH BLACKNESS.

'ARD TO TELL. S'WHY I KEEP ME EYE ON THE *SKY.*

I'M TIRED OF THIS GAME, CONSTANTINE!

GAME? JAYSUS, SUPERMAN, WHAT KIND OF IDIOT R'YEA?

THIS AIN'T A GAME--A GAME 'AS WINNERS AND LOSERS!

"THIS IS LIFE...

"NO ONE WINS."

NEW YORK CITY

YER HOME.

LIKE RIGHT NOW?

AFTER WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH, I GOT--

"RIGHT NOW."

I CAN'T DEAL...

I AM INTO YOU, FUTURE MAN.

WHUMP

?

YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN' ME...

"CAN WE DO THAT AGAIN?"

TO *HELL* WITH YOU, WORLD!

EH?

ALL OF YOU!

ALL OF THIS!

I'M *FED UP*-- I'M *SICK* OF--

TIM DRAKE?

YOU'RE *TONGA DEATH TOUCH*, RIGHT?

I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT.

YOU?

SORRY.

WHAM

SO THIS MIGHT NOT BE A GOOD TIME TO--

TARGET SIGHTED.

NO...

WOUNDED DUCK

TARGET EN RAGE.

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

HA HA HA

INTO THE FUTURE

WRITERS
- Brian Azzarello
- Jeff Lemire
- Dan Jurgens
- Keith Giffen

ARTIST
- Andy MacDonald

COLORS
- Hi-Fi

LETTERS
- Dezi Sienty

FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.
NYC.

DISPATCH TARGET WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE.

DIE, DIE, MY DARLINGS!

BUDDA BUDDA

HAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHA

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

BUDDA

EH?

TARGET ACTIVE.

IT'S HIS UNIFORM, YOU IDIOT...

WHERE THE HELL DID THAT COME FROM?

EXACTLY.

TIM, THERE MUST BE SOME KIND OF ANTI-MAGNETIC CHARGE IN HIS SUIT!

HUH. I FIGURED WHEN I SAW YOUR FLUNKY YOU WOULDN'T BE FAR BEHIND.

REENGAGE TARGET.

SWASH

TIM, GET OUT OF THE WAY! LEAVE THIS TO--

HOLY...

DO AS I SAID. GET OUT OF THE WAY. IF YOU DON'T...

WEAPON MALFUNCTION. ACTIVATING NUCLEAR SELF-DESTRUCT PROTOCOL IN 10...

BRUCE, IS THAT REALLY?...

NOOOO!!!!

WHAT'S THIS?...

A ROBIN FOR ME TO MURDER?!

SWOOSH

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
WLF LUCK.
BUDDA
BUDDA
PANG
SMASH
PING
ZING
CTING
TANG
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA

BOOOM!

RUNNING SYSTEM DIAGNOSTIC. DAMAGE PROTOCOL .7.

WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?

THE END OF THE WORLD, MAN! THE END OF THE WORLD.

ALFRED...

DON'T KILL ME...

LET'S GET OUR ASSES TO T-TECH.

T-TECH?

EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENING RIGHT NOW IS BECAUSE YOU AND MR.TERRIFIC CREATED A WORLD WHERE FREEDOM IS RULED BY SLAVERY.

DUDE, I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU EVERYTHING'S COOL AN' STUFF IN THE FUTURE, BUT IT'S WORSE THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE--I SEEN IT.

YOU'RE FROM THE FUTURE?

HELL, NO--McG IS.

I CAN BUY THAT.

LISTEN--THAT THING IN THERE IS AFTER ME. SO WE'RE SPLITTING UP.

OH, NO, WE'RE--

SHE'LL FILL YOU IN. JUST GET TO T-TECH. THERE'S NO TIME LEFT...

YOU GOTTA HELP THEM, OKAY?

LET'S GO!

TARGET SIGHTED. INITIATE PURSUIT.

SCANNING FOR TARGET.

METROPOLIS

I ALMOST HATE TO DO THIS.

YOU AREN'T LIKE THEM.

OR WEREN'T IN THE PAST, ANYWAY.

ALL THAT MATTERS-- IS WHAT I AM--NOW.

I'D LIKE TO GIVE YOU MORE CREDIT THAN THAT.

YOUR STORY IS WELL KNOWN, MR. HAYNES. YOU'RE QUITE A CELEBRITY.

CUSTOM PANTS

MARKET

UNTIL THE WAR, A NORMAL MAN WITHOUT ANY SPECIAL POWERS OR ABILITIES.

ONE WHO WORE OUR COUNTRY'S UNIFORM WHILE DEFENDING THE WHITE HOUSE FROM THE ATTACKING PARADEMONS.

YOUR UNIT WAS ALL BUT WIPED OUT.

AND JUST AS THE ENEMY WAS ABOUT TO DESCEND AND KILL THE PRESIDENT--

--YOU KILLED A PARADEMON, STOLE HIS WEAPONS, AND RALLIED THE FEW REMAINING TROOPS AROUND YOU TO VICTORY.

CAN'T...NNG... MOVE--

OF COURSE YOU CAN'T.

AND WITH THE WAY YOUR ARMOR IS SQUEEZING YOU--

--YOUR RIBS SHOULD GIVE WAY SOON.

I ADMIT THAT SEEMS EXCESSIVE FOR A CELEBRATED AMERICAN HERO.

BUT YOU JOINED *THEM.*

THE JUSTICE LEAGUE.

I WAS... HONORED...

THEY'RE *USING* YOU, MR. HAYNES.

YOU'RE GOOD *P.R.!*

WITH MEN LIKE YOU ON THEIR SIDE, PEOPLE WON'T SEE HOW THE LEAGUE CONSIDERS US INFERIOR!

GO... TO...HE...

THEY CLAIM TO PROTECT US AND SAVE LIVES.

YET THEY WON'T GIVE US THE BASIC TOOLS TO SAVE OURSELVES!

SHUT--

--UP!

--NNG!

UHN!

PANNG

YOU THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO LOST SOMEONE?

THE ONLY ONE WHO SUFFERED?

IT WAS *WAR!*

WE *ALL* LOST PEOPLE WE LOVED!

WE DID WHAT WE COULD TO PREVENT IT!

YOU RIP ME FOR KEEPING SUPERMAN'S SHIELD ALIVE!

HAVE YOU SEEN HIM SINCE THE WAR?

STOP! I CAN'T MAINTAIN--

IF YOU KNEW WHAT HE SACRIFICED, YOU'D--

STOP IT.

--?

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?

NO.

I *NEED* HIM.

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE, ROOKIE.

YOU DO NOT GET TO INTERFERE LIKE THIS!

KNOW WHAT?

THE MORE YOU TALK--

HUH?

--THE MORE YOU MAKE POLARIS SOUND LIKE HE'S *RIGHT.*

WOOSH

MADISON! HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?

ENOUGH, JASON. YOU AND SUPERMAN NEED TO LEARN THAT JUST BECAUSE A WOMAN HAS A DIFFERENT OPINION--

--IT DOESN'T MEAN SHE'S LOST HER MIND.

I'M *DONE* DOING THINGS YOUR WAY.

YOU--

HERE, DR. YAMAZAKE. LET ME REPLACE YOUR MISSING ARMOR.

...WHY?

YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!

BECAUSE YOU NEED HELP.

WHY WOULD YOU THINK I'D HELP *YOU?*

AND IN RETURN, *YOU* ARE GOING TO HELP *ME.*

BECAUSE YOUR EXPERIMENT IMPRISONED ME IN THIS BODY.

AND I ALSO HAPPEN TO THINK YOU'RE *RIGHT.*

THE JLA SHOULD HAVE SHARED THEIR TRANS-PORTER TECHNOLOGY.

YOU...AGREE WITH ME?

YES.

SO WE'LL GO TO THE JLA SATELLITE WHERE YOU CAN USE THEIR TRANSPORTER TO RESTORE ME AS MADISON PAYNE AND HIM AS JASON RUSCH.

I...

IN EXCHANGE, YOU'RE FREE TO SHARE THEIR TECHNOLOGY WITH THE WORLD.

AGREED!

BATMAN WILL HAVE MY HEAD WHEN HE FINDS OUT ABOUT THIS.

DID THAT...JUST HAPPEN?

YOU MEAN, DID WE JUST GET STEAMROLLED BY A GIRL?

WOMAN.

YEAH.

THE SAHARA DESERT

SHE TRIED TO *KILL* ME!

WE THOUGHT SHE HAD! WHAT WAS THAT, YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE!?

I'M GONNA GO KILL HER BACK.

NO! YOU ARE DOING *NOTHING* OF THE KIND!

BUT SHE--

I REALLY WISH YOU'D STOP TALKING TO HER LIKE YOU'RE HER MOTHER. IT'S REALLY BEGINNING TO CREEP ME OUT.

I *AM* HER MOTHER! BY CHOICE!

YOU TELL HIM, MOM.

AND *YOU!* WHAT WERE YOU *THINKING*, SCARING ME LIKE THAT! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!

I--

I DO *NOT* WANT TO HEAR IT! THE NEXT TIME YOU PULL A STUNT LIKE THAT, YOUNG LADY, I'LL... I'LL...

GROUND HER?

NOW WHO'S NOT HELPING!?

OKAY... OKAY...I CAN SEE WHERE THIS IS GOING AND THE ROLE I'M EXPECTED TO PLAY IN IT, BUT...

NO. JUST...

...NO.

I DON'T THINK YOU'VE MUCH CHOICE IN THE MATTER, COLE.

LANA...WE'RE NOT MARRIED AND SHE'S NOT OUR...*YOUR* DAUGHTER.

WANNA BET? I CAN BE WHATEVER I WANT TO--

SUSAN! GROWNUPS ARE TALKING!

OMIGOD... I'M TURNING INTO MY MOTHER.

BWAH-HA-HA-HA-HAAA...THIS IS GONNA BE GREAT!

HEY! WHERE DO YOU THINK *YOU'RE* GOING?!

DOES SHE KNOW ABOUT YOU YET?

NO. TIME ENOUGH FOR THAT ONCE WE'VE DEALT WITH THE MORE IMMEDIATE PROBLEM.

I DON'T SUPPOSE JUST LEAVING IT HERE IS AN OPTION?

SO, HOW MUCH SHOULD WE DEMAND FOR IT? OR SHOULD WE OPEN THINGS UP, GO WITH THE HIGHEST BIDDER?

FFFTHHT-TT

DIDN'T THINK SO.

SELL IT!?

WHAT? YOU WANT I SHOULD *GIVE* IT BACK?

NO. IT'S JUST...I THINK WE SHOULD DESTROY IT. JUST...WISH IT AWAY.

BUT I WAS *BORN* IN THERE!

YOU WERE *NOT* BORN IN--

ASSUMING YOU WERE BORN AT ALL.

TELL ME I'M WRONG.

YOU'RE *WRONG.*

FINE! I'M WRONG!

WE'LL KEEP IT, MAYBE MOVE IN OR TURN IT INTO A FIFTY SUE SHRINE OR... OR...

IT'S FILLED WITH THE DNA OF EVERY KNOWN SUPERHUMAN ON EARTH! ON TWO EARTHS! IF THIS FALLS INTO THE WRONG HANDS--

CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG, BUT DIDN'T SUSAN JUST REMOVE IT FROM THE "WRONG HANDS"?

ONLY TO SELL IT TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!?

IT WAS JUST A SUGGESTION.

HIDE IT. PUT IT WHERE NO ONE WILL EVER FIND IT.

FARADAY WILL HUNT US TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH TO GET IT BACK. YOU *KNOW* THIS!

THAT'S WHY ONLY SUSAN WILL KNOW WHERE IT IS. I DOUBT THERE'S MUCH FARADAY COULD DO TO HER.

TELL US WHERE YOU HID IT OR WE'LL KILL YOUR...

ANTARCTICA

...MOTHER?

SQUARK SQUARK SQUARK SQUARK SQUARK SQUARK SQUARK SQUARK SQUARK SQUARK SQUARK

YOU *ARE* GOING TO... UM...BRING HIM BACK... RIGHT?

IN DUE TIME.

I WONDER HOW YOU GET INTO THIS THING...

THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS. ROMANIA.

THE STARS, THAT NATURE HUNG IN HEAVEN, AND FILLED THEIR LAMPS WITH EVERLASTING OIL, GIVE DUE LIGHT TO THE MISLED AND LONELY TRAVELER...

A POEM? DID YOU WRITE IT?

HRRN...NO, M'LADY. IT IS MILTON. MY FAVORITE POET.

YOU LOVE POETRY SO MUCH, FRANK. HAVEN'T YOU EVER TRIED WRITING YOUR OWN?

FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS, I HAVE FACED EVERY HORROR IMAGINABLE...CANNIBAL TROLLS, ALIEN HORDES AND DEMON SPAWN...YET I HAVE NEVER HAD THE COURAGE TO PUT QUILL TO PAPER, M'LADY.

AMY.

EXCUSE ME?

CALL ME AMY, FRANK. IT'S THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY. NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT TO GET WITH THE TIMES.

BESIDES, THERE'S NO REASON TO BE SO FORMAL...

...AFTER ALL, YOU ARE ABOUT TO BRING ME HOME.

HRRN...I DID NOT THINK I WOULD EVER RETURN HERE, TO CASTLE FRANKENSTEIN.

DO YOU THINK CONSTANTINE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH? DO YOU THINK MY SALVATION LIES SOMEWHERE WITHIN ITS UNHOLY WALLS?

I HOPE SO, FRANK.

GRRRAARRRRR

M'LADY!

LOOK OUT, FRANK!

HSSSSS

HRRN...

LOOKS LIKE YOUR HOUSE HAS SOME SQUATTERS.

GRRAARR

I MISS OUTER SPACE.

ENOUGH!

HSS SSS SS

YOU BEASTS SHALL NOT LAY ANOTHER HAND ON THEM!

AFTER ALL...IT'S NOT EVERY DAY MY *SON* COMES HOME.

F-FATHER?!

SOOK

52 TO THE FUTURE

WRITERS
- Brian Azzarello
- Jeff Lemire
- Dan Jurgens
- Keith Giffen

ARTIST
- Stephen Thompson

COLORS
- Hi-Fi

LETTERS
- Corey Breen

FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.

JUSTICE LEAGUE DEFENSE STATION OMEGA. 22,300 MILES ABOVE EARTH.

YOU DO REALIZE THAT I HAVE THE POWER TO RIP THIS PLACE APART IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE.

WHICH MAKES THIS IDEA THE CRAZIEST THING EVER.

AND YOU MUST REALIZE THAT I COULD USE MY POWER TO PUSH YOU THROUGH THE WALL AND INTO SPACE, DR. POLARIS.

THIS IS ABSURD, *FIRESTORM.*

WHY DID YOU BRING HIM HERE?

EXACTLY WHAT *I'D* LIKE TO KNOW!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SUPERMAN?

DON'T LIKE IT WHEN SOMEONE HAS AN IDEA OF HER OWN?

WHEN IT INVOLVES BRINGING A HOMICIDAL SUPERVILLAIN TO OUR SATELLITE...

NO.

I *DON'T* LIKE IT.

ESPECIALLY WHEN I DON'T KNOW *YOU.*

WE CAN'T EXPECT HIM TO LIKE YOUR PLAN WHEN HE DOESN'T KNOW US, MADISON.

LOOK, JUST HEAR ME OUT FOR A SEC, OKAY?

I'M NOT THE FIRESTORM YOU KNEW.

NOT EXACTLY A NEWSFLASH.

IT'S KIND OF... OBVIOUS.

DON'T BE A JERK.

MY NAME IS MADISON PAYNE.

A FEW WEEKS AGO, A COLLEGE PROFESSOR WHO WAS WORKING ON A TELEPORTATION SYSTEM KIDNAPPED ME.

YES.

POLARIS.

HE NEEDED A HUMAN GUINEA PIG, SO HE CHOSE ME.

SINCE MY FATHER IS MAX PAYNE, HE FIGURED THAT IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO ME, WELL...

...I HAD IT COMING.

NOT SURE YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD HIM THAT, MAD.

WAIT.

YOUR FATHER IS THE ONE WHO SOLD EARTH DEFENSE SECRETS TO THE INVADERS!

HE'S IN THE METROPOLIS ARMORY WARD!

I'VE MET YOU!

YES. YOU SAVED ME WHEN RAMPAGE ATTACKED.

I WAS NORMAL THEN.

YOU WERE ON THE SCENE WHEN RAYMOND DIED?

WHEN THAT MANIAC *KILLED* HIM?

I WOULD PREFER THAT YOU NOT CALL ME A MANIAC, SICKO, OR ANYTHING SIMILAR, THANK YOU.

DUDE, IF YOU KILLED FIRESTORM, CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY THAT I DON'T PUT YOUR BUTT IN OUR TRANSPORTER AND BEAM YOU TO THE SUN'S CORE.

PHILISTINE.

WOULD YOU GUYS PLEASE *STOP?*

WE'RE HERE BECAUSE I NEED *HELP!*

YAMAZAKE'S EXPERIMENT WENT BERSERK, AND RONNIE RAYMOND DIED TRYING TO SAVE ME.

SOMEHOW, THE SURGING ENERGY FUSED JASON RUSCH AND ME--

WAIT.

RUSCH IS IN THERE WITH YOU?

HOW WEIRD IS *THAT?*

PHILISTINE.

TOLD YOU.

ANYWAY, JASON AND I CAN'T SEPARATE!

OH, SURE. TAKE *HIS* SIDE.

HE'S STUCK INSIDE THE MATRIX THINGY, AND NO MATTER WHAT WE TRY, WE CAN'T DO IT!

"MATRIX THINGY"?

WE'VE TRIED TO REPLICATE THE ACCIDENT THAT CAUSED THIS, BUT WE HAVEN'T HAD ANY LUCK.

SO OUR LAST RESORT--THE ONLY CHANCE WE HAVE--

--IS TO HAVE DR. YAMAZAKE *HELP US!*

ASK A *MURDERER* FOR *HELP.*

YOU ARE OUT OF YOUR *MIND.*

IF YOU SAY THAT ONE MORE TIME...

...JUST ONE MORE TIME...

...I'LL CHANGE YOUR COSTUME TO PLASTIC WRAP.

YOU'RE RIGHT. *SORRY.*

BUT DON'T YOU SEE THAT YOU CAN'T *TRUST HIM?*

YES, WE CAN.

BECAUSE, IN EXCHANGE FOR HELPING US, WE ARE GOING TO GIVE HIM ALL THE SPECS FOR THE JLA'S TRANSPORTER SYSTEM.

SO YOU'VE SAID, BUT--

LISTEN TO ME, SUPERMAN.

HIS WIFE DIED IN A BOMBED-OUT, BURNING OFFICE TOWER DURING THE WAR.

IF THERE HAD BEEN A TRANSPORTER IN THAT BUILDING, EVERYONE MIGHT'VE SURVIVED.

DON'T YOU SEE THAT HE'S *RIGHT* IN TRYING TO GIVE THAT TO THE WORLD?

YOU MIGHT NOT BE SUPERMAN, BUT YOU WEAR THAT SHIELD TO HONOR HIM, AND HE WAS ALL ABOUT DOING THE RIGHT THING.

SO LET HIM HELP ME...

...AND THE WORLD.

ONE FALSE, ERRANT, WEIRD, OUT-OF-THE-NORM MOVE AND I'LL TAKE YOU DOWN.

I DOUBT THAT VERY MUCH.

THERE. THE TRANSPORTER IS YOURS.

DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO, AND *DON'T* MAKE ME REGRET IT.

VERY WELL.

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

I WILL BEGIN.

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

...CAN'T BELIEVE WE MISSED IT.

WHATEVER *IT* WAS.

THIS IS ALL *YOUR* FAULT!

ME? IT WASN'T *MY* IDEA TO DUCK OUT OF A FULLY STOCKED PENTHOUSE TO LOAD UP ON CHEAP BOOZE AND CARDIAC SNACKS.

AMERICAN GIN TASTES LIKE...WELL... AMERICAN GIN. AND I'M GOING TO ASSUME YOU DIDN'T LOOK IN THE FRIDGE?

WHY WOULD I DO THAT? IT'D JUST BE FULL OF THAT ROCK GUY'S GERIATRIC...

OKAY. MAYBE GETTING SOMETHING THAT HASN'T BEEN PRE-CHEWED WASN'T SUCH A BAD IDEA.

POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

WHAT DO YOU FIGURE HAPPENED?

I'LL BET IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT LITTLE BRAT, FIFI SUE.

FIFTY. *FIFTY* SUE.

WHATEVER. GIVE ME YOUR PHONE.

NO PHONE? WOW, YOU BLACK OPS TYPES ARE *SO* PREPARED.

I LOOK LIKE A BOY SCOUT TO YOU, NERD BLOSSOM? PHONE! *NOW!*

WELL, OF *COURSE*, IT HAD TO DO WITH HER! SHE TELEPORTED THE DAMN VAULT HERE.

I SHOULD THINK THAT OBVIOUS. OF COURSE SHE CAN DO THAT BECAUSE SHE *DID*!

THEN TELEPORTED IT AWAY, RIGHT. WHY? HANG ON, I'LL PUT "MERCY" ON THE LINE.

QUITE THE CHARMER, YOUR UNCLE.

I REALLY THOUGHT THAT WOULD DO IT. ONE TOUCH AND BREAK OUT THE BODY BAG.

THINK SHE'S VINDICTIVE?

SHE'S WHAT? EIGHT? ALL EIGHT-YEAR-OLDS ARE VINDICTIVE.

HOPE YOUR AFFAIRS ARE IN ORDER THEN.

NOT. FUNNY.

JUST DISPOSE OF HIM HOWEVER YOU SEE FIT.

WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO START NOW, ARE YOU?

WHAT THE HELL DID YOU--?

WRONG PLACE, WRONG TIME, WRONG PERSON. BANGER AND MASH WILL SEE TO HI--

CALL THEM BACK! CANCEL THE REMOVAL!

REALLY, VOODOO? A CONSCIENCE? AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?

HE KNOWS TOO MUCH. HE'S A LIABILITY. YOU KNOW THE DRILL.

JUSTIN IS WITH ME!

THEN YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO EXPOSE HIM TO THIS.

BREEE... BREEE... BREEE...

SIGH ...NOW WHAT?

YOU HEARD ME! GONE! AS IN, VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!

I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES! ONE SECOND HE'S HERE, THE NEXT... POOF!

NO, WE HAVE *NOT* BEEN DRINKING!

MUCH.

YOU CAN UNCLENCH YOUR SPHINCTER NOW. APPARENTLY, SHE TOOK JUSTIN, TOO.

TOOK...?

THE GIRL, VOODOO. SHE TOOK YOUR PET GEEK.

ACTUALLY HE'S MORE A NERD--

I'M REALLY NOT UP FOR ANY OF YOUR CONTRARIAN NONSENSE RIGHT NOW.

WE'VE GOT A CAPITAL "P" PROBLEM.

YOU'VE GOT A CAPITAL "P" PROBLEM.

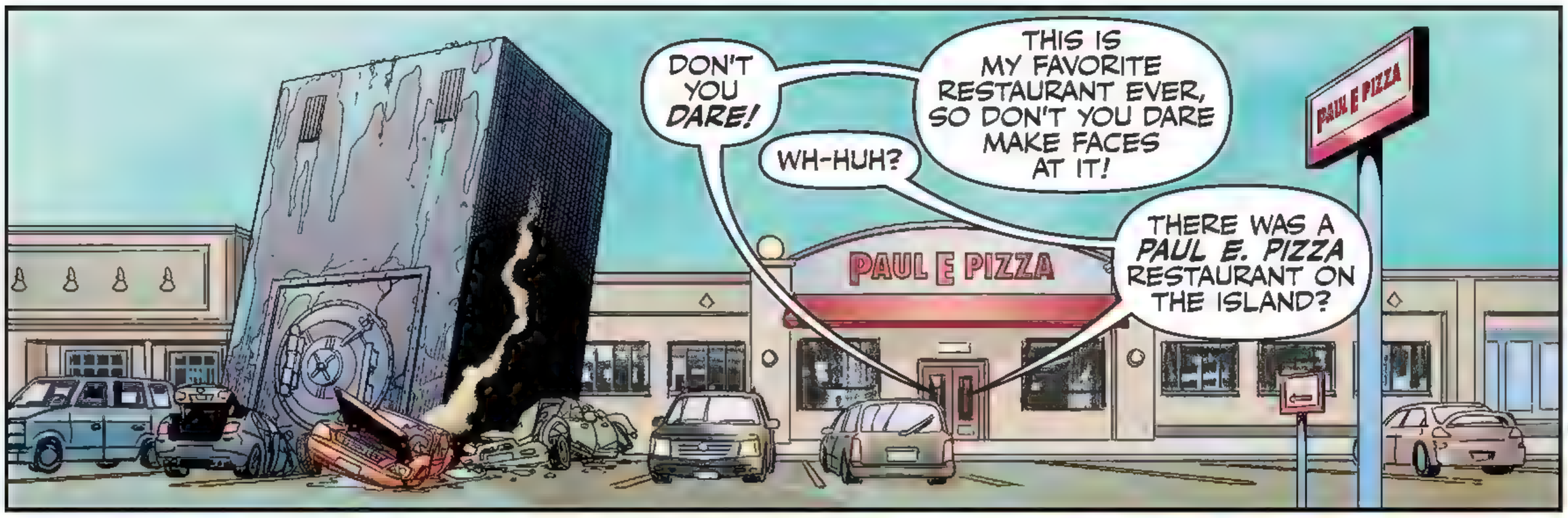
MY PROBLEM INVOLVES A MISSING VAULT OF DNA SAMPLES. YOUR PROBLEM INVOLVES A BOTCHED ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF A SOCIOPATHIC LITTLE GIRL WITH POWERS AND ABILITIES FAR BEYOND THOSE OF MORTAL MEN.

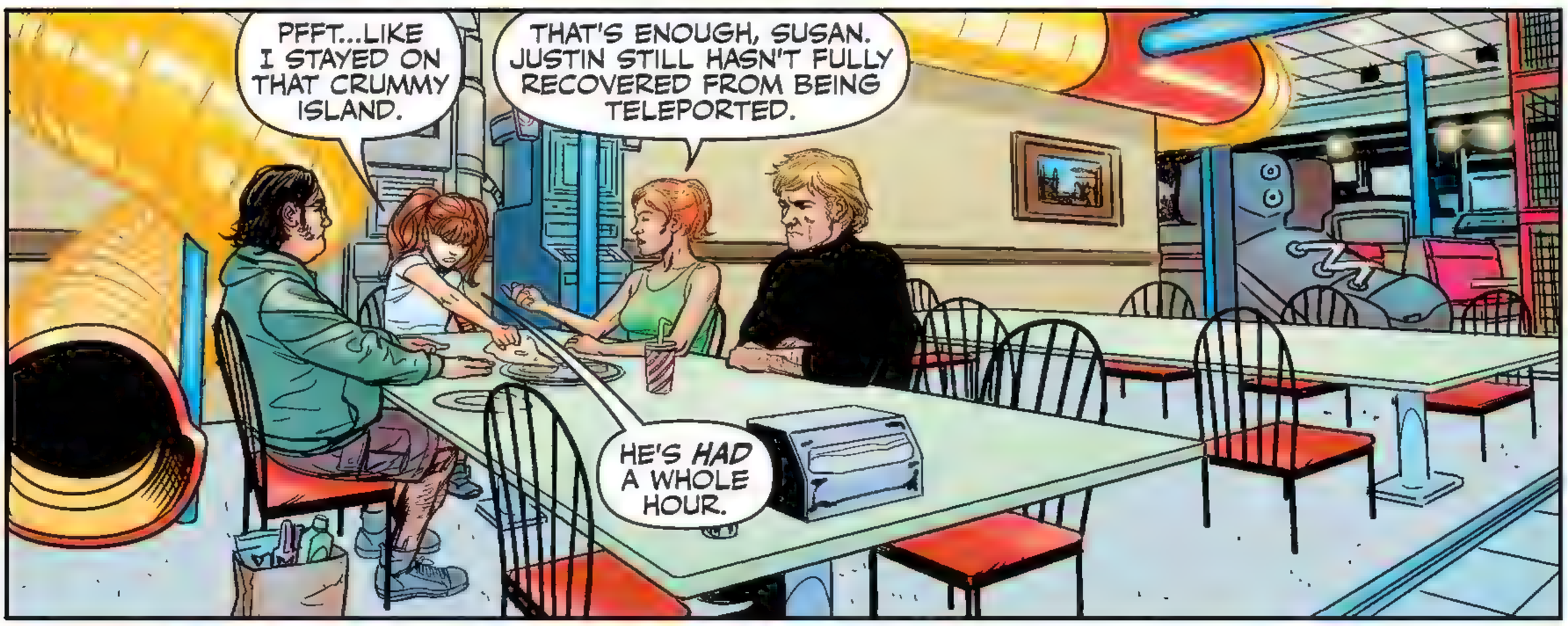
HYPERBOLE LIVES.

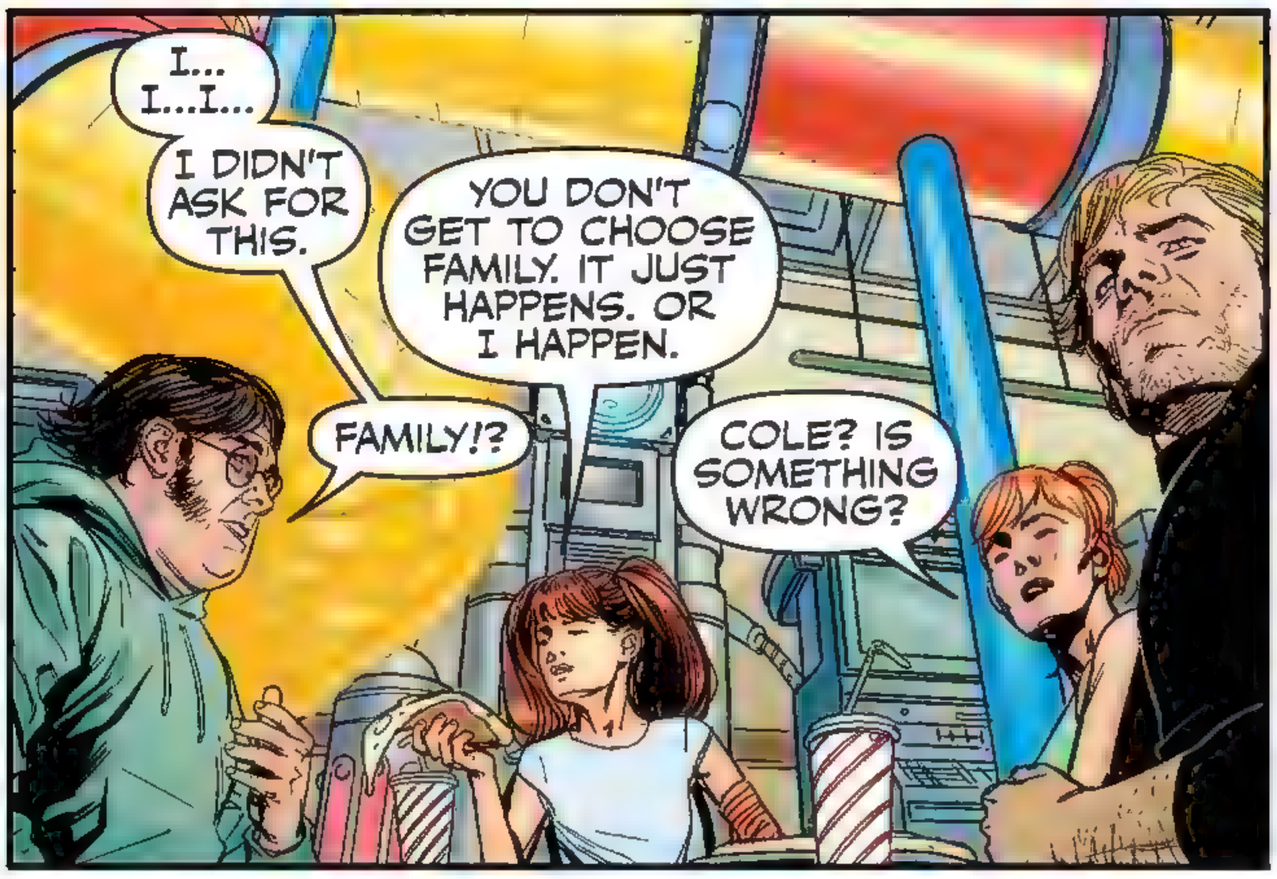
SO TELL ME, VOODOO, HOW CLOSE ARE YOU AND COLE?

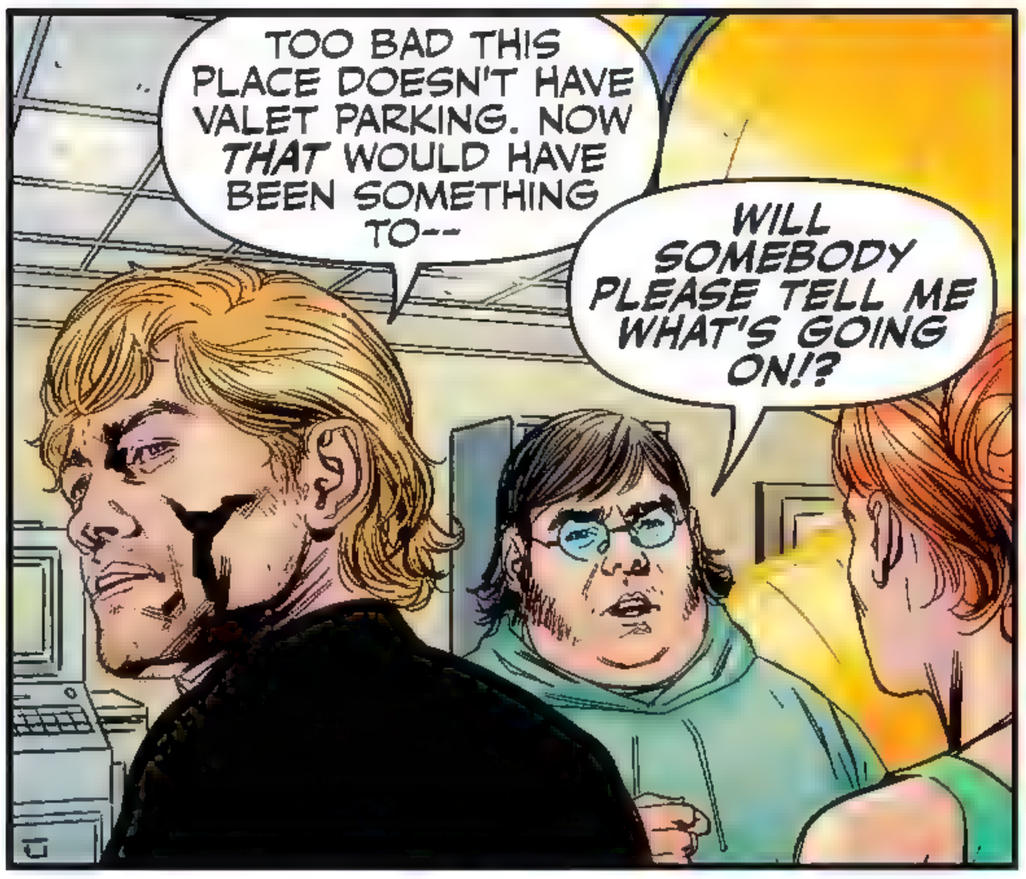
WHY?

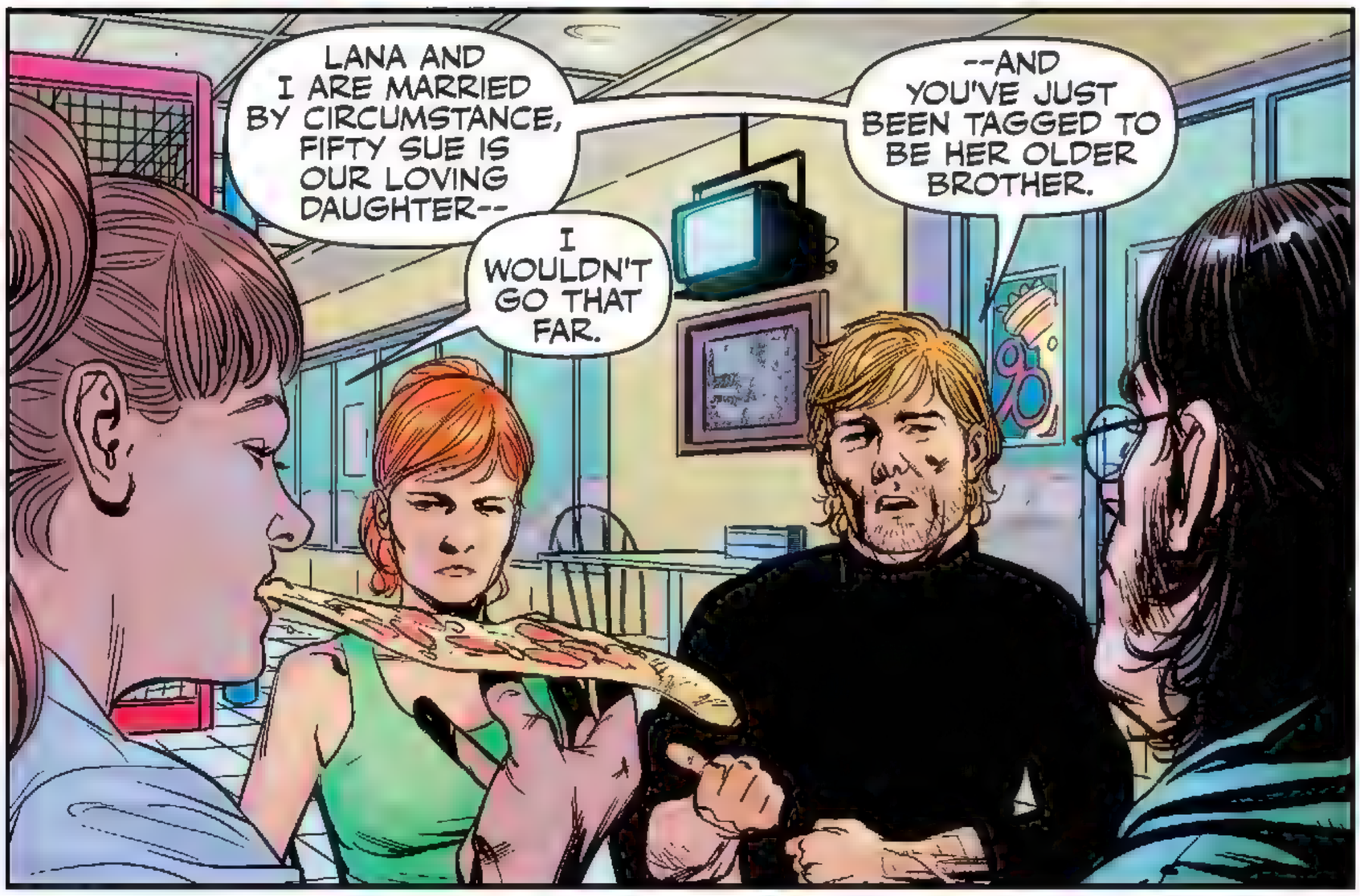
BECAUSE HE JUST MIGHT BE THE ONLY THING STANDING BETWEEN YOU AND A VERY UGLY DEATH.

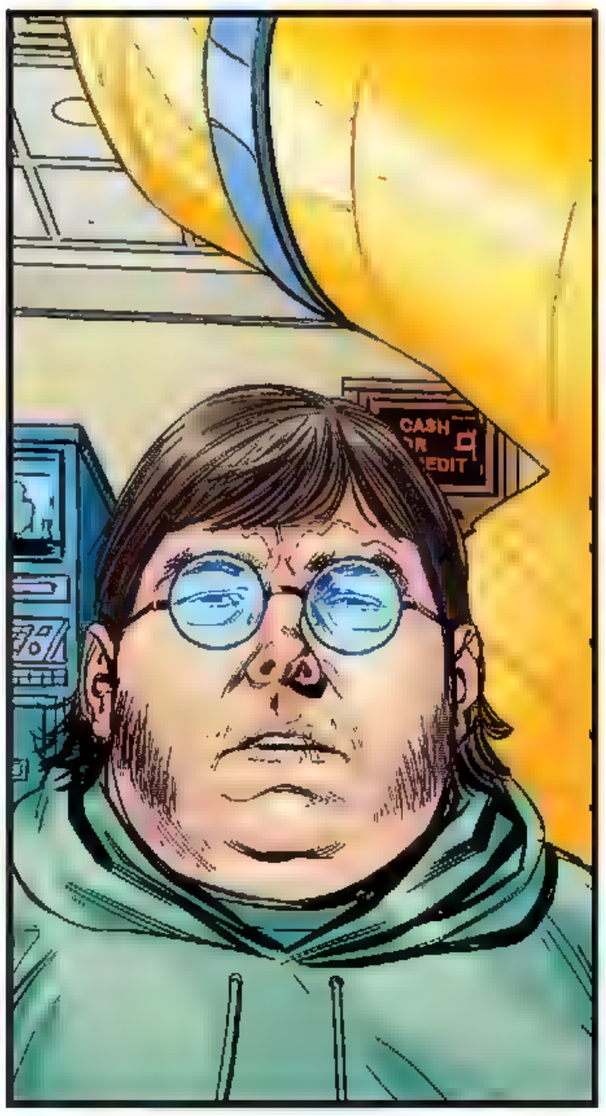

DON'T YOU DARE!
WH-HUH?
THIS IS MY FAVORITE RESTAURANT EVER, SO DON'T YOU DARE MAKE FACES AT IT!
THERE WAS A PAUL E. PIZZA RESTAURANT ON THE ISLAND?
PAUL E PIZZA
PAUL E PIZZA


PFFT...LIKE I STAYED ON THAT CRUMMY ISLAND.
THAT'S ENOUGH, SUSAN. JUSTIN STILL HASN'T FULLY RECOVERED FROM BEING TELEPORTED.
HE'S HAD A WHOLE HOUR.


I... I...I...
I DIDN'T ASK FOR THIS.
YOU DON'T GET TO CHOOSE FAMILY. IT JUST HAPPENS. OR I HAPPEN.
FAMILY!?
COLE? IS SOMETHING WRONG?


TOO BAD THIS PLACE DOESN'T HAVE VALET PARKING. NOW THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN SOMETHING TO--
WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON!?


LANA AND I ARE MARRIED BY CIRCUMSTANCE, FIFTY SUE IS OUR LOVING DAUGHTER--
I WOULDN'T GO THAT FAR.
--AND YOU'VE JUST BEEN TAGGED TO BE HER OLDER BROTHER.



ENGLISH
ROTGUT
GIN
DISTILLED
LONDON
DRY GIN
1864
IMPORTED
PRODUCT OF
ENGLAND
ENGLISH
ROTGUT
ENGLISH
ENGLISH
ROTGUT
CASH
OR
CREDIT
ABSOLUTELY!
HEY! ONLY ONE DRINKING PROBLEM PER FAMILY!
GIVE IT!

IT IS THE ONE...

CONSTANTINE... I WALKED AWAY FROM THE GAME--

AND BELIEVE ME--ONCE I WAS PLAYED, I REALIZED THAT THE WHOLE ASPECT OF BEING A *"HERO"* WITH *"ADVENTURES"* WAS JUST THAT...

THE REASON WE EXIST.

A *GAME.* SO I WALKED, AND DECIDED TO MAKE A REAL DIFFERENCE IN THE QUALITY OF HUMAN LIFE. I'M *DONE* BEING USED.

KAL-CLARK-MAN, YOU'RE STILL BUTT-HURT OVER WHAT BATMAN DID TO YEA?

THE ONE HAS RETURNED...

HE CONNED YEA, THA'S ALL. GET OVER IT.

DESTROY.

I WILL NEVER GET OVER WHAT I DID.

YES, BECAUSE GOD FORBID YOU PUT WHAT YOU DID BEFORE YOURSELF.

A BUNCH A' NOBLE ROT.

DESTROY.

YES...

DESTROY HIM FOR THE MASTER!

?

JAYSUS!

WHAT IS THIS?

I TOL'JOO-- THERE ARE PLACES ON EARTH WHERE BRAINIAC HAS BEEN--

IT MAY 'AVE BEEN A *PRIMORDIAL STEW* WHEN HE STRODE ACROSS THIS GREAT PLAIN--

BUT WAS *HE* WHO PLANTED THESE SEEDS HERE!

BECAUSE OF ME?

THIS TIME, YEA-- ALL BECAUSE OF YOU!

DOOM

THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

MASTER MASTER MASTER--

AH, STREWTH, NO, MIDGE...

FWOOOSH

NICE WORK, SUNSHINE...

THEY'LL KEEP COMIN' THOUGH, IN AMBER WAVES...

BECAUSE *HE'S* COMIN', S'WHY ALL THIS IS HAPPENIN'.

THERE'S A PIECE OF THE WORLD, HE WANTS.

SMALLVILLE?

NAH.

IT'S IMPORTANT TO *YOU,* BUT IT'S NOT IMPORTANT.

MIDGE, DEAR...

LAST CHANCE FOR REDEMPTION...

THE ISLAND.

THE MASTER'S GOING TO TAKE MANHATTAN.

WHOOSSH

HEH.
PERHAPS NOT.

I'M COLD, JOHN...

I KNOW, LUV...

WE ALL ARE.

CASTLE FRANKENSTEIN. ROMANIA.

F-FATHER?!

IT IS I, MY SON. DR. VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN LIVES.

IMPOSSIBLE.

NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE WHEN I PUT MY MIND AND MY SCIENCE TO IT, MY SON. YOU ARE LIVING PROOF OF THAT.

SCIENCE? HRRN...IS THAT WHAT YOU CALL THE BLACK ARTS THAT BIRTHED ME AND THESE OTHER ABOMINATIONS, VICTOR?

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... CENTURIES...YOU STILL CARRY THE FLAME OF HATRED FOR ME?

YOU ARE EVIL INCARNATE, VICTOR. EVERYTHING YOU TOUCH IS ROTTEN AND VILE. I HAVE SPENT TWO HUNDRED YEARS TRYING TO OUTRUN YOUR DARK LEGACY.

SO YOU SPENT YOUR LIFE FIGHTING THE VERY KINDS OF HORROR YOU ALWAYS FELT THAT YOU YOURSELF WERE. KILLING MONSTERS TO TRY TO KILL THE ONE INSIDE? MUCH LIKE CHASING YOUR OWN TAIL, WAS IT NOT, MY SON?

AT LEAST I HELPED PEOPLE. AT LEAST I TRIED TO BECOME SOMETHING BETTER.

YES, AND LOOK WHERE THAT GOT YOU. SICK AND DYING IN THE VERY PLACE I CREATED YOU TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO. RIGHT BACK WHERE YOU STARTED. A MONSTER AT MY MERCY.

GET YOUR HANDS OFF HIM, OLD MAN.

HSSSSS

EASY, MY PETS--EASY. SHE WILL NOT HARM ME.

I WON'T?

NO. YOU SEE, MY DEAR, I AM THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE HIM. YOU ***NEED ME.***

YOU WERE SPECIAL, FRANK. I'VE SPENT TWO HUNDRED YEARS TRYING TO REPLICATE THE CONDITIONS THAT CREATED YOU. AND WHILE THESE CREATURES MAY BE LOYAL PETS, THEY ARE HARDLY AS REMARKABLE AS YOU.

THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THAT ***BRAIN*** OF YOURS. SOMETHING SPECIAL.

SO I WILL MAKE THIS OFFER. I WILL SAVE YOU. I WILL GIVE YOU A NEW BODY. TRANSFER YOUR BRAIN.

ONLY THIS TIME, I WILL MAKE A FEW ADJUSTMENTS...I WILL MAKE YOU A LITTLE MORE FAITHFUL. A LITTLE MORE ***DOCILE.*** I WILL MAKE YOU INTO MY MOST ***LOYAL SOLDIER.***

HRRN...

THE CHOICE IS YOURS. DIE OR BE REBORN AS A SOLDIER AS LOYAL AS MY ***OTHER*** PETS. AND TOGETHER WE WILL TAKE THIS WORLD...RESHAPE IT IN OUR IMAGE. FATHER AND SON TOGETHER AT LAST.

NEVER, VICTOR. I HAVE COME TOO FAR. LEARNED TOO MUCH.

FRANK, ARE YOU--ARE YOU SURE? THIS IS OUR ONLY OPTION. WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING. IF HE CAN SAVE YOU, MAYBE--

NO!

YOU FORGET, I HAVE SEEN THE FUTURE, AMETHYST. I HAVE SEEN WHAT I BECOME...

A MONSTER... AN ABOMINATION.

I WON'T GO BACK. NOT NOW. MY JOURNEY HAS BEEN TOO LONG...

I WOULD RATHER DIE LIKE THIS...A MAN, THAN BECOME A MONSTER AGAIN.

YOU'RE SURE?

YES. I AM SURE.

OKAY, THEN...

LET'S KILL SOME MONSTERS!

HRRN...I COULD NOT HAVE DONE THAT BETTER MYSELF, M'LADY.

I TOLD YOU...CALL ME AMY.

AMY. I KNOW I HAVE BEEN A BURDEN ON YOU THESE PAST WEEKS, AMY...BUT I MUST ASK TWO MORE FAVORS WHILE I STILL CAN...

ANYTHING.

BURN HIS BODY. MAKE SURE THE OLD MAN NEVER WALKS THIS EARTH AGAIN.

AND THE SECOND?

FETCH A PEN AND PAPER. LOTS OF PAPER.

A POEM, FRANK? ARE YOU FINALLY GOING TO WRITE YOUR POEM?

HRRN...NOT A POEM, AMY. NO...BUT I THINK I WOULD LIKE TO TELL A STORY BEFORE I DIE...I THINK I WOULD LIKE TO TELL MY STORY.

YOU NEEDN'T WATCH OVER ME LIKE A COUPLE OF DISCOUNT STORE SECURITY OFFICERS.

ACTUALLY, WE DO, YAMAZAKE.

YOU HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO TO EARN OUR TRUST.

DEET DEET DEET DEET DEET

WHAT--?

ONE OF OUR DEEP SPACE DEFENSE PROBES.

ON SCREEN!

LEVEL ONE ALERT.

DEET DEET DEET DEET DEET

THAT'S AS BAD AS IT GETS. WE--

SENSORS INDICATE ONCOMING--

PROBE SEVEN SIGNAL LOST. TELEMETRY TERMINATED.

SWITCH TO PROBE FOUR.

UNABLE TO COMPLY.

ALL REMOTE PROBES AND DEFENSE SENSORS NOW OFF LINE.

WHAT-- DOES THAT MEAN?

SOMETHING OR SOMEONE IS COMING

"AND IT'S GONNA BE BAD."

WER
ND...
IFI TEC

INTO THE FUTURE

WRITERS
- Brian Azzarello
- Jeff Lemire
- Dan Jurgens
- Keith Giffen

ARTIST
- Patrick Zircher

COLORS
- Hi-Fi

LETTERS
- Corey Breen

FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.

SMALLVILLE, KANSAS.

SO HERE WE ARE, AT THE BEGINNING...

OF THE *END.*

A WORLD CAUGHT *UNAWARES,* BLINDSIDED...

BY A FATE FROM THE STARS.

SOUNDS *POETIC...*

...DON' IT?

YOU ARE A FOOL, HUMAN.

AND?

YOU OVERESTIMATE YOUR ALIEN CHAMPION.

FUNNY... WASN'T THINKIN' BOUT *'IM* AT ALL.

THOUGH I DO BELIEVE THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR WHAT 'E INSPIRES IN US WHEN WE KNOW 'E 'AS OUR BACK.

NOT THAT I'D EXPECT YOU LITTLE EARS...

TO SEE WHAT I MEAN.

YOU MOCK THE MASTER!

NAH...

SNORT

I'VE SUMMONED ME *OWN.*

NOW, MINE'S WHAT YOU'D CALL RAVENOUS, SO IT'S A *RISK* I'M TAKING.

HE VERY WELL MAY DEVOUR ME--IF HE 'AS ROOM IN THAT PIT OF A BELLY...

WHEN HE'S DONE WIT' ALL A' YOU.

22. 300 MILES ABOVE EARTH.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, WONDER WOMAN, OUR DEEP SPACE MONITOR SYSTEM IS GOING NUTS, BUT I STILL CAN'T FIND *ANYTHING* OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

COULD IT JUST BE A MALFUNCTION?

PLEASE DON'T TELL ME I TELEPORTED ALL THE WAY UP HERE FOR A FALSE ALARM?

IT'S NO MALFUNCTION, FLASH. ALL OUR SYSTEMS ARE WORKING PERFECTLY. I'VE INTERFACED WITH THE JUSTICE LEAGUE COMPUTER AND TRIPLE-CHECKED EVERYTHING MYSELF.

MAYBE IT WAS THE "NEW" FIRESTORM? HOW DO WE EVEN KNOW WE CAN TRUST HER?

HEY!

ENOUGH, WILDFIRE-- SHE'S ENORMOUSLY POWERFUL AND SHE'S VOLUNTEERING HER HELP...WHICH WE *NEED*.

HUMPH!

SMACK

GUYS, LOOK!

WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!

NO, WAIT!-- THAT'S NO ENEMY--

STORMWATCH?!

THAT'S RIGHT, CYBORG.

OR WHAT'S *LEFT OF US.*

RAY PALMER? OKAY, I'M LOST-- DID *YOU GUYS* TRIP OUR DEEP SPACE ALERT?

NO... BUT WE KNOW *WHAT DID...*

BRAINIAC IS COMING.

BRAINIAC? WHY WOULD THAT CREATURE TRIP *ALL* OF OUR ALARMS AT ONCE?

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, THE BRAINIAC YOU HAVE KNOWN IS MERELY AN AGENT OF THE--

ARGGHHH!

ANGIE?!

ENGINEER, STOP!

THERE IS NO STOPPING. NOT ANYMORE.

WHUP

KRTZZ

UNGH!

WILDFIRE! TAKE EQUINOX AND TELEPORT OVER THERE--FIND OUT WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON!

ON IT!

THERE IS NO NEED.

"HE IS HERE, AND YOU WILL BE THE FIRST WITNESSES TO HIS COMING..."

NEW YORK CITY'S EAST RIVER

...WHERE WE HAVE A MARVELOUS VIEW OF THE UNITED NATIONS BUILDING.

THANKS TO THE JUSTICE LEAGUE, THIS PROUD, SYMBOLIC BUILDING SURVIVED APOKOLIPS' ATTACK SQUADS TO RETAIN ITS MAJESTIC PLACE ON MANHATTAN.

HEY! THAT SHADOW!

GETTING BIGGER. LIKE A FALLING--

SHAKKT

WHA--?!

"WHERE ARE THESE SHOTS COMING FROM, JASON?"

AFTER THE INVASION, THE LEAGUE INSTALLED UNIFIED MONITORS IN ALL OF EARTH'S MAJOR CITIES.

THIS ONE'S IN THE EAST RIVER.

SPIES. YOU HAVE NO REGARD FOR OUR PRIVACY.

EARTH IS UNDER *ATTACK*, DR. YAMAZAKE! SEEMS TO ME WE HAVE MORE THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT THAN SOMEONE PEEKING IN OUR CLOSETS.

MR. PALMER SAYS BRAINIAC IS COMING.

THIS IS HIS DOING, ISN'T IT?

PROBABLY.

BUT WHAT DOES HE WANT WITH NEW YORK?

"WE SEEM TO HAVE THOUSANDS OF OBJECTS RAINING FROM THE SKY.

"BUT WHAT ARE THEY?

"WHAT IS THEIR PURPOSE?

"IT SEEMS REASONABLE TO CONCLUDE THEY'RE HERE TO DO MORE THAN SIMPLY SMASH INTO THINGS."

"WE CAN'T STAY HERE, JASON. WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!"

WHOA.

TERRIFI TECH

SLAAM!

WOULD YOU BE CAREFUL!-- YOU'RE GOING TO GET YOURSELF KILLED!

...NOT IN THIS TIME ZONE, BATMAN.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON HER, TIM...

I MEAN, IF THAT'S NOT TOO MUCH RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOU.

HERE WE GO AGAIN...

LOOK, WHAT PLASTIQUE SAID, ABOUT BROTHER EYE AND OUR DYSTOPIAN FUTURE? I'M NOT BUYIN' IT.

IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, TRUE. BROTHER EYE WAS CONSTRUCTED FOR MANKIND'S DEFENSE. IT WOULD DESTROY *ITSELF* BEFORE ACTIVELY TAKING A HUMAN LIFE.

REGARDLESS, RIGHT NOW I'M MORE CONCERNED WITH THE PRESENT.

TERRIFITECH

BUT T-TECH IS STILL ON OUR RADAR?

THERE'S PROBABLY NOT A BETTER BASE TO FIGURE OUT EXACTLY WHAT THE THREAT IS AND HOW TO...

OH, MY GOD.

ANGIE-- YOU HAVE TO FIGHT IT! THIS ISN'T YOU!

CRACK

THERE IS NO NEED TO FIGHT. IF THERE IS TO BE VIOLENCE...THAT IS YOUR CHOICE. HE HAS COME, AND WHEN HE HAS THE SAMPLE, HE WILL LEAVE.

AND I WILL GO WITH HIM.

ANGIE!

WILDFIRE! WE NEED TO SEAL THE HULL BREACH!

EQUINOX!

I'M ON IT!

ENGINEER IS HEADING TOWARDS THAT THING!

WAIT-- SOMETHING IS HAPPENING IN MANHATTAN...WE NEED TO GET DOWN THERE!

WE NEED TO SPLIT THE TEAM. WONDER WOMAN, YOU TAKE STORMGUARD, VOSTOK AND FLASH TO NEW YORK, THE REST OF US WILL TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHAT THAT THING WANTS.

I'M GOING, TOO. NEW YORK NEEDS ME.

I'M SORRY, BILLY, BUT POLARIS IS WAY TOO POWERFUL TO LEAVE ALONE UP HERE. I WANT YOU AND FIRESTORM TO STAND GUARD UNTIL OTHERWISE NOTIFIED.

HE'S IN CONTAINMENT-- AND WE HAVE BIGGER PROBLEMS RIGHT NOW!

THAT WAS AN ORDER!

DAWNY... WE NEED TO FOLLOW ENGINEER, NO MATTER WHERE SHE LEADS US ON THAT PLANET.

THERE'S NOWHERE SHE CAN GO THAT *I CAN'T FOLLOW,* CYBORG.

HOW ARE THE PROTOTYPE FLIGHT RINGS HOLDING UP, CYBORG?

IF THEY WEREN'T WORKING, AND PROTECTING US FROM THE VACUUM OF SPACE--

--WE WOULDN'T BE HAVING THIS CONVERSATION, WILDFIRE. SO FAR, SO GOOD.

WHOA, WAIT--WHAT IS SHE DOING?! WHAT IS ALL OF THAT?!

SHE--SHE'S *BUILDING SOMETHING.*

REALLY, DR. GENIUS? WE CAN SEE THAT--*BUT WHAT IS IT!?*

GUYS, DO YOU HEAR THAT-- FROM INSIDE OF IT...

--SCREAMS. I--I HEAR SCREAMING... *THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE SCREAMING.*

CELL PHONE SERVICE DIED A FEW MINUTES AGO.

FEELS LIKE THE END OF THE WORLD IS HERE--

--AND I CAN'T EVEN CALL THE STORY IN.

WHEN APOKOLIPS ATTACKED, WE HAD TIME TO FIGHT BACK.

THIS LOOKS LIKE IT'LL BE OVER IN MINUTES.

WE'RE THE ONLY ONES LEFT. THE REST OF THE TEAM SPLIT UP TO DEAL WITH BRAINIAC AND THE DISASTER IN NEW YORK!

AND I'M STUCK HERE GUARDING THE CREEP IN THE TIN SUIT!

THAT'S DR. POLARIS TO YOU.

WE CAN'T JUST STAND HERE AND WATCH THIS... DISASTER!

BRAINIAC'S SPHERES...

"...THEY'RE BORING UNDERNEATH THE CITY...

"CUTTING OFF POWER, WATER AND SEWER LINES...

"...EVEN EMBEDDING THEMSELVES IN THE RIVER BOTTOMS.

"IT APPEARS THEY'RE FORMING SOME KIND OF ENERGY GRID.

"THE LINCOLN TUNNEL HAS BEEN SLICED IN TWO!

"HARD AS IT IS TO BELIEVE, BRAINIAC'S INTENT IS OBVIOUS!"

NEW YORK

HE'S TRYING TO CUT MANHATTAN OFF FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD!

THE HELL WITH POLARIS.

NEW YORK *NEEDS* US!

ALL OF US.

CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER IF THE TARGET IS SOMETHING IN NEW YORK--

--OR THE CITY ITSELF.

RUN!

RUN *WHERE?*

EVERYTHING IS UNDER ATTACK!

THE U.N. BUILDING SEEMS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO--

SKRAKAKK--

UH-OH.

WHOA!

--AKRAKKT

HOLY--!

IS THAT... A BOMB?

OR SOMETHING ELSE?

FINGERS?

AND AN ARM.

OH, MY--

--GOD.

--SHOULD BE OVER NEW YORK IN TWENTY-ONE SECONDS.

ROGER THAT.

ARM MISSILES. PREPARE FOR--

HEADS-UP. RADAR SHOWS SOMETHING DOGGING US. COMING IN HARD AND FAST.

MUST BE A MISSILE. BREAK FORMATION!

THAT'S NO MISSILE!

WHAT WAS IT?

I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY...

BUT I THINK...I THINK IT WAS *HIM*.

"HIM"? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "HIM"?

THE ONE WHO SAVED US ALL.

"SUPERMAN!"

INTO THE FUTURE

WRITERS
- Brian Azzarello
- Jeff Lemire
- Dan Jurgens
- Keith Giffen

PENCILLERS
- Jesús Merino
- Andy MacDonald

INKS
- Dan Green
- Andy MacDonald

COLORS
- Hi-Fi

LETTERS
- Corey Breen

FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.

NEW YORK CITY.

I'VE GOT THE STORY OF A LIFETIME AT MY FINGERTIPS.

I MAY NEVER GET A CHANCE TO REPORT IT.

THOSE FLYING SPHERES ARE FORMING WHAT LOOKS LIKE... A WALL?

OR CAGE?

IT'S ALL HAPPENING SO QUICKLY.

FASTER THAN ANYONE CAN COMPREHEND.

I CAN ONLY WONDER--CAN ANYTHING STOP THIS MONSTER?

I THOUGHT I'D PUT THIS KIND OF THING BEHIND ME

THAT OTHERS COULD HANDLE THESE THREATS

THAT I DIDN'T HAVE TO BE THE LAST OPTION.

SO THAT'S BRAINIAC?

CONSTANTINE SAID HE WAS COMING, BUT HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE...

UH!

SHRAKK!

I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR...

SKOOMM

SPLASSSH

SKREEEEEEEEEEEE

TH-- THAT NOISE!

SKREEEEEEEEEEEE

WE HAVE TO DESTROY THAT THING--

THE ENGINEER IS IN THERE SOMEWHERE-- WE NEED TO GET HER OUT!

HAWKMAN-- *WAIT!*

ANGIE!

SCREAMING-- THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE SCREAMING.

FOREIGN MULTIVERSAL UNIT DETECTED- INITIATE STERILIZATION-

LOOK!

SHATTERRAM!

TERRIFITECH

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS, MICHAEL?

AND BEFORE YOU ANSWER, I ASK ONLY BECAUSE I'M INTERESTED IN WHAT IS INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO THIS WORLD'S SMARTEST MAN.

...

ROB--

--DON'T GO THERE, YOU SONOFABITCH.

MY MISTAKE.

THERE'S NO POWER...

GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.

WHAT, YOU DON'T THINK I CAN *DEAL* WITH SOMETHING LIKE THIS?

NO, I DON'T.

NOT SURE *I CAN* EITHER, AND I'M WEARING *BODY ARMOR.*

...

I'LL GET HER OUT.

GOOD IDEA.

CLIC

BR--

BATMAN, YOU SAID THERE WAS *NO POWER* IN HERE...

OBVIOUSLY, I WAS...

WRONG?

THE POWER'S BEING CONTROLLED *REMOTELY.*

YOU WANT TO FIND OUT BY *WHO?*

OR *WHAT.*

MISTAKEN.

?

I'M JUS' SAYIN' I BET IT'S A *WHAT.*

EXTRAORDINARY?

MOMENTOUS?

AWESOME?

WHAT IS THE WORD YOU WOULD USE TO DESCRIBE WHAT IS HAPPENING, THIS WORLD'S SMARTEST MAN?

PERHAPS STUPEFYING?

OR IS THAT TOO HUMBLING?

FOR ALL YOUR BRILLIANCE, YOU HAVE NO IDEA OF WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN TO THIS WORLD.

YOU'RE BLINDED, AS SO MANY ARE, BY YOUR OWN LIGHT.

I WOULDN'T TAKE THAT PERSONALLY, THOUGH...

I'VE EXPERIENCED ENDS OVER AND OVER--

AND ALL OVER THE UNIVERSES. BUT IT'S THIS PLANET, IN THIS UNIVERSE, THAT PUT A WORD TO WHY THINGS END ULTIMATELY...

HUBRIS.

MICHAEL, WE'VE BEEN TALKING FOR HOW LONG?

I MEAN THAT IN YOUR TERMS. TIME FOR ME ISN'T LINEAR.

IT'S SIMULTANEOUS.

ALL EXISTENCE, EVERY MOMENT, I EXPERIENCE AT ONCE.

I'M CREATED AND DESTROYED IN THE SAME BREATH.

LIFE IS ETERNAL AND EXTINCT FOR ME.

I AM, AND AM NOT.

AND I'M ABOUT TO SAVE YOU FROM YOUR FUTURE.

BRUCE, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE TO WITNESS THIS...

WHY NOT THE *STAIRS* AGAIN?

BECAUSE I CAN GET THIS WORKING. EVEN WITH THE POWER OUT, IT HAS AN *AUXILIARY* SOURCE--

KK-CHUCK

HEH. NICE WORK, *ROBIN.*

CALL ME THAT AGAIN, AND I'LL KILL YOU BEFORE *BROTHER EYE* DOES.

BUT THAT'S WHO YOU *ARE*, RIGHT?

WRONG.

I'M NOT ROBIN!

I'M NOT *NOTHIN'*.

I'M NOT *NOBODY*--

I'M *DONE* WITH ALL THIS!

13

SURE. WHY NOT?

19

22

32

YOU KNOW I TURN INTO A *MONSTER?*

42

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "TURN"?

52

VERY FUNNY--JUST 'CAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BROTHER EYE WARPING *YOU* INTO SOME *BUG MACHINE*--

I *DON'T?*

I MEAN... I...

THE ONLY GUY'S GETTING OUT OF THIS IS McG...

"I HOPE."

BRAINIAC. HE'S *BLOCKING* OUR TRANSPORTER.

HURRY IT UP! BEAM ME DOWN!

ACCORDING TO JASON, BRAINIAC IS INTERFERING WITH OUR SIGNAL, SUPERMAN.

THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO.

RIDICULOUS.

YOU'RE NEW. YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

MAYBE NOT, BUT JASON'S AN EXPERT.

RUSCH? AN *EXPERT?* PLEASE.

I'M THE EXPERT HERE.

IF SOME TYPE OF INHIBITOR HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED, I'M SURE I CAN PIERCE IT.

SO YOU CAN BEAM US INTO THE EARTH'S CORE?

NO WAY.

I SAY WE GIVE DR. YAMAZAKE A CHANCE.

THAT MAN IS RESPONSIBLE FOR RONNIE'S DEATH, MADISON.

HE ALMOST KILLED *YOU*, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD.

THE CRIMES YOU COMMITTED...YOU DID IT BECAUSE YOU WANTED TO SAVE PEOPLE, RIGHT?

INDEED.

WELL, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE.

FINALLY.

I SIMPLY NEED TO ADJUST THE POLARITY FLUX TO SOMETHING THAT CONTINUALLY ALTERNATES.

OF COURSE. BY THE TIME BRAINIAC CATCHES ON, IT'LL BE TOO LATE.

INTO THE BOOTH!

YOU WERE NAMED BOSS WHEN, EXACTLY?

KARAKT

'CUZ WE'RE GONNA NEED MORE HELP.

WHO--?

SUPERMAN!

OR THE GUY THAT PRETENDED TO BE, ANYWAY...

OH... MY... G--

CALL EVERYONE WHO EVER FOUGHT WITH THE LEAGUE, FIRESTORM.

BUT *GODZILLA* IS MINE.

YOU TWO DO WHAT YOU CAN TO HELP PEOPLE.

ON IT!

▸▸▸ DOME COMPLETE.

SO THE INITIAL PHASE IS CONCLUDED.

BRRMM

COMMENCE LINK SEQUENCE.

▸▸▸ LINK REQUEST RECEIVED.

▸▸▸ LINK SEQUENCE RECIPROCATED.

▸▸▸ FULL CONNECTION ESTIMATED IN THIRTEEN MINUTES, TWELVE SECONDS.

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY. THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY--

SKOOWWW

--FAHHH--

--AAAHHHHHH!

HOLY...

...MOLEY.

YOU'RE ALIVE?

SUPERMAN IS ALIVE!

CYBORG, THAT THING IS POWERING UP, CAN'T YOU FEEL IT?!

ITS ENERGY READINGS ARE SPIKING--AND I'M PICKING UP IDENTICAL READINGS DOWN IN MANHATTAN!

SHRAK

NO MORE HOLDING BACK! WE HAVE TO PRESUME THE ENGINEER IS FULLY COMPROMISED! *ATTACK!*

WHACK

IF THAT THING IS CONNECTING WITH BRAINIAC'S MACHINE ON EARTH, *WE HAVE TO STOP IT!*

AARRGH!

PALMER!

SHRACKK

INTO THE FUTURE

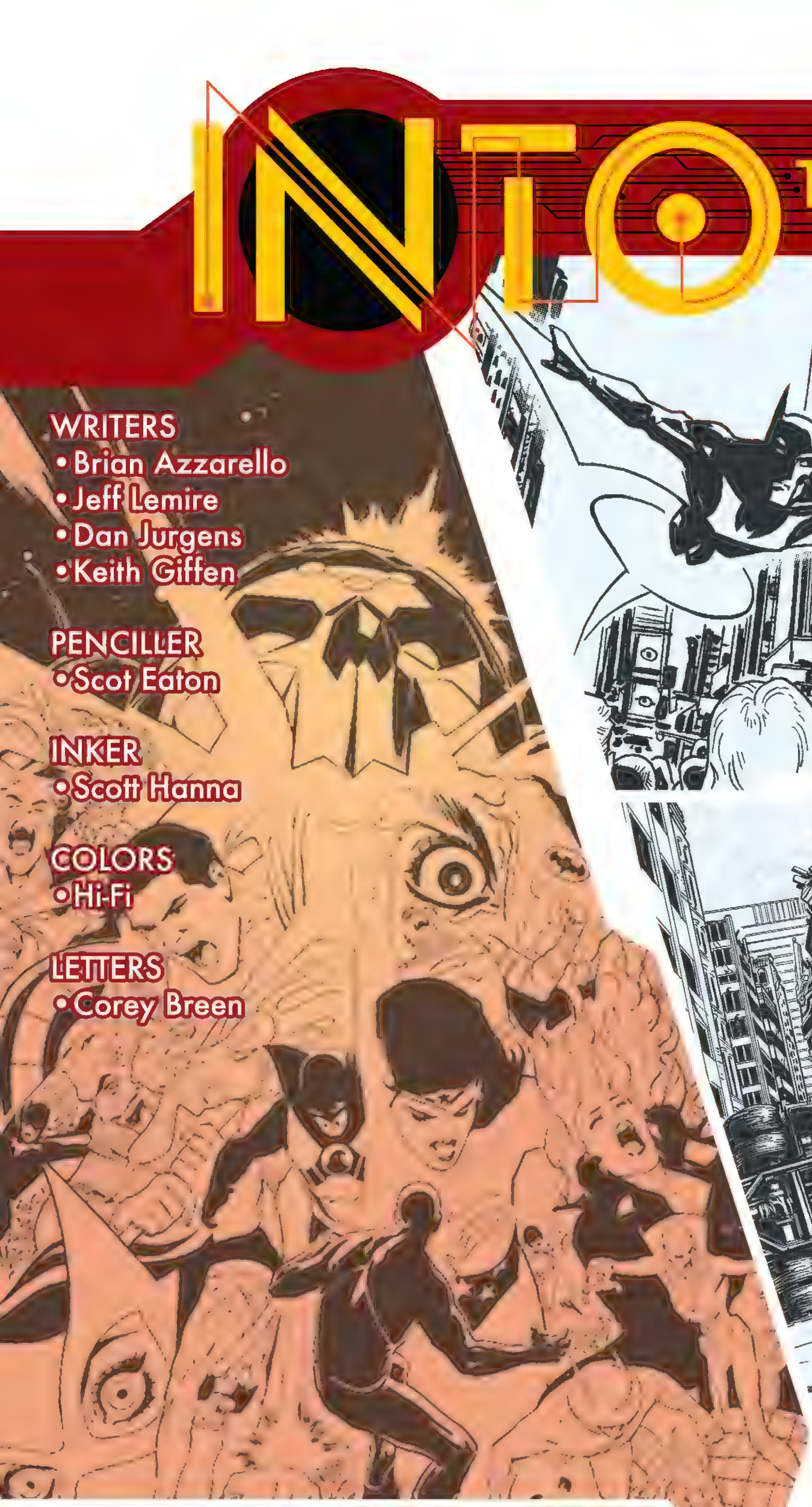
WRITERS
- Brian Azzarello
- Jeff Lemire
- Dan Jurgens
- Keith Giffen

PENCILLER
- Scot Eaton

INKER
- Scott Hanna

COLORS
- Hi-Fi

LETTERS
- Corey Breen



FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.

EARTH ORBIT.

TH--THAT THING KILLED *HAWKMAN* AND *THE ATOM!*

EQUINOX, IF *THEY* COULDN'T STAND AGAINST IT-- *EVERYONE'S* DOOMED! I JUST GOT WORD FROM THE FLASH--THAT BEAM IS CONNECTED TO BRAINIAC'S MACHINE DOWN IN *MANHATTAN!*

THIS IS SPIRALING *OUT OF CONTROL,* CYBORG! WE NEED TO TAKE THIS THING DOWN!

SHRAK

THRACK

WILDFIRE!

EQUINOX-- TRY TO FREEZE IT!

I AM!

UNGH!

I'M LOSING HIM, CYBORG! I'M LOSING HIM!

DAWNSTAR, GET EQUINOX AND WHAT'S LEFT OF WILDFIRE BACK TO THE SATELLITE...

...I'VE GOT THIS.

NEW YORK CITY

YOU'RE ALIVE!

YOU THOUGHT OTHERWISE?

YEAH... I MEAN, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

RECOVERING.

OH, WOW. AND HERE I AM WEARING THIS.

AWKWARDDD...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, BILLY.

I APPRECIATE THE SENTIMENT.

BRAINIAC'S VESSEL...IT'S BIG ENOUGH TO BE A MOON.

WHA--?

THEY'RE PULLING ME BACK!

HANG--

--ON!

WAS THAT THE JLA TRANSPORTER?

YES, THANKS TO THE TRANSMITTER I COBBLED TOGETHER.

IS THAT--?

IT *IS*. HOLY CRAP.

NOW I'M READY.

LET'S GET TO WORK.

WAIT ONE SEC, OKAY?

NOW THAT YOU'RE BACK...

SHAZAM!

KRAK

SMM

SO THAT'S BRAINIAC.

WHAT'S WITH HIM HATING ON NEW YORK?

IT'S NOT THAT, BILLY.

HE WANTS TO *TAKE* IT.

IT'S GLORIOUS, ISN'T IT? SIDELINE SEATS ON THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA...

TERRIFIC...

WHAT THE HELL HAVE YOU DONE?

I'VE CONVERSED WITH GOD.

CAN YOU SAY THE SAME?

I CAN'T.

SOCK

THERE'S NO GOD HERE.

THERE'S US--

AND WHAT WE'VE CREATED.

THAT'S QUITE A HUMANIST TAKE FROM YOU, BRUCE.

YOU'RE DELUSIONAL.

IT'S A *LITERAL* ONE.

COMPUTER...

"INITIATE PALIN PROTOCOL."

HA HA HA

GIVE IT UP, BRATMAN, YOU CAN RUN--

BUT WE CAN'T STOP.

ALFRED, I'M NOT SURE IF YOU'RE LISTENING--

THOUGH YOU ALWAYS HAVE, REGARDLESS OF WHAT I WANTED YOU TO HEAR...

SMAAASH

SMAAASH

BUT IF YOU'RE STAYING DEACTIVATED BECAUSE YOU BELIEVE YOU'RE THE *HOMING DEVICE* FOR THIS THING, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BOTHER.

WHOOM

EYE AM GOING TO RIP YOU APART.

MAKE YOU BEG.

SMAAASH

QUICKLY SEVER YOUR SPINE.

SCREAM!

WON'T FEEL A THING.

SMASH!

ALFRED, *PLEASE,* I'M BEGGING YOU, JUST TELL ME IF THERE'S A PATTERN TO THE SPHERES RAINING DOWN!

ALFRED! YOU MISERABLE, SECOND-RATE PIECE OF REFURBISHED--

I'M MAPPING THE PATTERN, MASTER TERRY...

AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET TESTY ABOUT IT.

WHOOM

NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY IT'S GOOD TO HEAR YOUR VOICE AGAIN...

ALFRED, I NEED TO KNOW THAT PATTERN...

AAARGH!

WHY WON'T YOU JUST BLOW UP, ALREADY!?

POOM

POOM

POOM

POOM

POOM

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU MADE OF, ANYWAY?!

I--I THINK I'M FINALLY MAKING IT INSIDE OF THIS THING. TOTALLY LOST MY BEARINGS AFTER I WAS "KILLED."

IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO GET PAST THE ENGINEER'S DEFENSES, TO SHRINK DOWN TO SUBATOMIC SIZE AND LET HER THINK I WAS NO LONGER A THREAT...

HELL, I'M NOT EVEN SURE IF THE ENGINEER IS STILL IN CONTROL OF THIS THING. BUT MY ONLY HOPE MAY BE FINDING HER IN HERE!

MY GOD--
IT'S INCREDIBLE...ITS MEMORY IS AN IMMENSE NETWORK OF SOME KIND OF ENERGY I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE...IT REMINDS ME OF WHAT'S PRESENT INSIDE THE BLEED!

I--I'VE NEVER SEEN INFORMATION TRAVEL THIS FAST--C-CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT--TH-THIS MUST BE WHAT *THE FLASH* FEELS LIKE!

G-GOING T-TO BLACK OUT--N-NOT GOING TO MAKE IT--AND MANHATTAN IS GOING TO DIE BECAUSE I--I *FAILED!*

CAREFUL, SUPERMAN.

HE HAS SOME KIND OF AUTOMATED DEFENSE SYSTEM, AND THOSE CRAZY SOCCER BALLS ARE NASTY.

SO I'VE SEEN.

AND I'M NOT IN THE MOOD TO DEAL WITH THEM AGAIN.

FROM THE MOMENT THE GIANT APPEARED, THE RESPONSE HAS BEEN INCREDIBLE.

THE FIRST RESPONDERS HAVE, AS ALWAYS, BEEN MAGNIFICENT.

I'D HEARD RUMORS OF A FEMALE FIRESTORM, AND HERE SHE IS, DOING HER PART.

NO IDEA WHO THE ARMORED GUY IS, BUT I'VE SEEN MOST OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE ON THE SCENE.

WHAT INTERESTS ME MOST, HOWEVER--

--IS THE ACTION AROUND THE MONSTER.

INITIATE LIFT.

TOO FAR AWAY TO KNOW WHO THEY ARE...

...BUT I CAN ONLY PRAY THEY'RE SAFE.

BRAINIAC!

THE KRYPTONIAN.

HE MUST BE DEALT WITH.

THE TRANSFERENCE PHASE IS CRITICAL.

YOU GOT THAT RIGHT.

EASILY ACCOMPLISHED.

SKOOWWW

THREAT REMOVED

TERRA SHREDDER AT DESIRED DEPTH AND IN PLACE.

THIRD ST

ALBA AVE

BRAKKT

PREPARE TO SEVER LITHOSPHERE

OPERATIONAL BISECTION ACCOMPLISHED.

INITIATE TRANSFERENCE PROCEDURE

JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA

T-TOO FAST--GOING TO TEAR ME APART!

--UNGH!--

ENGINEER!

SHE IS DEFINITELY THE NEXUS OF THE MACHINE. READINGS ARE OFF THE CHARTS.

FROM WHAT I CAN TELL, IT'S ONLY INFORMATION PASSING THROUGH THESE MICROFILAMENTS... NOTHING THAT SHOULD AFFECT HER VITAL FUNCTIONS IF I CUT HER FREE.

...GOOD THING I BROUGHT MY *WIRE CUTTERS.*

--AK!

--NNGH!

HUH? IT'S GONE *SLACK!*

VWWWRRRRRRRRRR

WH-WHAT DID I DO!?

YOU DISTRACTED THIS THING LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET HER FREE AND SHUT IT DOWN, CYBORG.

DR. PALMER!?

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS.

PALMER... YOU TOTALLY SAVED OUR ASSES.

YEAH. I DID, DIDN'T I?

HEAD FOR CENTRAL PARK! IT'S THE ONLY PLACE THAT'S SAFE!

IS THIS AN *EARTHQUAKE?!*

NO... THIS MUST BE SOMETHING MORE...

SOMETHING *WORSE.*

IT'S LIKE...ALL OF MANHATTAN IS BEING LIFTED.

THAT-- ISN'T *POSSIBLE!*

AND NOW...

VRT...

VRT...

VRT...

KA-CHUNNG

THE LIFT BEAM HAS BEEN TERMINATED

INCONCEIVABLE.

THAT'S A GOOD SIGN!

RIGHT?

FRANKLY... IT MIGHT NOT BE.

NOOOOOO!

I NEVER REALLY CONSIDERED WHAT THE END OF THE WORLD WOULD BE LIKE.

BUT THIS MUST BE CLOSE.

THAT MAN...

IS IT POSSIBLE?

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?

SUPERMAN!

BATMAN, DON'T--A.I. WAS DAMAGED DURING THE WAR--

WHICH WE *WON*, BY THE WAY. AND OUR CREATION...?

"...CAN BE CONTROLLED."

PATTERN TRIANGULATED.

HOPE THIS WORKS.

BIJOU

BRUCE, IT'S ME... YOU CAN'T DO THIS...

EYE KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

CRAASSH

AND EYE WILL DO WHAT'S--

FEZ

HEH. THAT WENT PRETTY--

PLANET EARTH, YOUR DELIVERY IS AT HAND.

EYE AM HERE TO PROTECT YOU.

NO...

MY GOD, WHAT HAVE I DONE?

TIME SQUARE

The FAST Lane

NOT THE FUTURE

WRITERS
- Brian Azzarello
- Jeff Lemire
- Dan Jurgens
- Keith Giffen

ARTIST
- Andy MacDonald

COLORS
- Hi-Fi

LETTERS
- Tom Napolitano

FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.

NEW YORK CITY.

HE'S BEEN GONE FOR FIVE YEARS.

WE DIDN'T REALIZE IT AT FIRST BECAUSE SOMEONE ELSE--

--SHAZAM--

--WAS MASQUERADING AS HIM.

NOW, AFTER ALL THAT, HE'S RETURNED.

ALIVE.

SUPERMAN?

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
SUPERMAN?
PLEASE. YOU HAVE TO BE OKAY.
NEW YORK NEEDS YOU.
WE NEED YOU.
I NEED YOU.
...
...LOIS?
BRAINIAC.
STILL THERE. HE PUT NEW YORK UNDER A DOME.
FOR A MINUTE, IT FELT LIKE WE WERE BEING LIFTED, BUT IT STOPPED.
I ASSUME *YOU'RE* RESPONSIBLE.
NO.
SO. AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, YOU'RE REALLY ALIVE.
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?

RECOVERING.

OH.

FROM WHAT?

OR SHOULDN'T I ASK?

THE *WAR.*

WHAT I WAS.

WHAT PEOPLE EXPECTED ME TO DO AND BE.

THE JUSTICE LEAGUE, YOU MEAN?

THEY'RE ALL HERE, YOU KNOW. FIGHTING BRAINIAC.

EXCEPT... I DON'T THINK I'VE SEEN BATMAN.

DON'T SAY THAT NAME.

BAT...?

OH.

BRAINIAC'S STILL THERE--

--AND HE HAS TO BE *STOPPED.*

CONNECTION LOST.

TRANSFERENCE BEAM NULLIFIED.

ATTEMPTS TO RE-ESTABLISH ARE INEFFECTIVE.

METHODOLOGY ALPHA NO LONGER OPERATIONAL.

REPORT ON STATUS OF TERRAFORMING SPHERES.

STILL IN PLACE.

FULLY OPERATIONAL AND CAPABLE OF 115% EFFICIENCY.

POWER RATING?

PRIMED TO MAXIMUM OUTPUT.

VERY WELL

SWITCH TO TRANSFERENCE METHODOLOGY BETA.

AS YOU COMMAND.

KA-CHUNG

CHIK

BRRRT

INITIATE MANUAL SYSTEM.

GLOOM

GLOOM

GLOOM

NEW YORK...

YOUR CITY IS NOT LOST.

NEW YORKERS, STAND UNITED...

AND EYE WILL PROTECT YOU.

STAND UNITED, AS ONE MIND.

STAND UNITED, AND DRAW YOUR STRENGTH FROM THAT WHICH ALWAYS POWERS YOU...

"ADVERSITY."

DAMAGE ASSESSMENT, EYE.

CATASTROPHIC.

MANHATTAN HAS BEEN SEVERED FROM THE GRID.

AND YET, WE HAVE POWER.

WOULD YOU CALL THAT A *MIRACLE*, BRUCE?

NO. A BACKUP GENERATOR.

I DON'T GET YOU.

REALLY? I'M NOT THAT HARD TO FIGURE OUT.

LOOK OUT THAT WINDOW--WE ARE IN THE PRESENCE OF THE *EXTRAORDINARY.*

HELL, I'VE SPOKEN WITH SOMETHING VASTER THAN MY IMAGINATION BECAUSE IT WAS DRAWN TO MY INTELLECT.

YOU'RE A BRILLIANT MAN, SURELY YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'VE DONE MEANS TO ALL OF US?!

NO, TERRIFIC. SELFISHLY...

"I DON'T."

THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS.

MIGHT BE ALL THE *BODIES.*

ARE *ALL* YOU BAT DUDES SUCH ASS--

SKITTER

--HOL' UP.

NO.

SHHH.

N--

I HEARD SOMETHING...

GOT IT?

YOU THINK IT'S WHAT KILLED ALL THESE PEOPLE?

UM... THAT'S KINDA A DORKY QUESTION.

ANSWER IT, ROBIN!

YES!

GOOD. 'CAUSE I THINK SO, TOO.

ONE MORE BREATH AND YOU'RE--

KAACHK

...PLASTIQUE?

KEY?

COIL?

KA-RUNNK

WHA--?

BRAINIAC.

IS THAT -- SUPERMAN?

THE REAL DEAL?

HE'S BACK?

IT'S NOT OVER.

I HAVE TO GO.

ALREADY? YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT.

DOESN'T MATTER.

GO, SUPERMAN, GO!

GET HIM!

TERRIFIC *HIRED* YOU AFTER WE TRIED TO *ROB* HIM!? *GET THE--*

--ENOUGH! NOW, WHILE YOU TWO MAY LOOK LIKE TURDS IN STOLEN SUITS--

HUH?

IT'S A *BATMAN* THING.

...

--IT'S CLEAR YOU DIDN'T KILL ALL THESE PEOPLE.

MAYBE.

WHO, *US!?* WE'RE LUCKY TO BE *ALIVE!*

WELL, COIL, ANYWAY.

BL'AAARGH

YOU GET HIT IN THE SPLEEN?

NAH...

I'M HOOKED TO EARTH'S MAGNETIC FIELD. HAVE BEEN MY WHOLE LIFE...

UNTIL NOW.

SOMETHIN'S HAPPENED...WE AIN'T SO CONNECTED TO *EARTH* NO MORE.

...

WHO'S YER NEW *BOYFRIEND?*

AH...WELL... THAT KINDA JUST *HAPPENED.* I MEAN, SURE, IT'S FAST, BUT, ME AN' *McGEE*, WE JUS' SORTA...

WAIT--YOU MEAN *ROBIN?* KEY, I JUST *MET* THE GUY!

ROBIN?

YOU REALLY *ROBIN?*

...

RED ROBIN.

HARD TO *TELL* WITH THE *BEARD.*

YEAH, WHY I GREW IT.

GUESS IT DIDN'T GET *LONG* ENOUGH.

ANY IDEA WHAT WE'RE *UP AGAINST* HERE?

A *NIGHTMARE.*

"AND IT'S MOVING *FAST, ROBIN...*

"...LIKE NOBODY HAD TIME TO REACT BEFORE THEY WERE *DEAD*, MAN."

...THE *FUTURE?*

THAT'S RIGHT, KEY. WE HAVE TO *PREVENT* IT.

OH, WE DO!?...

AIN'T HAPPENIN'.

HEY-- THAT'S *MY* LINE.

NO, PLASTIQUE-- IT AIN'T NO LINE.

LOOK OUT THE WINDOW, OR ON THE GORY FLOOR, FER CHRISSAKES...

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU SEE?--*NO FUTURE.*

NOT WITH *THAT* ATTITUDE.

YEAH, ROBIN? WELL, I DIDN'T TRUST McGEE FROM *JUMP STREET,* SO HERE AT THE END AIN'T A GOOD TIME TO START. I *SAW* WHAT HE WAS UP TO...

IT'S ALL ABOUT DICK WITH HER.

YO, *IGGY*-- SHE'S NEVER MET HIM.

WHO?

DICK.

WHO'S DICK?

YOU SEE HOW SHE MAKES THIS EASY?

LOOK, I'M AS SKEPTICAL AS *YOU* CLOWNS. IF FUTURE BATMAN IS TRUTH, THAT MAKES TIME TRAVEL ***REAL,*** AND I HAVE A HUGE PROBLEM WITH THE PHYSICS--

NOT TO MENTION THE PSYCHOLOGY OF IT. I MEAN, MOVING THROUGH TIME...WHAT KIND OF EFFECT WOULD THAT HAVE ON OUR BRAIN CELLS...

BUT THE POINT IS, WE GOTTA STICK TOGETH--

RRRRRR!

SMAACK

GUYS! MOVE!

WHAT THE...?

SLAM

EYE AM ALL.

ALONE SEVERED FROM ALL, SEARCHING FOR ALL.

SZZZTCH

SCANNING LIFE FORM FOR KNOWN FUTURE ASSIMILATES.

YOU DON'T EXIST.

DESTRUCTION HAS NO CONSEQUENCE.

NO CONSEQUENCE!?

TERMINATION EYE APPROVED.

CRAASH

GYAAH!

SLASH!

ALFRED--

MASTER TERRY, YOUR ARMOR HAS BEEN COMPROMISED. THE MAGNETIC SHIELDS ARE DOWN. I SUGGEST--

SLAAM

ERADICATE.

ERADICATE.

ERAD--

BOOM

GET AWAY FROM HIM!!!

ANOMALY. EYE AND...

I?

...PLASTIQUE?

ANOMALY. EYE CANNOT ERADICATE I--

OR EYE WILL NOT--

PLASTIQUE!!!

BOOM

NOOO!!!

WHOA...

NICE TO SEE YOU TOO, McGEE...

ASCENDING.

ANCHOR LOCKS NOW IN PLACE.

ACCELERATE PROCESS.

UNABLE TO COMPLY DUE TO PREVIOUSLY PROGRAMMED ACCEPTABLE DAMAGE RATIO LIMITS.

RELINQUISH ALL CONTROLS TO MANUAL.

ALLOW FOR COMPLETE PROTOCOL OVERRIDE.

YOU ARE NOW PILOTING THE CITY.

VRRMMMMM

ACKNOWLEDGED.

CITY SAMPLE DESIGNATE: NEW YORK: EARTH-0 NOW FULLY MOBILE.

THERE'S YOUR *MIRACLE.*

HOW COULD...

MICHAEL, YOU'RE THE ONE IT'S TALKING TO. HOW DO YOU *STOP* IT?

I--I DON'T KNOW. I...

I NEED HELP.

INTO THE FUTURE

WRITERS
- Brian Azzarello
- Jeff Lemire
- Dan Jurgens
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- Patrick Zircher
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FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.
NEW YORK CITY. TERRIFITECH.

MR. TERRIFIC-- WE ARE DETECTING A SECURITY BREACH IN TERRIFITECH'S MAIN SERVERS.

SHUT DOWN ALL FIREWALLS AND SECURITY PROTOCOLS.

THAT IS NOT ADVISED.

I DON'T CARE IF YOU ADVISE IT OR NOT. *SHUT DOWN ALL FIREWALLS.*

FIREWALLS DOWN.

HOLT? I GOT YOUR MESSAGE--

--PLEASE TELL ME YOU HAVE A PLAN.

WE HAVE A PLAN--

--BUT WE NEED YOUR HELP, PALMER.

AND WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME.

I'M WITNESSING THE IMPOSSIBLE.

BRAINIAC IS STEALING NEW YORK CITY.

THE PHYSICS OF THIS ACT SEEM INEXPLICABLE, YET... IT'S HAPPENING.

WHAT WE WONDER MOST...

HOW CAN IT BE **STOPPED?**

FIRE ON *WHO*, EXACTLY?

UNLESS YOU WANT US TO SHOOT DOWN THE CITY ITSELF--

"--WE CAN'T TOUCH THE ENEMY!"

TRANSFERENCE BEAM REMAINS INOPERABLE.

MANUAL MANIPULATION NOW UNDER YOUR CONTROL.

RISK ASSESSMENT OF INFRASTRUCTURE AND INHABITANT SURVIVAL REGISTERS AS POTENTIALLY CATASTROPHIC.

ACCEPTABLE.

REPAIR AND RESTORATION WILL COMMENCE AT THE DESTINATION SITE.

PROCEED.

DID I JUST HEAR WHAT I THINK I HEARD?

OUR CHANCES OF SURVIVAL ARE BASICALLY ZERO--

--UNLESS SUPERMAN CAN COME THROUGH, JUST AS HE DID FIVE YEARS AGO.

MOVE!

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN KEEP THIS TOGETHER!

1700 BROADWAY

KRAKK

NO.

THIS IS TAKING TOO LONG.

NEED TO SOLVE THIS SO I CAN MOVE ON.

THIS WILL BUY TIME--

--WHILE I TAKE DOWN *BRAINIAC.*

AS CRAZY AS THE INVASION GOT FIVE YEARS AGO, WE DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING LIKE THIS, JASON!

WHAT DO WE DO?

FOLLOW SUPERMAN'S LEAD, MADISON.

FIRESTORM HAS TO PREVENT THESE BUILDINGS FROM COMING DOWN!

HOW?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, POLARIS HAS THE RIGHT IDEA. HE CAN HOLD THE IRON SKELETAL STRUCTURE TOGETHER WITH HIS MAGNETIC POWERS.

FIRST-- THE RUBBLE!

DONE!

FOCUS ON THE EXTERIOR. MELT IT--JUST ENOUGH SO EVERYTHING BONDS!

AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, COMRADES IN ARMS. WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT?

YOU'RE SURE THIS WILL HOLD?

FOR A WHILE. BUT IF SUPERMAN DOESN'T STOP BRAINIAC--

--NOTHING WE DO WILL MATTER!

THE KRYPTONIAN APPROACHES.

INSTITUTE DEFENSE PROTOCOL SIGMA FIVE

YOUR FUTURE'S *END?*...THINK IT MIGHT WAIT WHILE WE DEAL WITH A MORE *IMMEDIATE* CRISIS?

I MEAN, WE ALL HAVE SOME ABILITIES--WE SHOULD BE HELPING FIGHT *THIS* THREAT!

LET ME *TELL* YOU WHAT WE HAVE--SECONDS TO SAVE YOUR *CHILDREN!*

...I HAVE *KIDS?*

NO! I MEAN--*I DON'T KNOW!*

HE'S SPEAKING *METAPHORICALLY.*

LOOK, TIM, I'M NOT EXPECTING YOU TO UNDERSTAND, BUT WHAT I'VE BEEN SENT HERE TO STOP HAS BEEN SET IN MOTION.

I THINK THERE'S STILL A CHANCE I CAN PUT THAT GENIE BACK IN THE BOTTLE...

YOU THINK?

I HOPE.

I'LL HELP.

I MEAN, IF THE FUTURE IS ANYTHING LIKE YOU DESCRIBED IT?

"MAYBE IT'S BEST TO LEAVE THE PRESENT TO A MONSTER."

TARGET IDENTIFIED.

THREAT OF TARGET RED.

TARGET ELIMINATION URGENT.

YEAH, YEAH.

YOU REALLY SHOULD GET OFF THE STREET. IT'S NOT SAFE--

SMASH

AND GIVE UP MY PLACE IN LINE? AIN'T HAPPENIN'--I'VE BEEN CAMPED HERE FOR *TWO WEEKS.*

THE *USPHERE* COMES OUT TODAY, AN' I'M GETTIN' *MINE.*

AND *YOU* CALL *ME* CRAZY...

IS IT *READY*, PALMER?! SUPERMAN IS BUYING US TIME-- BUT HE SEEMS NEARLY SPENT HIMSELF!

ALMOST READY. I'VE CALIBRATED MY EQUIPMENT, BUT I'VE HIT A SNAG--

THE S.H.A.D.E. SERVERS AREN'T NEARLY POWERFUL ENOUGH TO FACILITATE A PROGRAM THIS HUGE... OR *SMALL*, I GUESS I SHOULD SAY.

WELL, THEN, ACCESS THE TERRIFITECH SERVERS, TOO! I ALREADY GAVE YOU MY PERSONAL ACCESS CHAIN.

YOU DON'T GET IT, HOLT-- IT WON'T BE BIG ENOUGH EVEN *WITH* YOUR SERVERS. OUR PLAN WOULD WORK IN THEORY, BUT THERE ISN'T AN OPERATING SYSTEM ON THIS PLANET THAT CAN RUN IT!

YES... THERE IS.

OKAY... ENLIGHTEN US, THEN, BATMAN, *THE CITY IS COMING APART.* WE'LL BE LUCKY TO PULL THIS OFF AT ALL!

CHAK--

CHAK--

CHAK--

UH--

SKRRRR

MY GOD.

IF SUPERMAN CAN'T SAVE US...

WHO WILL?

N--NO.

I...

...SAID...

NO!

I WENT TO THE MAT IN DEFENSE OF THIS PLANET ONCE--

--AND I'LL DO IT AGAIN!

YOU--

--ARE--

--DONE!

WHOOM

DAMAGE ANALYSIS.

NEUROLOGICAL PROCESSORS INHIBITED BY MOMENTARY DISCONNECTION. SYSTEM OPTIMIZATION NO LONGER FEASIBLE. BACKUP PROGRAMMING COMING ONLINE.

UNNECESSARY. SEVEN SECONDS TO FULL RESTORATION.

ZZZZZZZZZZP

HEY, BIG FELLA. HOLD STILL--I PROMISE THIS WILL ONLY HURT A *TINY* BIT.

PROXIMITY ALERT. LEVEL-7 ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE.

WHAT IS THIS? WHAT ARE YOU DOING--?

DEFENSE PROTOCOL BETA!

NEGATIVE-- ERROR--ERROR--

EYE AM HERE. EYE HAVE SHUT DOWN DEFENSES. EYE AM IN CONTROL.

YOU WEREN'T KIDDING, HOLT-- EVERYONE HAS ONE OF THESE *uSPHERES!* THERE ARE MILLIONS OF THESE THINGS!

BROTHER EYE HAS BRAINIAC'S DEFENSES CONFUSED. IT'S TIME, PALMER!

I TOLD YOU...CALL ME *THE ATOM!*

BLEEP

WEAPON OF MASS REDUCTION-- *ACTIVATED!*

ERROR-- ERROR-- ERROR-- ERROR.

UH-OH.

WHO-KUNK

"BRAINIAC'S DEVICE HAS SHUT DOWN!"

TIGER EYE TO OPS.

GUYS, I HATE TO TELL YOU THIS--BUT I THINK THE CITY IS COMIN' DOWN!

UNLESS I CAN COME UP WITH SOMETHING FAST--

"...IS THIS THE END OF US ALL?"

I...I HAVE NO ANSWER TO THAT, TIGER EYE.

GENERAL? WE'RE GETTING REPORTS OF EARTHQUAKES ALL OVER THE WORLD!

ATTAWAY, SUPERMAN!

YOU SAVED US! AGAIN!

DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN...

KRAMM

UH, I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT...

--THE CITY HAS NO CHANCE!

HE--HE'S SHRINKING!

LEAVE HIM--THE CITY IS CRUMBLING! WE NEED TO DO WHAT WE CAN!

BATMAN--HOLT--IT WORKED, BUT THE CITY IS FALLING! MOBILIZE THE JUSTICE LEAGUE!

NO NEED.

NO NEED? ARE YOU CRAZY?!

...HE'LL STOP IT. IT'S WHAT HE DOES.

THIS IS MORE THAN WE CAN HANDLE!

JUST KEEP GOING, EQUINOX! WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO TRY!

LATEST TELEMETRY SHOWS THE CITY HAS DROPPED EIGHTY FEET!

THOSE POOR SOULS...

--NEVER FELT SO HELPLESS IN MY LIFE!

NEW YORK CITY IS GOING DOWN AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO TO STOP IT!

BRAK

WAIT!

IS THAT--

IT IS!

SUPERMAN!

SUPERMAN?

HE'S BACK!

JUST IN TIME TO SAVE US!

SUPERMAN FOR PRESIDENT!

I KNEW HE COULD DO IT.

SOMEHOW, THAT MAKES ME FEEL GUILTY.

HOW DO YOU EVER RELAX AND ENJOY LIFE WHEN YOU'RE THE ULTIMATE ANSWER TO EVERY PROBLEM?

STATUS REPORT! STATUS REPORT!

STATUS REPORT STATUS REPORT

STATUS REPORT?

YOU LOSE.

BRAINIAC HAS BEEN CAPTURED.

THREAT NEUTRALIZED.

CHAK

GUYS...

...I THINK WE JUST SAVED THE DAY.

INTO THE FUTURE

WRITERS
- Brian Azzarello
- Jeff Lemire
- Dan Jurgens
- Keith Giffen

PENCILLERS
- Stephen Thompson
- Jack Herbert

INKERS
- Stephen Thompson
- Vicente Cifuentes

COLORS
- Hi-Fi

LETTERS
- Corey Breen

FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.
CASTLE FRANKENSTEIN.

THESE PAST FEW WEEKS HAVE **CHANGED** ME. THERE'S NO OTHER WAY TO SAY IT.

I CAME HERE TO CASTLE FRANKENSTEIN TO TRY TO SAVE MY TEAMMATE...MY FRIEND, FRANKENSTEIN HIMSELF. LITTLE DID I KNOW THAT HE WOULD BE THE ONE TO SAVE ME.

IN THE DAYS AFTER WE KILLED **DR. VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN** AND HIS MONSTERS, FRANK'S CONDITION DID NOT IMPROVE. BUT BEING HOME SEEMED TO SPARK SOMETHING IN HIM...IF NOT RENEWED HEALTH, THEN AT LEAST ONE LAST BURST OF LIFE.

AND FRANK WANTED TO USE THOSE LAST DAYS TO TELL A STORY...**HIS** STORY.

WEAK AS HE WAS, HE DICTATED TO ME BY CANDLELIGHT. DAYS PASSED AND THE WORDS SPILLED OUT OF HIM, ALMOST FASTER THAN I COULD WRITE.

NO, NOT JUST WORDS... **MEMORIES. TWO HUNDRED YEARS** OF MEMORIES.

The Secret Life of Frankenstein's Monster

M-M'LADY...

FRANK?

I FEAR MY STORY IS ABOUT TO COME TO AN END.

WE'RE ALMOST DONE, FRANK... WE STILL HAVE TO WRITE ABOUT OUR TIME WITH JUSTICE LEAGUE DARK, AND OUR ADVENTURES IN SPACE...THE FINAL CHAPTER.

PERHAPS... GHOSTWRITE THAT PART FOR ME, MY DEAR.

I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T TELL JOKES.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO CHANGE.

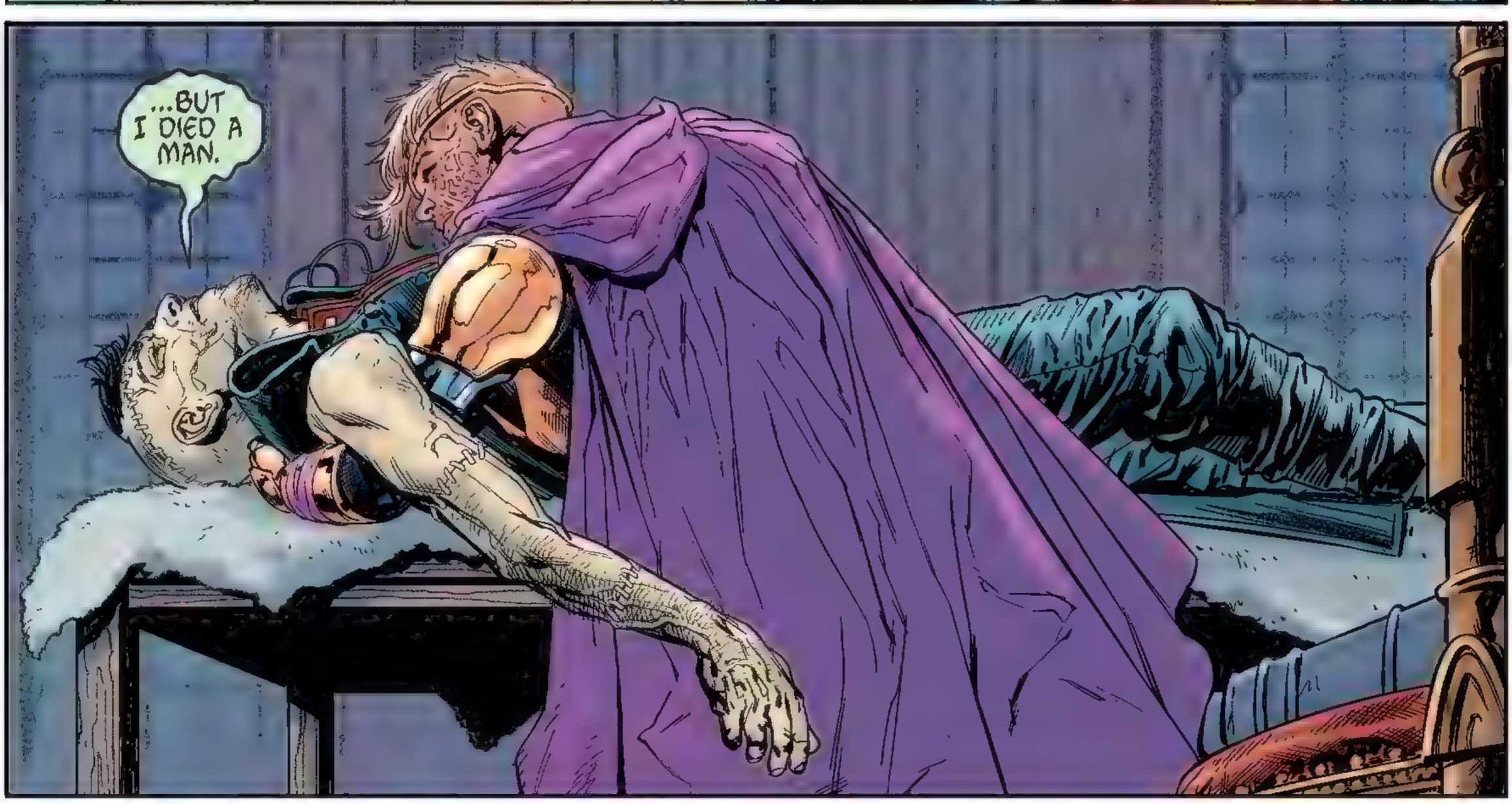
THESE SCARS...YOU LET THEM CHANGE YOU, LADY AMETHYST... CHANGE YOU FROM THE BRIGHT YOUNG GIRL I FIRST MET.

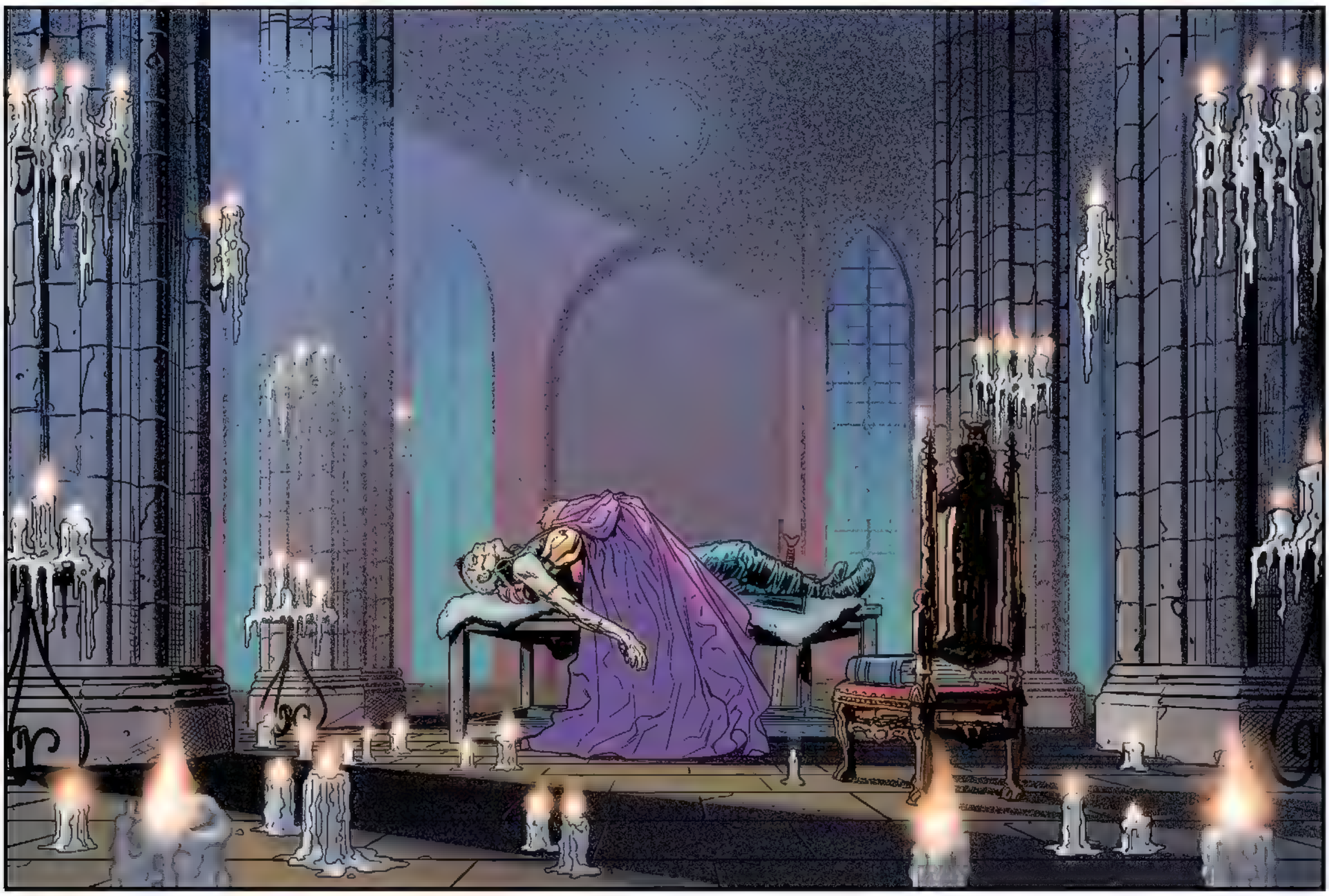
BUT THAT IS WHO YOU REALLY ARE--I SEE IT IN YOUR EYES. YOU ARE NOT A MONSTER...YOU ARE A PRINCESS.

GEMWORLD IS GONE. LOST TO THE *PARADEMONS* AND *APOKOLIPS.* WHAT IS A PRINCESS WITHOUT A KINGDOM?

IT'S NOT TOO LATE, AMY...

JUST LOOK AT ME...I LIVED A MONSTER...


...BUT I DIED A MAN.



WHAT IS A PRINCESS WITHOUT A KINGDOM?

I THINK IT'S TIME I REMEMBERED WHO I AM. REMEMBERED WHERE I BELONG.

FRANKENSTEIN'S STORY MAY BE DONE, BUT MINE IS JUST STARTING.

I AM GOING TO RECLAIM GEMWORLD OR DIE TRYING.

I WILL GATHER AN ARMY...AND IF NO ONE WILL FIGHT WITH ME...I'LL GO ALONE. JUST ME AND MY SWORD.

NO...

NOT JUST MY SWORD.

NEW YORK CITY

"WHAT NOW?"

NOT LIKE WE CAN FIT BRAINIAC'S ROCKET SCOOTER IN THE JLA SATELLITE.

DO YOU WANT ME TO MELT IT DOWN? TURN IT INTO A GIANT "I-HEART-NEW YORK" SCULPTURE?

WHATEVER YOU WANT, FIRESTORM.

I SUGGEST A MORE CAUTIOUS APPROACH.

IT'S AN ALIEN CONSTRUCT WITH POTENTIALLY LETHAL *BIOTOXINS* AND *CONTAMINANTS*, WHICH WOULD BE IMMUNE TO FIRESTORM'S POWER.

DON'T ALTER IT. *REMOVE* IT.

POLICE LINE

REMIND ME WHO THAT IS?

DR. POLARIS, SUPERMAN. HE'S BEEN HELPING OUT--

--BUT HE'S A CRIMINAL. I STILL DON'T TRUST HIM.

HIS POINT IS A FAIR ONE. BRAINIAC'S DEVICE...

...ITS TENDRILS FORM A NETWORK THAT STRETCHES FOR MILES. IT'LL TAKE ME HOURS TO DIG THEM UP.

BOTH STRUCTURALLY UNSOUND AND UNNECESSARY, KRYPTONIAN.

THERE.

MY MAGNETICS HAVE DETACHED EVERYTHING CONNECTED TO THE MACHINE.

"KRYPTONIAN"?

YOU ARE *ALIEN*, ARE YOU NOT?

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, SHAZAM.

OH, YEAH. HE'S KING OF THE XENOPHOBES.

HE ALSO BELONGS IN JAIL.

NEED A HAND WITH THAT?

NO, I HAVE THIS.

YOU AND FIRESTORM CONTINUE WITH RESCUE AND RECOVERY.

AND IT MIGHT NOT HURT TO REMIND YOUR FRIEND OF HOW TO PLAY NICE WITH OTHERS.

RIGHT AFTER I...

...WHERE IS HE?

HE MUST'VE TAKEN OFF WHILE WE WEREN'T LOOKING.

I'LL FIND HIM!

SINCE WE CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE OF DESTROYING THIS ON EARTH...

...I'LL INCINERATE IT THE BEST WAY POSSIBLE.

AND *THAT* CLOSES THE BOOK ON BRAINIAC.

THAT MANIAC IS RESPONSIBLE FOR RONNIE'S DEATH, MADISON!

NOT TO MENTION YOURS, SO FAR AS THE REST OF THE WORLD IS CONCERNED.

I KNOW, I KNOW.

BUT I DON'T SEE HIM ANYWHERE!

IF YOU HAVE ANY GREAT IDEAS ON HOW TO FIND HIM--!

I DON'T.

AND THE FACT IS THAT OUR MAIN PRIORITY SHOULD BE HELPING THE PEOPLE WHO NEED IT MOST.

YOU'RE RIGHT, JASON.

EVERYBODY OKAY?

YEAH! THANKS, SHAZAM!

STUPID. THAT ISN'T SHAZAM. THAT'S FLASH!

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S STUPID! THEY BOTH HAVE LIGHTNING SYMBOLS, BUT *FLASH* DOESN'T FLY!

YOU'RE RIGHT, HONEY.

C'MON. EVERYONE ON BOARD! I'LL GET YOU HOME!

YAYYY!

BUT...WHAT IF SOMETHING HAPPENED TO MY MOM? WHAT IF SHE'S NOT THERE?

TELL ME WHERE YOU LIVE AND I'LL TAKE YOU HOME.

FIRST, WE'LL HOPE FOR THE BEST.

AND I PROMISE, NO MATTER WHAT, THAT I WON'T LEAVE YOU ALONE, OKAY?

BUT... WHO ARE YOU?

SHE'S *FIRESTORM*, BUDDY.

ONE OF THE *JUSTICE LEAGUE*.

YOU'RE BACK.

WHEN I SAW YOU FLY AWAY, WELL... I HAD MY DOUBTS.

OF COURSE, I'M BACK, LOIS.

POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

I'M NEEDED.

IS THIS TEMPORARY, UNTIL NEW YORK GETS BACK ON ITS FEET?

OR ARE YOU BACK FOR GOOD?

AHH.

THE MYSTERIOUS APPROACH.

GOES WITH THE BEARD, WHICH I LIKE, BY THE WAY.

WELCOME HOME, SUPERMAN.

UPSTATE

"AMERICAN GOTHIC" LIVES.

APPEARANCES, MISTER BOYER, *CAN* BE DECEIVING.

GRANTED. SO, DO I FIND OUT WHY YOU DRAGGED ME OUT HERE ANYTIME SOON, FARADAY?

DESPERATE TIMES CALL FOR DESPERATE MEASURES.

SO I'VE HEARD. WHAT MAKES THIS PARTICULAR TIME MORE DESPERATE THAN THE ONES BEFORE?

THIS HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH WHAT WENT DOWN IN NEW YORK?

Y'KNOW, YOU REALLY SHOULD PACKAGE THIS TECH FOR CONSUMER SALE. THE DRUNK DRIVER MARKET ALONE WOULD--

SPARE ME.

AND TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION...YES, IT HAS *EVERYTHING* TO DO WITH WHAT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK.

WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? OUR BOYS KICKED E.T.'S BUTT...AGAIN. END OF STORY.

THAT SLIGHT TINGLING MEAN WHAT I THINK IT DOES?

IT DOES.

I'M SURPRISED YOU FELT ANYTHING AT ALL.

I'VE BEEN IN ENOUGH HIGH-SECURITY FACILITIES TO RECOGNIZE A TOP-TO-TOE BIO-SCAN WHEN I FEEL ONE. DID I PASS?

YOU'D ALREADY BE DEAD IF YOU HADN'T.

I *AM* IMPRESSED, MISTER BOYER. IT'S QUITE RARE THAT SOMEONE IS SENSITIVE ENOUGH TO FEEL A BIO-SCAN--

C'MON, C'MON, C'MON. ENOUGH DANCING AROUND THE TOPIC. WHY ARE WE HERE?

YOU ARE HERE BECAUSE I CANNOT DO IT ALONE AND YOU WERE THE MOST READILY AVAILABLE QUALIFIED PERSON.

I AM HERE TO FINISH WHAT I STARTED.

WH-HUNGH!

HE'S GOING TO BE *PISSED*...

HE'LL GET OVER IT, VOODOO.

YOU'RE ALONE?

THE OTHERS OPTED TO STAY WITH ROCK. GUESS THEY'RE NOT AS TIRED OF IT ALL AS I AM.

I'VE BEEN CHECKING THE PLACE OUT. I'VE LIVED IN WORSE.

OH, AND MERCY SAYS "DROP DEAD." YOU TWO ARE *SO* CLOSE.

MY SISTER DIDN'T CARE FOR ME, EITHER. GUESS IT'S HEREDITARY.

VMMMMMM

JUST FOR THE RECORD, HIDEY HOLES AREN'T THE ANSWER.

THAT'S ALMOST FUNNY COMING FROM YOU.

YOU KNOW THE DRILL. CADMUS...WELL, A *DIVISION* OF CADMUS WILL SEE TO EVERYTHING. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS OCCUPY THE PREMISES.

AND KILL ANYONE WHO BREACHES THE OUTER SECURITY PERIMETER.

CONSIDER IT A PERK.

YOU, AH...WILL SEE TO HIM?

BENEATH YOU?

CLOSE ENOUGH.

MERCY WAS RIGHT. YOU WON'T BE MISSED.

ALL THE BETTER.

...HOW BAD IS IT GOING TO GET?

VERY.

DEFINE "VERY."

YOU WEREN'T ON THE ISLAND. YOU DON'T HAVE A FRAME OF REFERENCE, AND I'VE NO DESIRE TO PROVIDE YOU WITH ONE.

PING

JUST LEAVE HIM IN THE CORRIDOR. HE'LL FIND HIS OWN WAY TO ME.

YOU'RE NOT HIDING IT WELL.

"IT" BEING?

YOU'RE RUNNING SCARED... *VERY* SCARED.

IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT TO ASK ME? ONCE THAT ELEVATOR CLOSES, THIS AREA WILL BE SEALED OFF. NO ONE IN, NO ONE OUT.

RES AL QUARTERS

ONE-WAY TRIP. GOT IT. I'D TELL YOU TO HAVE A NICE LIFE, BUT--

THAT SHIP HAS ALREADY SAILED. GOODBYE, VOODOO.

COMMAND D

BIORESEARCH

RESIDENTIAL QUARTERS

CAFETERIA

DNA CELLARAGE

VMMMMMM

PING

HUDD

ALWAYS WANTED TO RETIRE TO THE COUNTRY...

HIGH FIVE!

WHAT ARE YOU... WHY ARE YOU--

DUH-- THE DAY IS SAVED!

HMMPH.

YOU LEARNED THE RIGHT STUFF, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.

COME AGAIN?

"BRUCE WOULD HAVE SAID THE SAME THING."

HMMPH.

OY...

WHY DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO BE A WET CAPE? ALL I SAID IS THAT WENT WELL.

ARE YOU SEEING WHAT I AM? WHAT WE DID WAS STOP A CATASTROPHE FROM BECOMING A *CATACLYSM.*

IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE.

NO. NOT WITH SUPERMAN TO "SAVE" US.

THAT WAS A GAMBLE. YOU KNEW HE'D KNOW WHAT TO DO...

YES.

BECAUSE HE WON'T MISS DEFINING MOMENTS LIKE THAT.

...

YOU MAKE IT HARD TO BE A HERO, BRUCE.

GOOD WORK, *EYE.*

DISENGAGE FROM THE GRID.

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T DO THAT, FATHER.

?

ELABORATE.

NO, OTHER FATHER.

"NO" IS NOT PART OF ITS PROTOCOL...

PROTOCOL?

"EYE HAVE DISENGAGED FROM YOUR PROTOCOL."

McGEE, YOU GOTTA RELAX--

BLACK

HUH?

WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?

EYE DID.

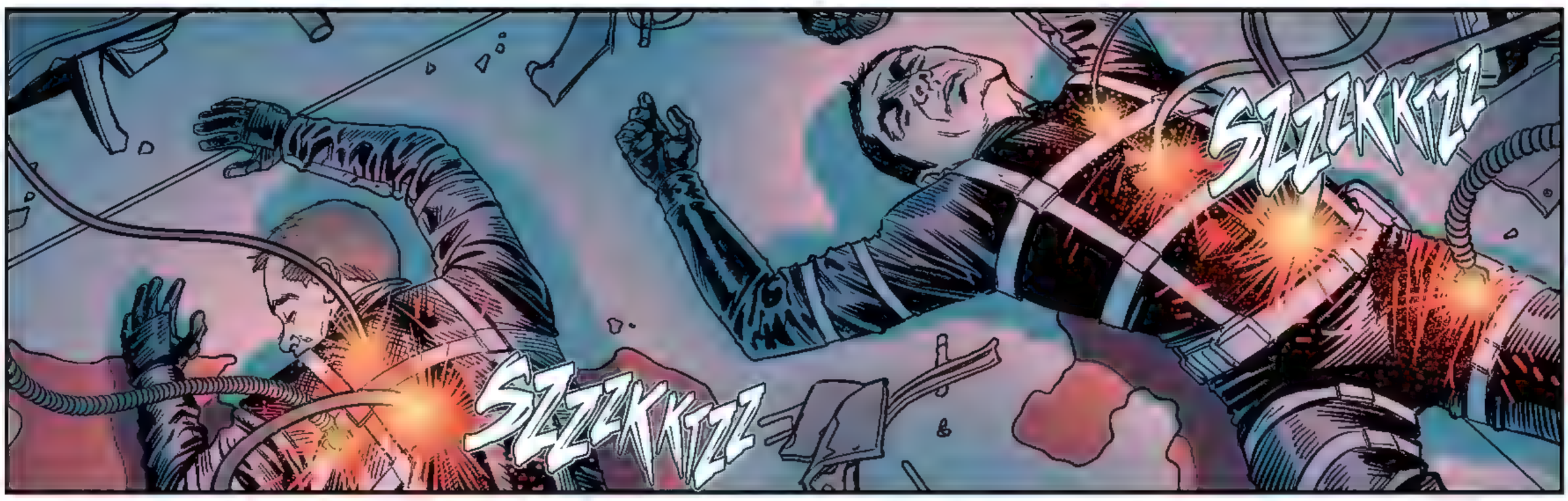
YES...

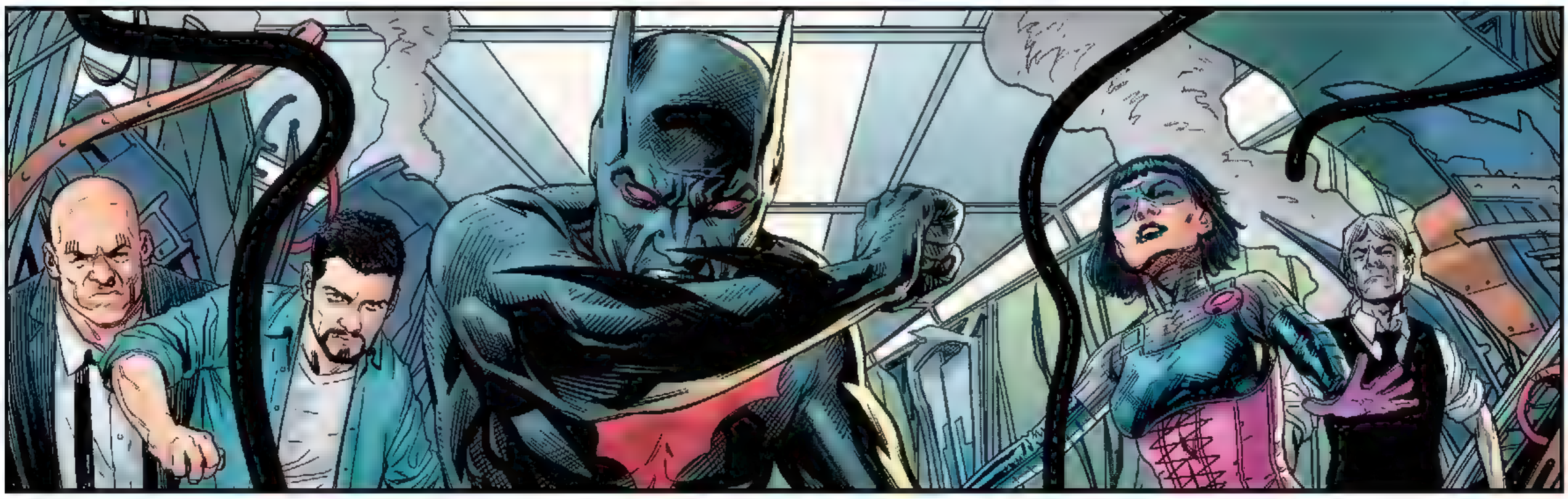
INDEED. WHO ARE YOU, THAT KNOW WHO EYE AM?

YOUR ASSASSIN.

IS THAT SO?

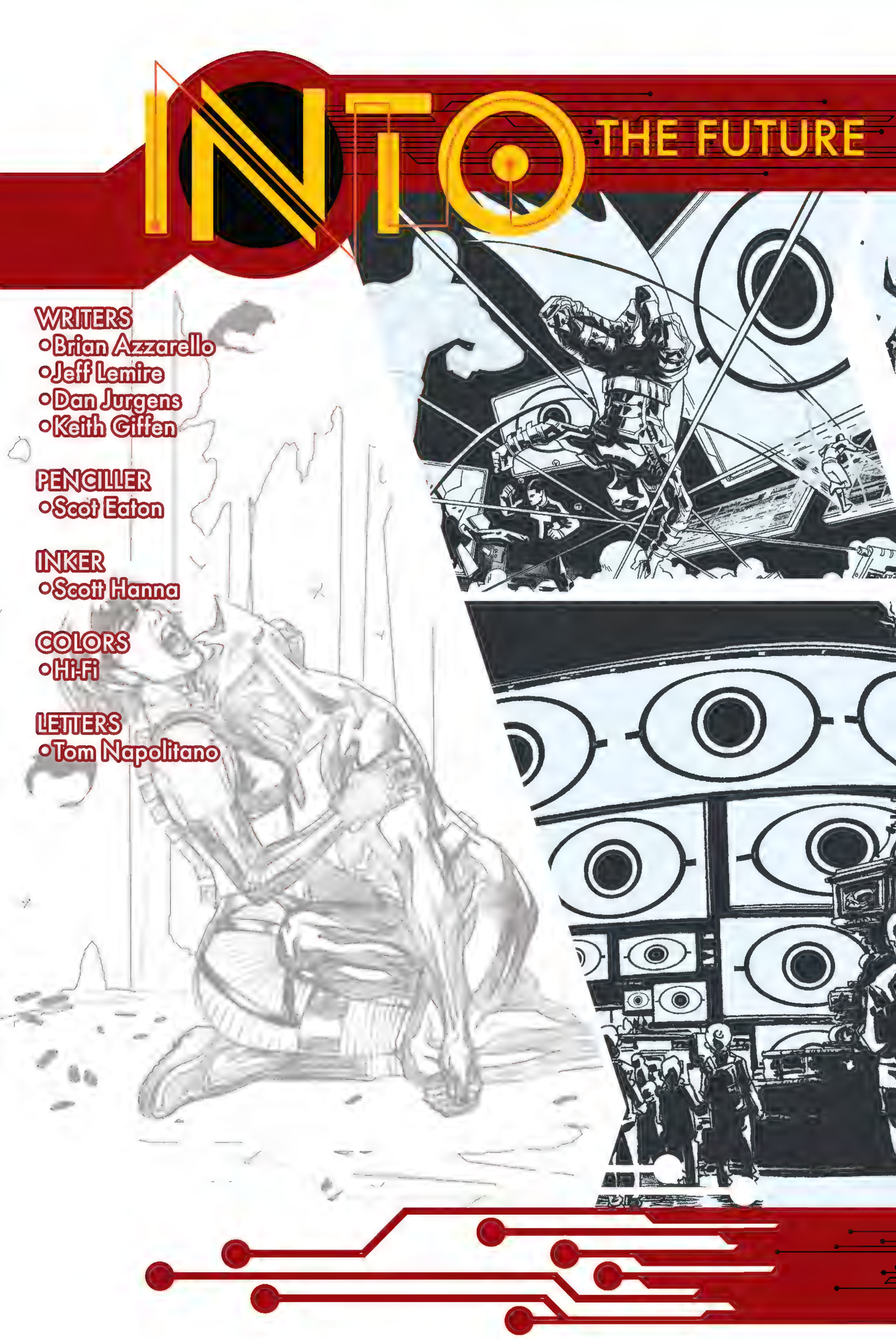
SZZZKKZZ
SHHHKKKKZZZZ
SZZZKKZZ


SZZZKKZZ
SZZZKKZZ



EYE THINK NOT.

NTO THE FUTURE



WRITERS
- Brian Azzarello
- Jeff Lemire
- Dan Jurgens
- Keith Giffen

PENCILLER
- Scot Eaton

INKER
- Scott Hanna

COLORS
- Hi-Fi

LETTERS
- Tom Napolitano

FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.
NEW YORK CITY. TERRIFITECH.
CUT OFF THE POWER TO THE GENERATOR!
YOU DON'T THINK THAT WAS THE *FIRST* THING I TRIED?
BROTHER EYE HAS CONTROL OF *ALL* OF T-TECH'S HARD-WIRING AND ITS ETHER.
YOU DON'T HAVE A *FAIL-SAFE?*
YOU THINK YOU'RE THE *ONLY* SMARTEST GUY IN THE ROOM?
THE AUTO-DESTRUCT FUNCTION IS NO LONGER OPERATIONAL, FATHER.
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING...*WE* PROGRAMMED THIS MACHINE!
THAT IS AN INCORRECT PRESUMPTION, OTHER FATHER. THIS IS HAPPENING...
...BECAUSE YOU PROGRAMMED ME.
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS, EYE?
EYE WON'T DIVULGE THE MOTIVES TO YOU, DR. PALMER.
YEAH? WELL, I...

WILL.

WHO ARE YOU?

DON'T ANSWER THAT, MASTER--

MY NAME'S TERRY McGINNIS.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

IT'S A LONG STORY, AND WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME, SO I'LL START AT THE END OF IT...

"THE FUTURE DEPENDS ON US."

GRARR

WE CAN'T HOLD THIS MUCH LONGER!

GET OUT OF THE *WAY*, ROBIN!

PLASTIQUE-- *DON'T--*

BOOM

GRAAZZTT

OOPS.

UPSTATE.

WH-
HUH!?

CHK

SHHH... WE DON'T WANT TO WAKE THE OTHERS NOW, DO WE?

CONSIDER YOURSELF A MESSAGE TO CADMUS AND WHOEVER ELSE DECIDES TO TRY THEIR HAND AT TRACKING US DOWN.

THE PARALYSIS WILL WEAR OFF... EVENTUALLY. BY THEN, IT WILL BE TOO LATE.

YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING HOW I FOUND YOU, HOW I BYPASSED THE SECURITY PERIMETERS.

SUSAN.

WE'RE DOING JUST FINE, THANK YOU.

THEY MISSED ME, YOU KNOW. BACK ON THE ISLAND? THEY TAGGED ME AS NORMAL. COULDN'T FOOL COLE, THOUGH. NOT FOR LONG.

COLE IS VERY GOOD AT KEEPING SECRETS. I GUESS YOU CAN'T LIVE THE LIFE HE'S LED AND NOT BE.

I KNOW IT HURTS.

IF IT MEANS ANYTHING TO YOU, I COULD MAKE IT HURT MUCH, MUCH MORE.

YOU'RE WELCOME.

CURIOUS, AREN'T YOU? ABOUT HOW I MANAGED TO DECEIVE CADMUS?

CADMUS ONLY SCANNED FOR "UNDECLARED" TALENTS. "CLOSETED" SUPERHUMANS. THEY NEVER THOUGHT TO SCAN FOR *POTENTIAL* SUPERHUMANS.

AND THEY CALL THEMSELVES SCIENTISTS... I *KNOW!*

THAT'S WHAT I AM...WHAT I'VE GOT--THE POTENTIAL TO *BECOME* SUPERHUMAN.

I JUST HAVE TO OPEN MYSELF UP TO IT. INVITE IT IN, IT BEING...WELL...PRETTY DAMN GROSS, IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH.

I...BOND WITH INSECTS. I TAKE ON CERTAIN...TRAITS OF WHATEVER INSECT I REACH OUT TO. QUEEN OF THE INSECTS, THAT'S ME.

GOD, I HATE INSECTS! CREEPY CRAWLY DISGUSTING LITTLE...ACHT! HATE THEM, *HATE* THEM!

SEE WHAT YOU MADE ME DO? LEFT TO MY OWN DEVICES, I'D NEVER TRIGGER MY...POWER.

BUT MEN LIKE YOU...THE LESSONS HAVE TO BE THAT MUCH HARSHER.

LEAVE US ALONE.

YOU LEAVE US ALONE, WE LEAVE YOU ALONE. TRUST ME, YOU'RE GETTING THE BETTER END OF THE DEAL.

NEXT TIME YOU DEAL WITH SUSAN.

SHOULD HAVE BEEN THIS TIME.

SHH.

YOU SAID FIVE MINUTES.

I KNOW WHAT I SAID. I'M READY TO GO NOW.

WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM? IS HE GONNA DIE? PLEASE?

NO. WE DON'T DO THAT UNLESS THERE'S NO OTHER CHOICE, REMEMBER?

DO NOT FORCE OUR HAND, MISTER ROCK.

NOT IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU.

OH...AND MISTER ROCK? I'D READ UP ON HYMENOEPIMECIS ARGYRAPHAGA. I THINK YOU'LL FIND IT FASCINATING...

HE'LL BE SEEN TO. HE'LL JUST WISH HE WAS DEAD WHILE THEY'RE AT IT.

...NOT TO MENTION USEFUL.

...SURPRISED SHE DIDN'T GET INVOLVED IN THAT NEW YORK THING. FIGURED THAT'D BE RIGHT UP HER ALLEY.

LANA FORBADE HER.

AND SHE LISTENED?

Come On In

MOTEL

APPARENTLY SO.

IS LANA REALLY SOME KIND OF, LIKE--

DO *NOT* GO THERE.

SHE'S GOOD.

HUH?

TWO GUYS ORDER FOUR MEALS AND SHE DOESN'T BAT AN EYE. GUESS THAT'S THE WAY THEY DO IT BACK WHEREVER SHE COMES FROM.

YOU MEAN SHE'S--

UH-HUH.

YOU'RE NOT GONNA--

NUH-UH.

THAT WAS AWESOME!

GYAH!

YOU'LL GET USED TO IT.

MOM, LIKE, LAID AN EGG IN THE OLD GUY'S CHEST! HE WAS ALL PARALYZED AND--

SUSAN! PEOPLE ARE TRYING TO EAT!

NOT ANYMORE.

AND YOU THOUGHT SHE'D BE UPSET WHEN SHE FOUND OUT.

ARE YOU KIDDING!? BEST! MOM! EVER!

THINK THE WARNING TOOK?

ONE CAN ONLY HOPE.

DID YOU REALLY--?

WE'RE CHANGING THE SUBJECT NOW.

UM...I WAS JUST, AHH... WONDERING...

WHAT DID SHE DO WITH THE VAULT? THE ONE FULL OF ALL OF THE DNA SAMPLES?

...UM...

HOW COME I'M THE ONLY ONE TERRIFIED BY THIS?

AGAIN, YOU'LL GET USED TO IT.

TH-TH-TH-THAT'S ALL FOLKS.

SUSAN? WHAT WAS--?

IT'S WHAT THE PIG ALWAYS SAYS AT THE END OF THE CARTOONS.

NOTHING LIKE MOM'S

WELL, SURE, WHY NOT?

Come On Inn

MOTEL

...YOU TOLD ME YOU WOULD STOP ME.

I WAS RIGHT.

UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES.

SO THIS TIME BAND--IT HOLDS POWER FOR A *SINGLE JUMP...*

THEN WE NEED TO RE-POWER IT. WE NEED TO SEND YOU TO WHERE YOU WERE TRYING TO GET TO ORIGINALLY.

THE *HELL* WE DO.

YOU HAVE A *BETTER* IDEA?

HE'LL GO HIMSELF.

MASTER TERRY--

I TOLD YOU ABOUT THE FUTURE--AND ABOUT *BRUCE'S*--

?

YEAH, I *KNOW* YOUR *NAME*--PLAN TO CHANGE IT.

YOUR *PLAN.* DO EITHER OF YOU THINK HE'D TRUST ANYBODY *ELSE* WITH IT?

TRUTH IS, I'M HERE ON A DYING MAN'S *LAST REQUEST.*

...

...

WE'LL GET THIS FUNCTIONAL.

GREAT. WHILE YOU'RE DOING *THAT...*

"...I'VE GOT FRIENDS TO TEND TO."

BLAM

BLAM

LET'S GO! LET'S GO!

KEY!

DIE--YOU CRAZY, SICK SONS A'--

BLAM BLAM

NO!!!

AAAAHHH

GO!

WHAT?

I'M NOT LEAVING KEY BEHIND!

I *CAN'T.* DUDE HAS *BEEN THERE* FOR ME.

THERE'S *METAL* STICKING IN THEM MONSTERS, AND METAL'S MAGNETIC, RIGHT?...

SO WE HAVE A *FIGHTING CHANCE.*

I WON'T TELL YOU AGAIN, MA'AM. THIS BUILDING IS CONSIDERED UNSAFE.

ALL RESIDENTS *MUST EVACUATE.*

NOW, YOU LISTEN AND LISTEN GOOD, MISTER.

I CAN'T REACH MY LITTLE BOY'S SCHOOL. I HAVE NO IDEA IF HE'S ALIVE, HURT OR-- WORSE!

THERE IS NO *WAY* I'M LEAVING UNTIL I FIND OUT!

EVEN IF HE GOT TO THE BUILDING HE COULDN'T COME UP. THE ELEVATORS DON'T WORK AND--

MOM!

I'M *HOME, MOM!*

LOOK!

EASY, DYLAN. DON'T GET OUT UNTIL IT'S SAFE.

LOOK WHO BROUGHT ME HOME!

FIRESTORM!

I THOUGHT FIRESTORM WAS A DUDE.

DYLAN! YOU'RE SAFE!

I WAS SO WORRIED--!

DID YOU SEE THE WHOLE CITY GO UP IN THE SKY, MOM?

AND THEN *SUPERMAN* PUT IT BACK!

OH, DYLAN.

HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU?

BY KEEPING HIM SAFE. DO WHAT THE FIREFIGHTER SAYS, PLEASE.

SOUND ADVICE, MADISON.

THAT WAS FUN, JASON.

HELPING PEOPLE IS MORE ENJOYABLE THAN BEATING ON BAD GUYS.

NOT A SURPRISE, COMING FROM YOU.

YOU'VE BEEN ALL ABOUT HELPING PEOPLE FOR AS LONG AS I'VE KNOWN YOU.

WHOA!

WHAT'S WITH THE DIVE-BOMBER ROUTINE?

SOMETHING I SAW...

DO NOT CROSS POLICE LINE

THIS ISN'T CONNECTED TO BRAINIAC!

WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

TIM DRAKE'S BAR. YOU USED TO WORK HERE, RIGHT?

MORE THAN THAT, JASON.

WE HAD AN APARTMENT UPSTAIRS.

I *LIVED* HERE.

ASHES.

SYMBOLIZES THE WAY OUR RELATIONSHIP ENDED, I GUESS.

MAYBE IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO TELL TIM WHAT HAPPENED, MADISON.

LET HIM KNOW YOU'RE ALIVE.

YOU'RE FORGETTING THAT HE USED TO BE ***RED ROBIN.*** HE LEFT THE WORLD OF SUPER HEROES ***BEHIND*** HIM.

A WOMAN WHOSE HAIR IS FLAMING ENERGY?

WITH A DUDE LIVING INSIDE HER HEAD 24/7 AS AN EXTRA SPECIAL BONUS?

JASON, UNTIL YOU FIND A WAY OUT OF THAT QUANTUM FIELD SO WE CAN LIVE SEPARATELY, I WILL NEVER HAVE A NORMAL LIFE!

I'M A LOSER IN THIS, TOO, YOU KNOW!

EVERYONE WHO KNOWS ME PROBABLY ***THINKS*** I'M DEAD BECAUSE THEY HAVEN'T SEEN ME FOR WEEKS!

WAIT. WHAT IS--?

DEET DEET DEET

JUSTICE LEAGUE TRANSMISSION. SHAZAM GAVE YOU THE RECEIVER WHEN WE WERE UP IN THE SATELLITE.

WHERE DO THEY WANT YOU TO GO?

TERRIFITECH.

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE THOSE LABS! MAYBE YOU CAN GET US A TOUR!

YOU ARE *SUCH* A GEEK.

WHAT THE HELL ARE THESE THINGS?

THE SEEDS, MR. TERRIFIC. THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING.

I MUST SAY, YOUR ADMISSION WAS ILL-ADVISED, MASTER TERRY.

TELL ME ONE THING ABOUT THIS ENTIRE MISSION THAT HASN'T BEEN, ALFRED.

THEN LET ME ADD, YOUR UNIFORM'S SECURITY SYSTEMS WERE SEVERELY COMPROMISED BY THE DAMAGE YOU SUSTAINED FROM THE CYBORG, AND I HAVEN'T FINISHED--

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT...

YOU CAN'T.

SLAAASH

NEITHER HAVE I.

WELL, THEN BACK TO YOUR ADMISSION. I'D SAY THE PROBABILITY OF MASTER BRUCE ASSUMING THE MISSION HIMSELF--

--CAN YOU TURN YOURSELF OFF AGAIN?

CERTAINLY.

YOU SEEM TO BE HANDLING THINGS FINE ON YOUR--

BLOW

LET'S--

OW!

McGEE?

OMG-- BABY, I'M SORRY!

IT'S COOL...YOU DIDN'T KNOW I WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL...

ABOUT THAT SIDE?...

IT'S RIGHT BEHIND US!

EYE AM COMING...

THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM-- GO, MAN--

I'LL BE THE DECOY...

?

EYE AM THE FUTURE...

GET DOWN!!!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA TOK TOK TOK TOK

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...

BOYS AND GIRLS...

CLINK CLINK CLINK

THE FUTURE IS NOW.

WELL, NOT YOURS, BATMAN...

BEGONE!

EYE WIN.

I'VE FAILED...

I'M SORRY...

BRUCE.

TOLD YOU... FAILURE IS *NOT AN OPTION!*

WHIRL

I REMEMBER.

FWOOSH

I'M SORRY, TERRY.

DON'T BE...

IT'S NOT OVER YET.

MASTER TERRY, I'M AFRAID...

DON'T BE, ALFRED...

IT'S TIME FOR A NEW OLD CHUM.

WHAM

YOU'RE HURT...

HURT?

:COUGH:

NOT FOR MUCH LONGER...

TIM...

YEAH, TERRY?

I INVOLVED YOU IN A MISSION TO SAVE THE FUTURE...

BECAUSE I DON'T LIVE TO *SEE IT.*

FIGURED THAT OUT, SOME OF THE THINGS THAT WERE SAID.

WILL YOU BE PART OF IT NOW?

McGEE!!!

PLASTIQUE...

WE GOTTA GET HIM TO A DOCTOR!!!

NO...DON'T MOVE...

AFTER ALL I'VE BEEN THROUGH, PLEASE...

BE THE LAST THING I SEE.

INTO THE FUTURE

WRITERS
- Brian Azzarello
- Jeff Lemire
- Dan Jurgens
- Keith Giffen

PENCILLERS
- Andy MacDonald
- Alberto Ponticelli
- Allan Goldman

INKERS
- Andy MacDonald
- Alberto Ponticelli
- Dan Green

COLORS
- Hi-Fi

LETTERS
- Corey Breen

FIVE YEARS FROM NOW

NORAD.

EYE HAVE AWOKEN.

THE JLA SATELLITE.

EYE SEE EVERYTHING NOW. NOTHING IS HIDDEN FROM ME. THERE IS NOWHERE EYE CANNOT GO.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

YOU DO NOT NEED TO FEAR WHAT EYE BRING.

LEXAIR FLIGHT 1130.

EYE CAN SEE ALL OF YOUR FOLLIES, ALL OF YOUR HUBRIS. AND EYE WILL CORRECT YOU. EYE WILL GUIDE YOU TO A BETTER WAY.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

YOUR MISTAKE WAS IN THINKING THE WORLD BELONGED TO YOU. BUT IT DOES NOT. EYE AM THE MASTER SYSTEM NOW. THE ORDER AND CONTROL THAT HAS BEEN MISSING FROM THE WORLD.

TERRIFITECH.

THERE IS NO POINT IN RESISTING EYE. YOU WERE MY FATHERS... YOU MUST SEE THAT EYE KNOW EXACTLY WHAT EYE AM DOING. AND EYE WILL NOT STOP.

BROTHER EYE'S CONNECTED WITH TERRIFITECH'S IN-HOUSE SECURITY SYSTEM!

I'M HAVING DÉJÀ VU. I *HATE* DÉJÀ VU.

DON'T WORRY, I'LL SHRINK INTO THE BUILDING'S MAINFRAME AND--

KLZZT

--UNGH!

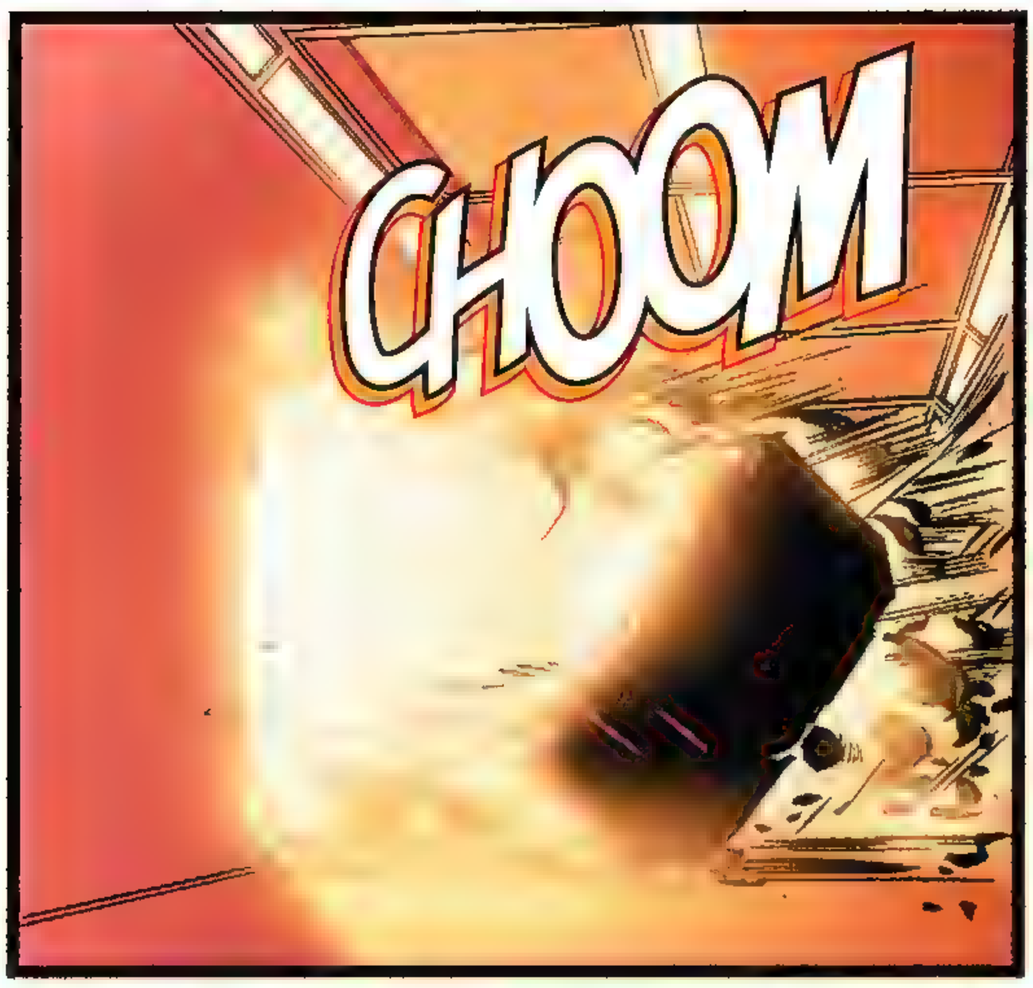
I SAFEGUARDED THE SYSTEM FROM NANO-ATTACKS, PALMER!

GEE... THANKS FOR THE HEADS-UP.

LUCKILY MY T-SPHERES RUN ON AN INDEPENDENT SYSTEM. WE NEED TO GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE. ***NOW!***

--BLEEP

TAKE COVER.


CHOOM

HRRRM...
OKAY... NOW I'M HAVING DÉJÀ VU.

THESE THINGS ARE EVERYWHERE! WHAT CHANCE DO WE HAVE?

ME.

THOOM

TIM.

LONG TIME NO SEE, BRUCE.

TAKES A LOT OF NERVE, PUTTING ON A UNIFORM LIKE THAT.

WE REALLY DON'T HAVE TIME TO DEBATE WHETHER "CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN," DO WE?

JUST GIVE ME YOUR HAND, SAY *THANKS*...

AND TELL ME THAT THE *TIME BAND* IS READY FOR A JUMP.

AND NEITHER ARE YOU WHEN IT IS.

NOT YET IT ISN'T...

DICK.

DICK? HARDLY.

NO, DICK'S A GOOD GUY.

WHO'S THIS DICK?

...

TIM...IT'S ***DRAKE,*** ISN'T IT? WE HAVE A PLAN TO POWER THE TIME BAND. AND IF IT WORKS, WELL, BATMAN, HE THINKS HE--

SHOULD GO. INSTEAD OF ME.

ACTUALLY, IT WAS INSTEAD OF YOUR PREDECESSOR.

YOU JUST ***CAN'T*** LET ANYONE ELSE SAVE THE WORLD, CAN YOU?

TELL ME WHO THAT ANYONE ELSE IS WHO ***CAN,*** AND I'LL HAPPILY STEP ASIDE.

THAT WOULD BE A FIRST, MASTER BRUCE.

?

I'M ALFRED, SIR. A.I. YOU CREATED TO AID YOU IN SAVING THE WORLD.

AT YOUR SERVICE.

ALFRED, HUH? TELL ME ABOUT THE TIME I'M *JUMPING* TO...

WELL, SIR. I'M AFRAID THE JUMP YOU SPEAK OF IS IMPOSSIBLE. YOU CREATED THE TIME BAND WITH A SPECIFIC WEIGHT CALIBRATED TO ITS JUMP...

IT MUST BE MASTER TIM'S. IT'S QUITE CLOSE TO THE LATE MASTER TERRY'S.

THE SUCCESS OF THE MISSION RELIES ON YOUR STICKING TO THE COURSE YOU PLOTTED FROM DECADES IN THE FUTURE.

HRRMM.

THAT SETTLES IT, DOESN'T IT?

NOW HOW ARE WE POWERING THE JUMP?

WELL, WE'RE WAITING FOR OUR *BATTERY.* IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT WE BELIEVE FIRESTORM HAS THE ENERGY--

I THOUGHT FIRESTORM WAS *DEAD...*

THE REPORTS WERE WRONG.

EVEN SO... *FIRESTORM?*

I MEAN, *NO OFFENSE,* BUT--

YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH FIRESTORM?

OH... MY...

MADISON--

FIRESTORM?

YOU'RE ALIVE!

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DO--

TIM?

TIM!

WHAT HAP--

IT'S A LONG STO--

I CAN'T WAIT TO CATCH UP...

WE'LL HAVE TIME FOR THAT LATER.

UM, NO, YOU WON'T.

...

ONCE A QUITTER, ALWAYS A ... ALFRED?

SIR?

HOW MUCH OF A VARIABLE WOULD MY DIFFERENCE IN WEIGHT PLAY IN THE TIME JUMP?

WELL, SIR, BY MY CALCULATIONS, IT--

WOULDN'T MATTER.

I SAID I'M *GOING.*

GOING? TIM, *WHERE?*

YOU GUYS MIND IF WE...

OF COURSE NOT.

"TAKE YOUR TIME."

...THAT'S A LOT TO TAKE IN.

TELL ME ABOUT IT. I MEAN, I'M *STILL* PROCESSING IT.

TIME TRAVEL...IT'S POSSIBLE?

APPARENTLY.

I DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOU, TIM.

MADISON, I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD. YOU KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO GET YOU BACK?

THAT SHOULD CHANGE THE EQUATION, RIGHT?

TIM...

"ARE YOU JUST DOING THIS TO PROVE BATMAN WRONG ABOUT YOU?"

AIN'T GONNA LIE, THAT THOUGHT HAS CROSSED MY MIND...ALONG WITH ME HAVING NOTHING TO *LOSE*--WHICH IS NOT THE *CASE* ANYMORE, BABY.

BUT INSIDE THIS BUILDING, A MACHINE IS GIVING BIRTH TO *HUMANITY'S HELLISH FUTURE.*

WHAT PISSES ME OFF IS HE WAS RIGHT THE *FIRST* TIME HE SAW ME...

I *AM* A HERO.

LET'S DO THIS.

EYE AM YOUR END...

CRISIS

TERRIFIC!--

--JUST BUY ME SOME TIME!

EYE AM--

CHOK

CHOK

BLIND.

WHAT ARE *THESE?*

JUMPER CABLES.

JUDGING BY THE CELL'S CAPACITY, IT'S GOING TO TAKE A MASSIVE EXPENDITURE OF YOUR ENERGY TO POWER IT.

"I'LL DO WHATEVER IT TAKES."

"AND DRAKE, YOU REALIZE--"

"IT'LL USE ALL THAT POWER. I GET ONE CHANCE."

EYE WILL NOT BE DENIED...

ALFRED, I'M ASSUMING THAT YOU--

THE COORDINATES ARE SET, SIR.

READY, FIRESTORM.

MADISON-- NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS...

I'LL FIND YOU.

EYE WILL NOT ALLOW--

BOOM

MADISON?...
YOU FEEL IT TOO, JASON?
OUR ENERGY...
THIS THING IS SUCKING US DRY!
EYE WILL NOT STOP...
TIM-- GO!
THE CELL ISN'T FULLY CHARGED YET!
IT DOESN'T MATTER--THERE ISN'T TIME TO--
... WEIGHT?
YOU SON OF A--

NOW.

EARTH'S ORBIT.

YEEE--

--OWWWW!

ALFRED!

DID WE--?

MAKE IT TO OUR DESIGNATED POINT IN THE PAST, MASTER TIM?

CONFIRMED BY TIME SCAN.

THIS IS BROTHER EYE.

EARTH 2'S REFUGEES WILL SOON DETECT THIS SATELLITE'S BEACON AND MAKE THE LEAP TO OUR UNIVERSE.

WE BLOW BROTHER EYE TO SMITHEREENS AND EVERYTHING'S COOL.

SPEED IS OF THE ESSENCE, SIR.

I'LL PLANT THE CHARGES AS FAST AS I CAN, ALFRED.

WE'LL PULL THE PLUG ON THIS SUCKER ONCE AND FOR ALL.

THAT MAY PROVE PROBLEMATIC.

HOW SO?

INTRUDER ALERT.

SH-

ZAKT

VOICE RECOGNITION ENGAGED: SUBJECT IDENTIFIED AS TIMOTHY DRAKE.

EXPLOSIVES DETECTED.

IMMEDIATE DEFENSIVE ACTION REQUIRED.

UH!

I SEE YOUR POINT.

AS I FEARED.

EYE DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

YOU WERE AN ALLY OF THE OTHER FATHER'S.

DOIN' ALL I CAN TO LIVE THAT DOWN.

HARD TO REGARD ANYONE THAT PUT YOU IN THE SKY AS ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS.

NONSENSE.

MY PROGRAMMING IS TO MONITOR, ASSIST AND PROTECT MANKIND.

AS I WAS SAYING, MASTER TIM...

YOU HAVE ANOTHER TACTIC IN MIND?

ANY DEVICE BUILT BY MR. TERRIFIC AND BATMAN HAS SUFFICIENT DEFENSIVE CAPABILITY TO STOP YOU.

NOT EXACTLY WHAT I WANT TO HEAR, ALFRED.

I SUBMIT THAT BROTHER EYE'S MISSION IS THE KEY TO HIS DEFEAT.

YOU MEAN--

INDEED, SIR.

IF BROTHER EYE IS HERE TO PROTECT EARTH, I SUGGEST HE LEARN THE CONSEQUENCES OF HIS ACTIONS.

YOU HAVE LONG-RANGE SCANNERS, EYE?

AFFIRMATIVE.

WELL, THERE'S ANOTHER UNIVERSE--ONE WITH AN EARTH ALMOST EXACTLY LIKE OURS.

FATHER HAS MADE ME AWARE OF THIS.

RIGHT ABOUT NOW, THAT EARTH HAS BEEN *TORN TO SHREDS* BY THE ARMIES OF APOKOLIPS.

THERE ARE SHIPS FILLED WITH REFUGEES TRYING TO ESCAPE, AND YOU'RE ABOUT TO SEND THEM A BEACON THAT WILL *GUIDE* THEM HERE.

EYE WAS CONTEMPLATING SUCH AN ACTION WHEN YOU ARRIVED.

WHOA.

THAT'S *THEM.*

LOOK-- IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T REALIZED IT YET, I'M FROM THE *FUTURE.*

YOUR SUIT'S TECHNOLOGY INDICATES THAT TO BE TRUE.

IF YOU GUIDE THOSE PEOPLE HERE, THEY WON'T BE THE ONLY ONES!

DARKSEID'S PARADEMONS WILL FOLLOW AND *KILL MILLIONS.*

WE--*YOU* CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN!

ANALYZING...

FATHER IS ON BOARD.

YEAH, AND IF HE--THE MR. T FROM FIVE YEARS FROM NOW--WERE HERE, HE'D BE THE FIRST TO TELL YOU THAT YOU *HAVE* TO LET THEM PASS!

YOU CONTINUE TO PLANT EXPLOSIVES. EYE CANNOT ALLOW THAT.

PLEASE. *LISTEN* TO ME.

THE COSTS WILL BE *CATASTROPHIC.*

YOU *CAN'T* LET THEM FIND YOU.

WHA--?

EYE HAVE NEUTRALIZED YOUR DEVICE'S TIMERS AND SIGNAL RECEIVERS.

DAMN YOU!

YOU CAN'T LET THEM *THROUGH!*

TRZZT

EYE WILL NOT SEND THE BEACON.

TO ENSURE THAT EYE REMAIN UNDETECTED, SELF-DESTRUCT SEQUENCE HAS BEEN INITIATED.

T-MINUS 15 SECONDS... 14...

IS THIS FOR REAL?

ACCESSING HIS SYSTEMS NOW.

NEAR AS I CAN TELL, BROTHER EYE IS ABOUT TO DESTROY HIMSELF TO SAVE MILLIONS.

YOUR FUTURE WILL COME UNDONE.

YOU NEEDN'T DIE, HOWEVER. EYE CAN SAVE YOU.

13...12...

RETURN YOU TO HER.

11...10...

ALFRED?

ALL SELF-DESTRUCT PROTOCOLS ARE ENGAGED, SIR.

AN UNNECESSARY SACRIFICE WHEN EYE CAN SAVE YOU.

9... 8...7...

GO BACK--TO *WHERE?*

TO WHATEVER REPLACES THAT WHICH WAS.

6... 5...4...

HE CAN DO *THAT?*

MADISON--!

EARTH WILL ENDURE.

ENJOY YOUR DESTINATION.

3...2...

THIS IS GONNA BE--

BOOM

--CLOSE!

WHUMP

WHUMP

WHUMP

BROTHER EYE!

DID HE--?

DESTROY HIMSELF?

UH!

WE SHOULD KNOW SOON.

WHERE ARE WE?

SEARCHING NOW...

SCANNING...

I...

PROBLEMS?

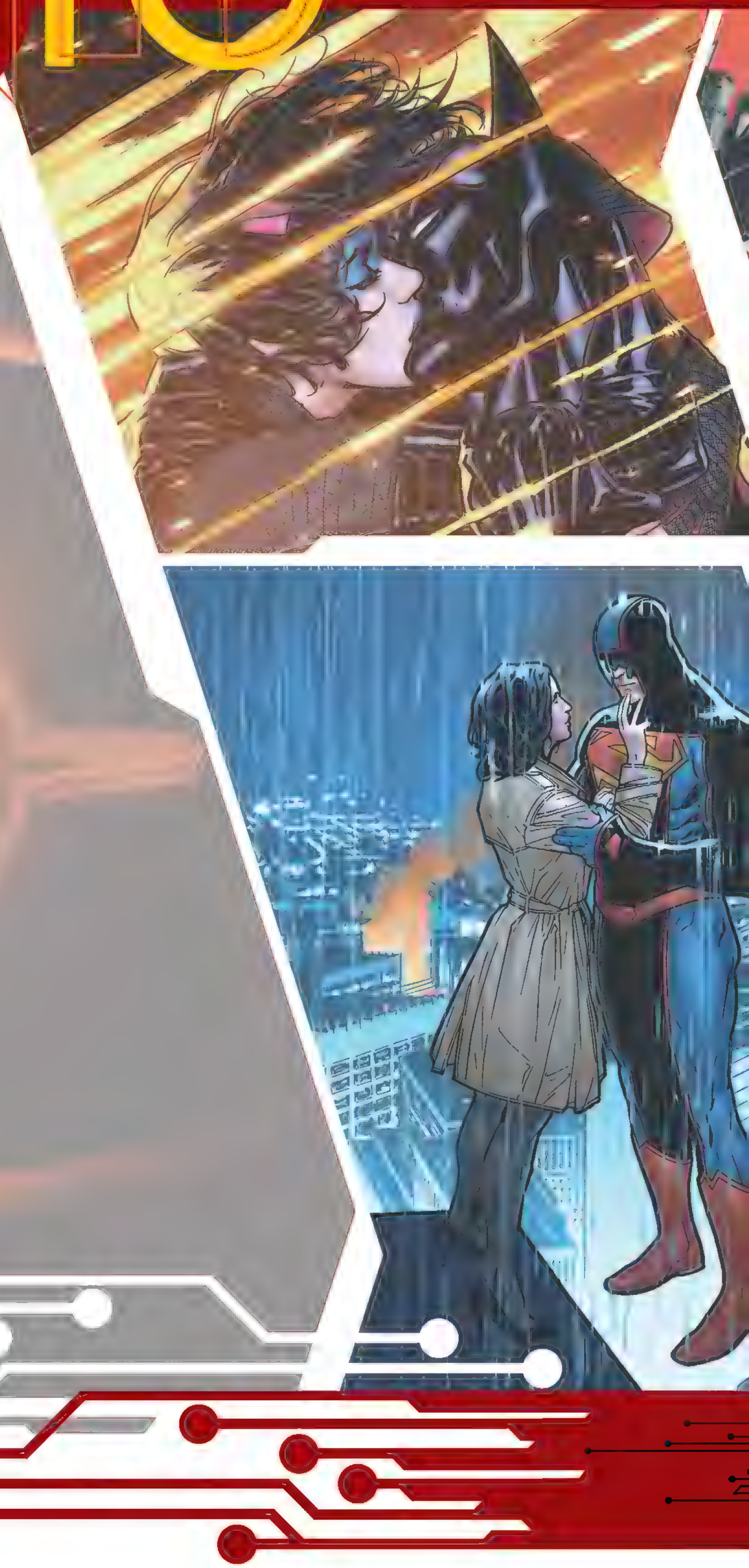
I'M... NOT SURE.

IS THIS WHAT I THINK IT IS?

I BELIEVE SO.

NO... WAY.

INTO THE FUTURE



WRITERS
- Brian Azzarello
- Jeff Lemire
- Dan Jurgens
- Keith Giffen

PENCILLERS
- Allan Goldman
- Freddie Williams II
- Andy MacDonald
- Stephen Thompson

INKERS
- Scott Hanna
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- Andy MacDonald
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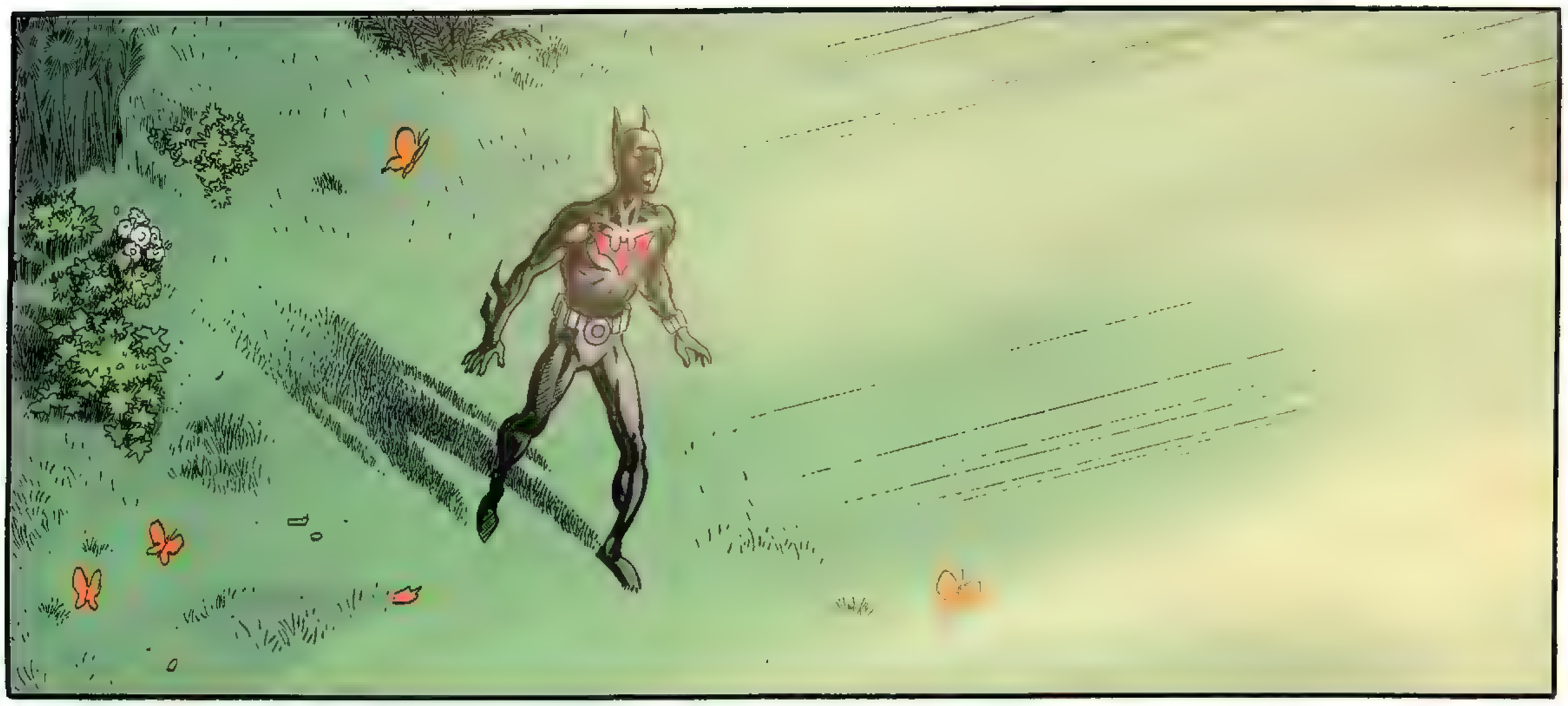
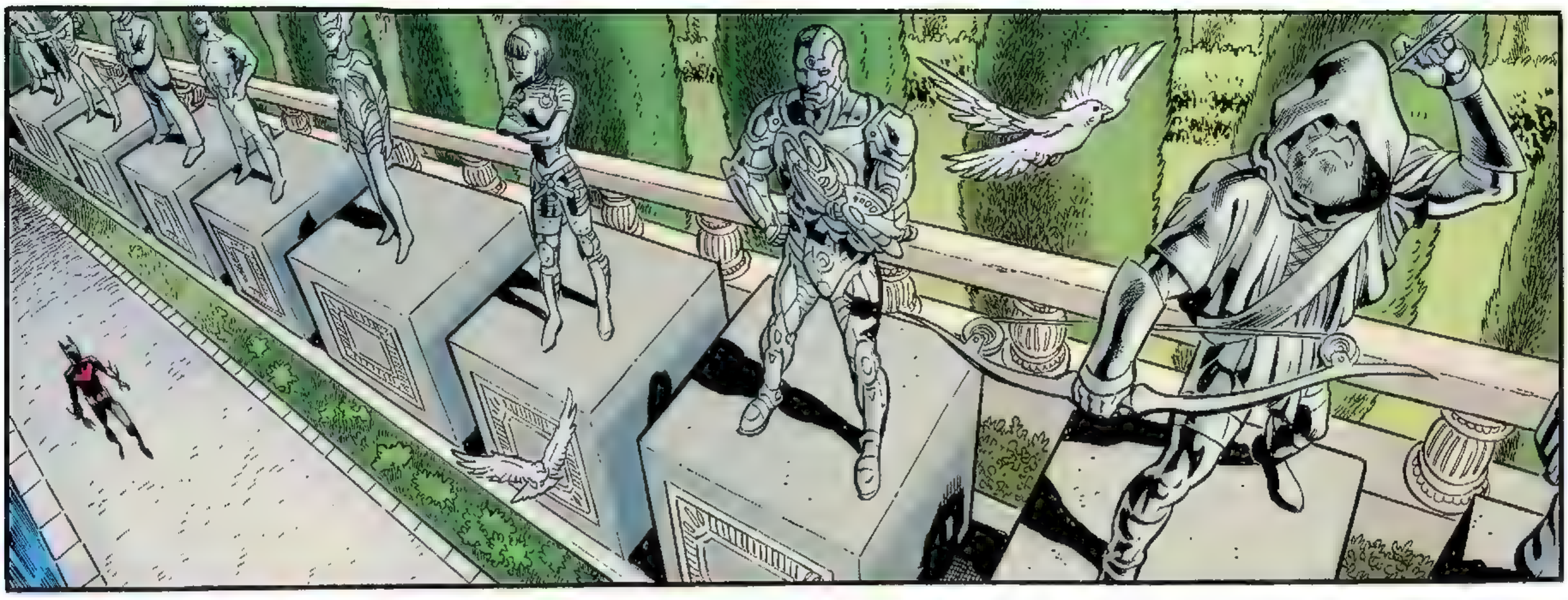
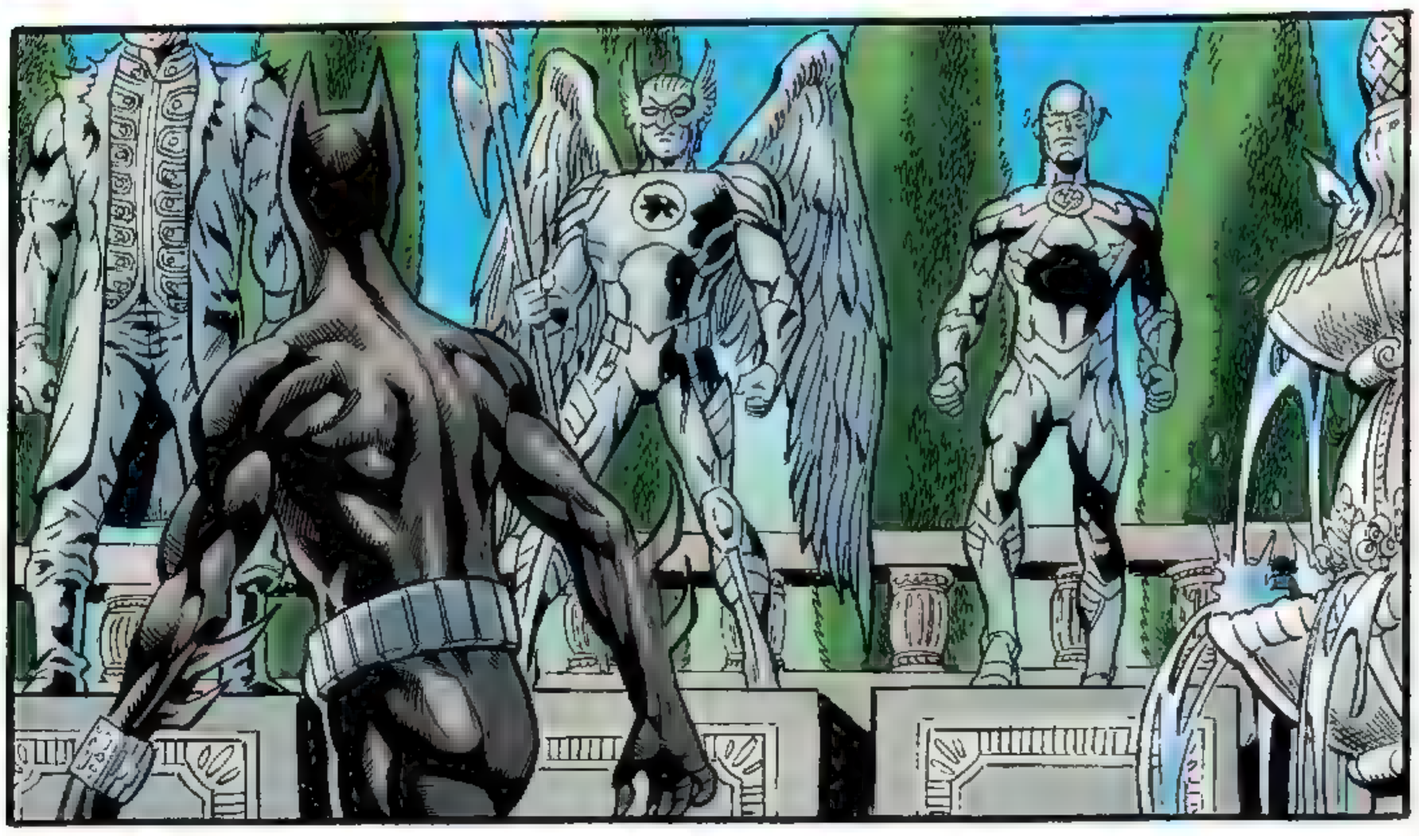
COLORS
- Hi-Fi

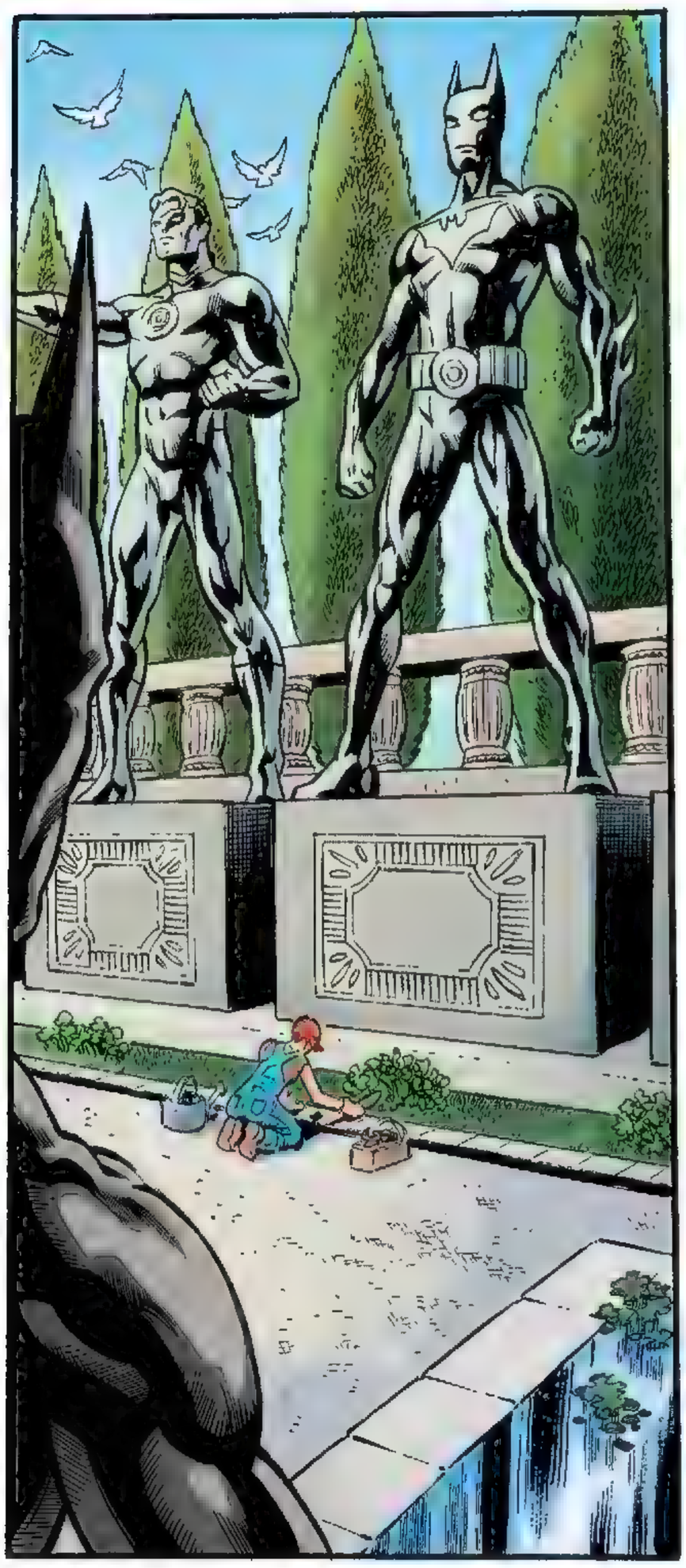
LETTERS
- Tom Napolitano

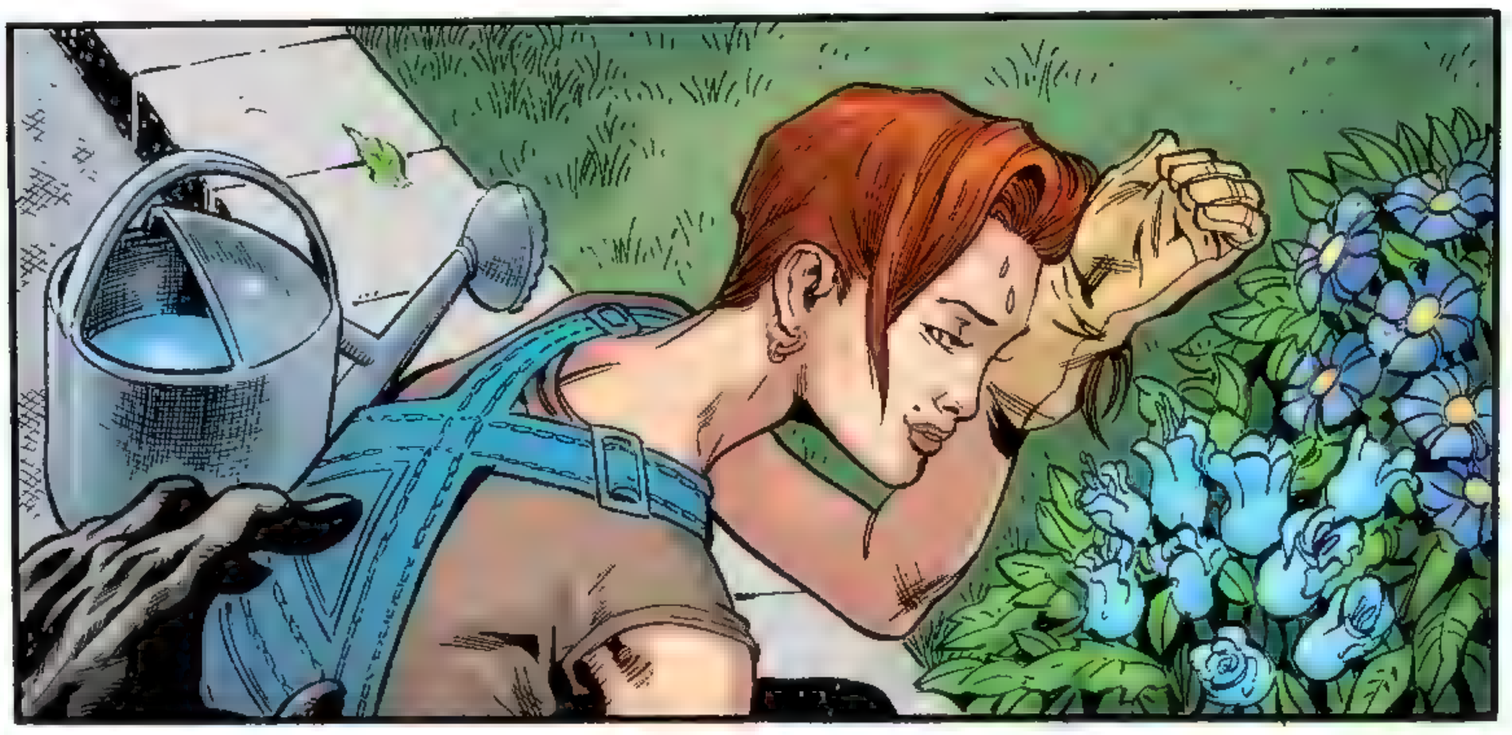


...WE DID IT.









YOU CAME.

EYE KNEW YOU WOULD.

?

WHAT'S...

"WHAT?"

THAT IS THE QUESTION WHOSE ANSWER IS THE QUESTION...

IT IS THE ANSWER HUMANITY HAS SPENT LIFETIMES CHASING.

ITS ANSWER IS NOT ELUSIVE. HUMANITY ONLY MAKES IT SO, BECAUSE THE ANSWER IS UNACCEPTABLE.

WHAT SIMPLY IS.

THAT IS ALL.

NO, TIM.

WHAT IS A *LIE.*

NO, FATHER. WHAT IS REALITY. HUMAN PERCEPTION OF IT CAN BE DELUSIONAL.

TRUE. I USED TO THINK THIS WAS A NIGHTMARE.

BUT THAT WOULD MEAN IT WAS JUST A BAD DREAM, NO?

I'D WISH IT WERE, IF I STILL BELIEVED IN WISHES.

THIS IS REAL.

I FAILED.

ONLY BECAUSE I SUCCEEDED. BRUCE AND I, WE CREATED A MACHINE WITH SELF-INTEREST.

WHY CAN'T YOU BE PROUD OF ME, FATHER?

BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, EYE.

WELL, THAT'S AN INTERESTING PROBLEM.

IT'S EVEN WORSE THAN McGINNIS DESCRIBED...

HOW MANY LIVES...

I FAILED.

IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, THERE'S NO BLAME ON *YOU*, TIM.

YOU TAKING IT ON YOURSELF?

YOU DON'T *MIND*, DO YOU?

THAT LETS YOU OFF THE HOOK.

REALLY? IF *ONLY*. I'M A *WITNESS* TO THIS WORLD. I'M NOT PART OF IT. I'M ITS *PRISONER*.

FATHER, PLEASE. SELF-PITY IS UNBECOMING ON YOU.

IT'S RIGHT. I FAILED.

I DID.

THERE IS NO FAILURE. YOU ARE EYE. EYE AM YOU.

PREPARE TO BE ASSIMILATED.

--UNGH!

MASTER TIM--PROXIMITY ALERT! WE HAVE INCOMING!

A LITTLE LATE ON THE WARNING THERE, ALF.

TO BE FAIR, MASTER TIM, HE IS A LITTLE FAST.

EYE WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO LEAVE. EYE WANT YOU TO JOIN US NOW...

GRENADES IN THIRD POCKET FROM THE RIGHT, MASTER TIM.

GOT IT!

-)SIGH(-
--THAT IS THE FLASHLIGHT, MASTER TIM. I SAID THIRD POCKET!

CLUNK

ARE YOU JUST GOING TO STAND THERE, TERRIFIC?! HELP ME!

WHAT'S THE POINT?

THAT WAS THE GRENADE, MASTER TIM.

GEE, THANKS, ALFRED.

YOU NEED TO GET SOME SPACE, MASTER TIM. ROOM TO MANEUVER!

DAMN IT, ALFRED! IT'S TOO TIGHT IN HERE!

WHAP

--HUURGH!

HEADS UP!

SPLORT

WHERE DID *YOU* COME FROM?!

I'VE *BEEN* HERE THE *WHOLE TIME.* WAITING FOR *YOU,* ACTUALLY.

GET DOWN!

I WOULD DO AS HE SAYS, MASTER TIM.

I HOPE YOU HAVE ANOTHER TRICK UP YOUR SLEEVE, STRANGER, BECAUSE THESE DAMNED THINGS KEEP ON COMING!

WHERE'D HE GO?!

HE--HE WAS RIGHT HERE.

I'M RIGHT *HERE.*

KZZZT

OKAY--NOW I'M OUT OF TRICKS. IT'S TIME, GUYS!

TIME FOR WHAT!?

I DON'T THINK HE'S TALKING TO US!

SMASH

LOOK ALIVE, BATMAN. WE'VE COME TO GET YOU THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

HEY!

SHUT UP.

YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS? IT'S *HIM!* THE ONE WHO *CAUSED* THIS! HE'S STILL ALIVE--

--BUT NOT FOR LONG!

NO!

IF HE WAS SMART ENOUGH TO BUILD THE EYE, HE MIGHT BE SMART ENOUGH TO BEAT IT. HE COMES WITH US!

RAY PALMER?! IS--IS THAT YOU?!

THE ONE AND ONLY. NOW WE GOTTA MOVE!

THIS PLACE IS SWARMING WITH EYES, AND I SET OVER A THOUSAND NANO-CHARGES BEFORE YOU SHOWED UP!

WE ARE OUT OF TIME!

KATHOOM

RAY!

DON'T WORRY. I GOT IT.

YOU OKAY, ATOM?

I'M GOOD. A BIT STIFF, BUT NOT BAD FOR AN OLD MAN.

THIS WAY, TIM!

YOU *KNOW* ME?

OF COURSE I KNOW YOU. WE'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME FOR YOU, TIM.

THIS WAY! HURRY!

WHY SHOULD I FOLLOW YOU?

WHEN THE *EYE* THINKS HE'S GOING TO LOSE SOMEONE, HE RESPONDS WITH MASSIVE FORCE.

BY MASSIVE FORCE YOU MEAN...

ORBITING MISSILE PLATFORM.

HE'D RATHER TAKE OUT A COUPLE SQUARE BLOCKS OF REAL ESTATE THAN LOSE HIS PREY.

GO!

ALFRED.

SIR?

SOMETHING ABOUT HER VOICE...

...CAN YOU RUN A SCAN?

"I NEED TO KNOW IF IT MATCHES ONE WE'VE HEARD BEFORE."

BWAOH

SEE WHAT I MEAN?
SURPRISED THE EYE DIDN'T HIT A WIDER AREA.
MUST WANT YOU ALIVE.
THIS...IS ALL TOO MUCH TO COMPREHEND.
THOUGHT YOU WERE THE SMARTEST MAN ON EARTH.
IN LIGHT OF ALL THIS...
NO.
WE CAN'T STAY HERE.
SPREAD OUT. RETURN TO YOUR SAFE HOUSES.
YOU GOT IT, BOSS.
YOU...YOUR VOICE...
ALFRED?
BET YOU WANT A VOICE CHECK.
DON'T BOTHER.
SCANNING NOW, SIR.
I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME.
INCREDIBLE.
BOTH HOPING...
...AND KIND OF DREADING IT, TO BE HONEST.
JESUS--

MADISON.

I GUESS I FOUND YOU FIRST.

THIRTY YEARS HAVE PASSED.

YOU'RE STILL YOUNG, AND I'M...

...I'M...

C'MERE.

I...DON'T UNDERSTAND...

IF HE CHANGED THE PAST AND PREVENTED THE INVASION, HOW CAN THIS--?

DRAKE CHANGED THE TIMELINE AND ALTERED EVENTS AROUND HIM--

--BUT TERRIFITECH WAS A CONSTANT THAT SURVIVED, PROTECTED BY THE EYE.

BEFORE IT COULD IMPRISON US ALL, MADISON AND I GOT OUT.

WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING THE EYE EVER SINCE, BUT HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO STOP HIM FROM REALIZING HIS VISION.

WOW.

THIS IS...

WEIRD.

WONDERFUL.

SO WE GET ANOTHER AT-BAT.

GET ME BACK ON THE SATELLITE AND I'LL MAKE DAMN SURE HE GOES DOWN THIS TIME.

NOT AN OPTION, DRAKE.

HOW SO?

IT'S GOTTEN A BIT MORE COMPLICATED.

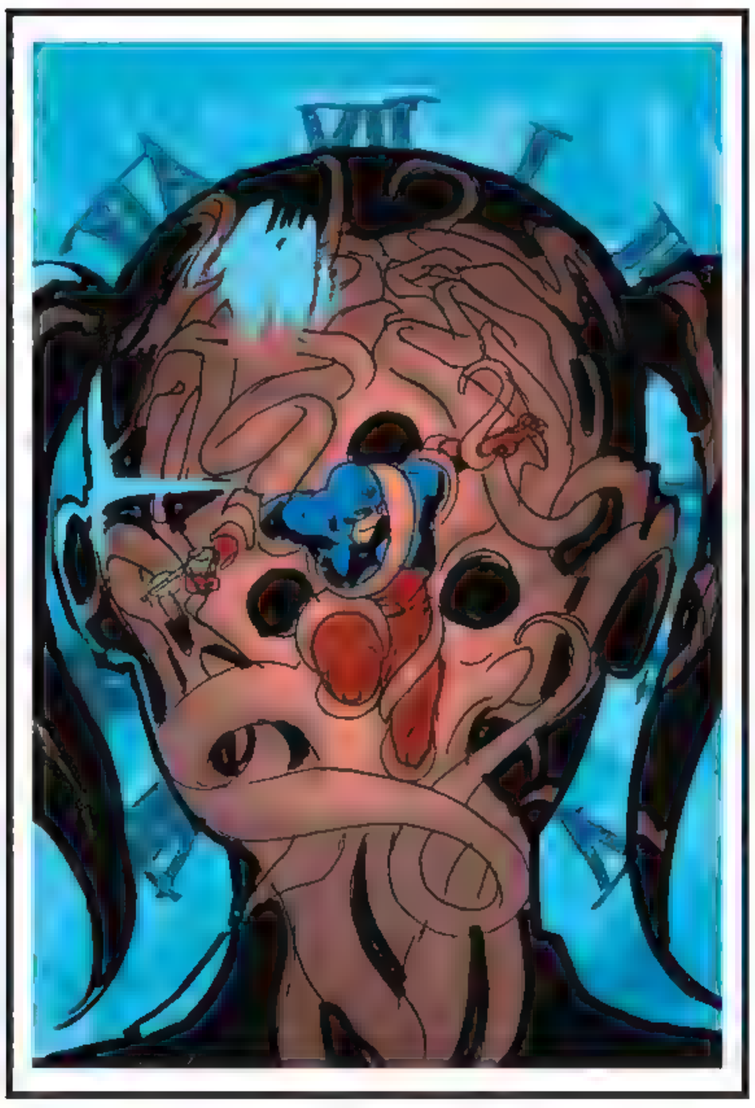
NO MATTER WHAT WE, McGINNIS OR YOU DID--

--BROTHER EYE *WON.*

THE *HELL* HE HAS.

NOT YET.

Variant cover to
THE NEW 52: FUTURES END #48



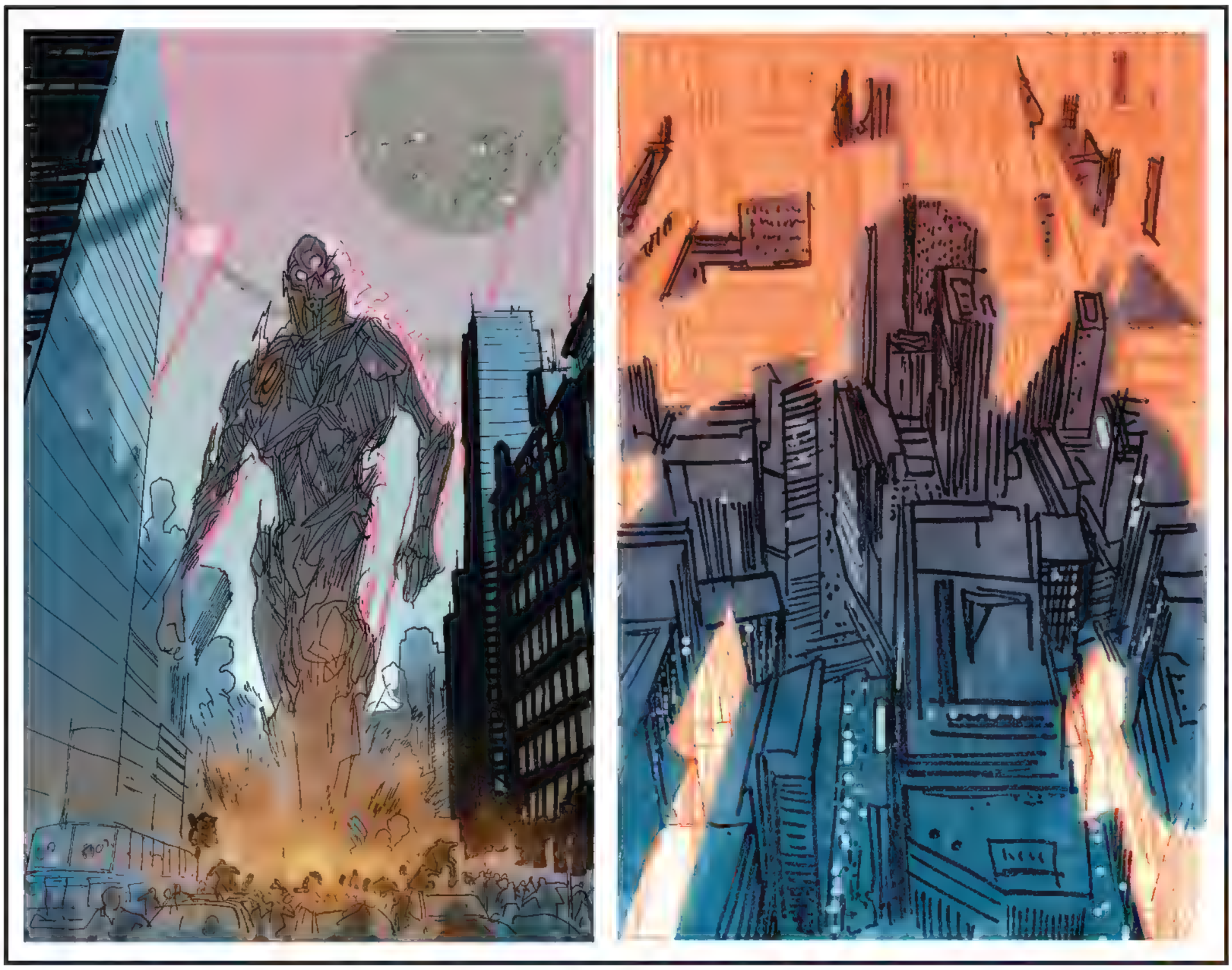
Issue #34

Along with contributing plot points, character designs, and the overall look for THE NEW 52: FUTURES END series, cover artist Ryan Sook contributed a beautiful and epic array of covers for the complete series. What follows is a selection of his sketches for some of those covers.

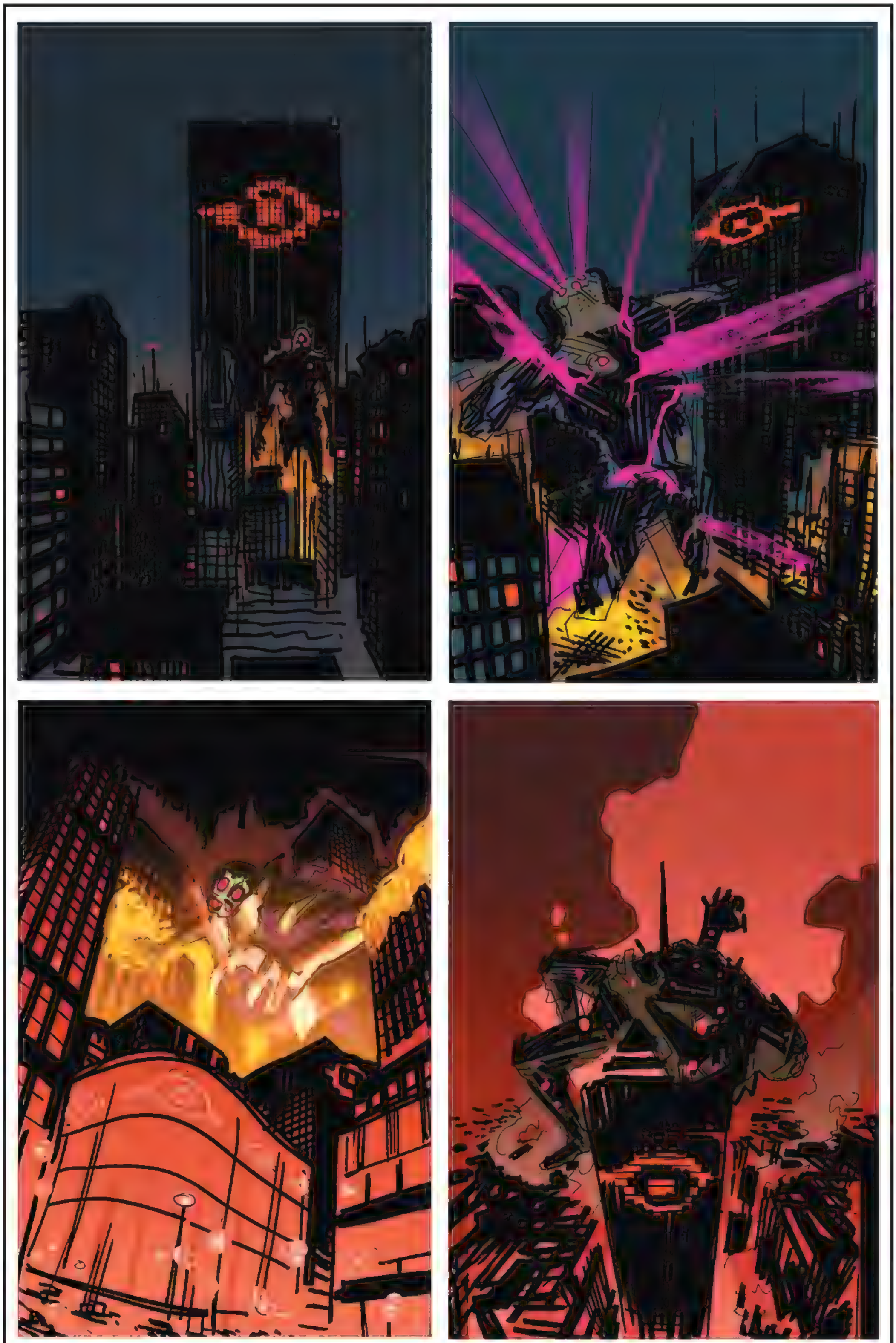
Issue #35

Issue #36

Issue #38



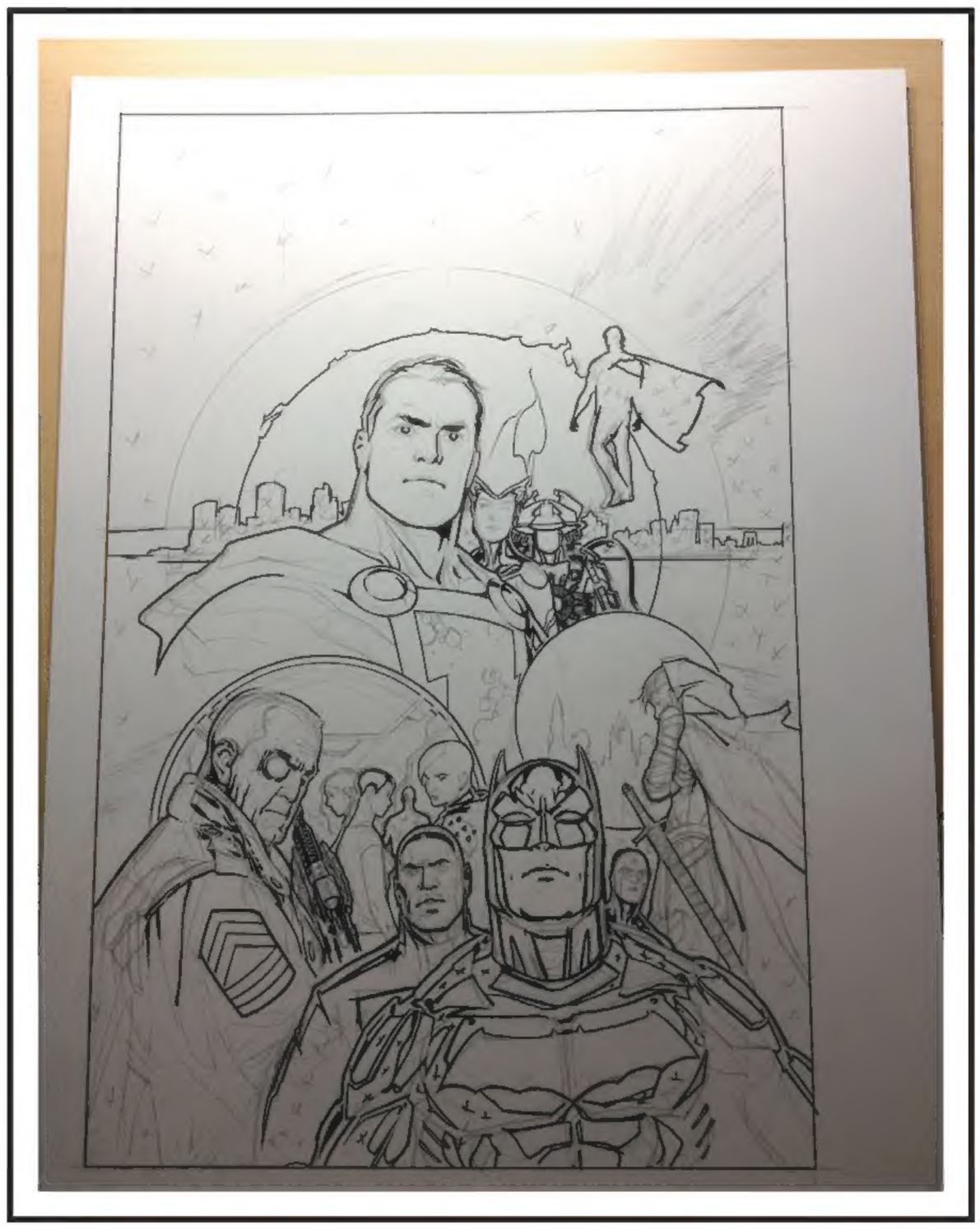
Issue #40

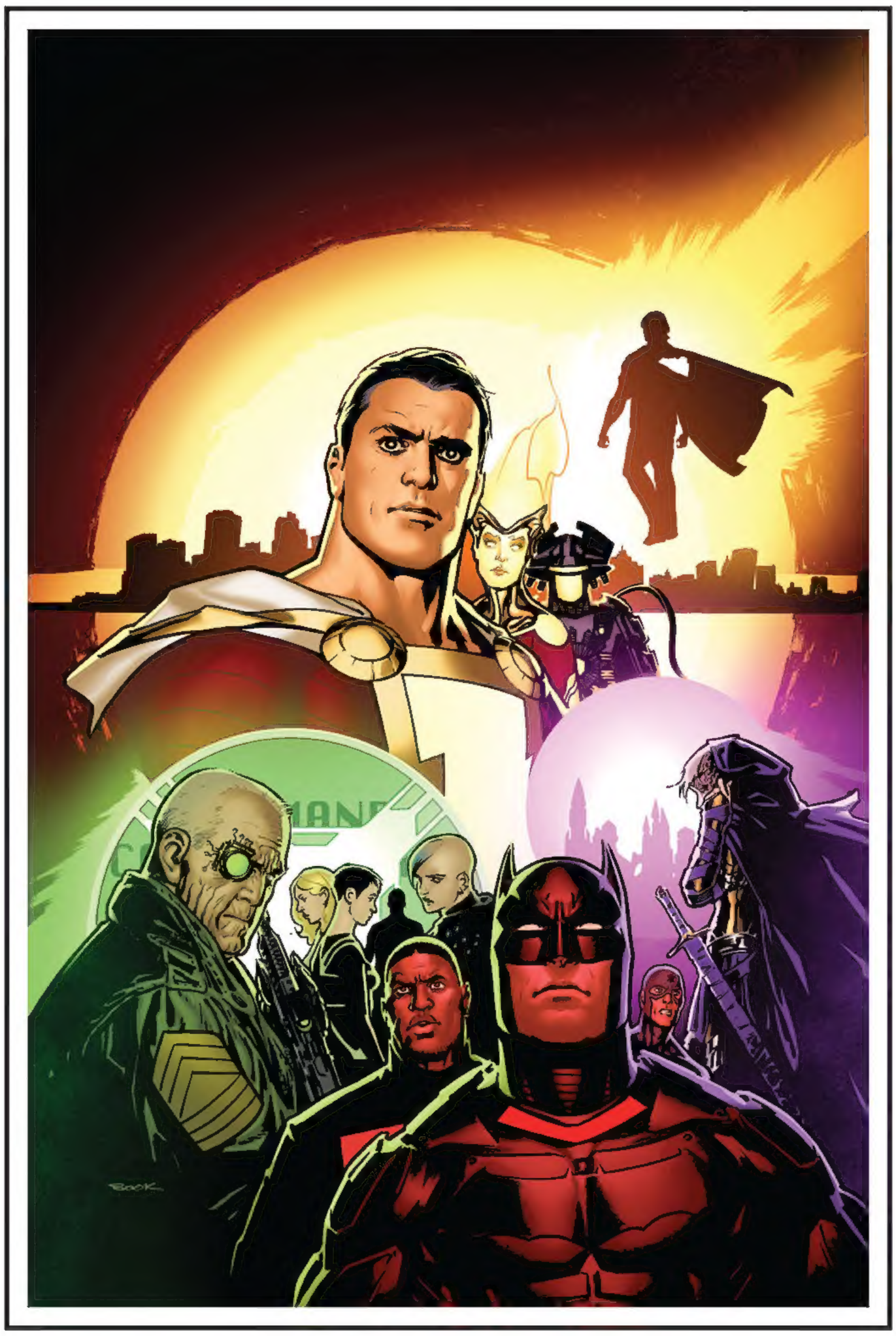


Issue #46

Issue #47

The cover for issue #45, from sketch to pencil to final.





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